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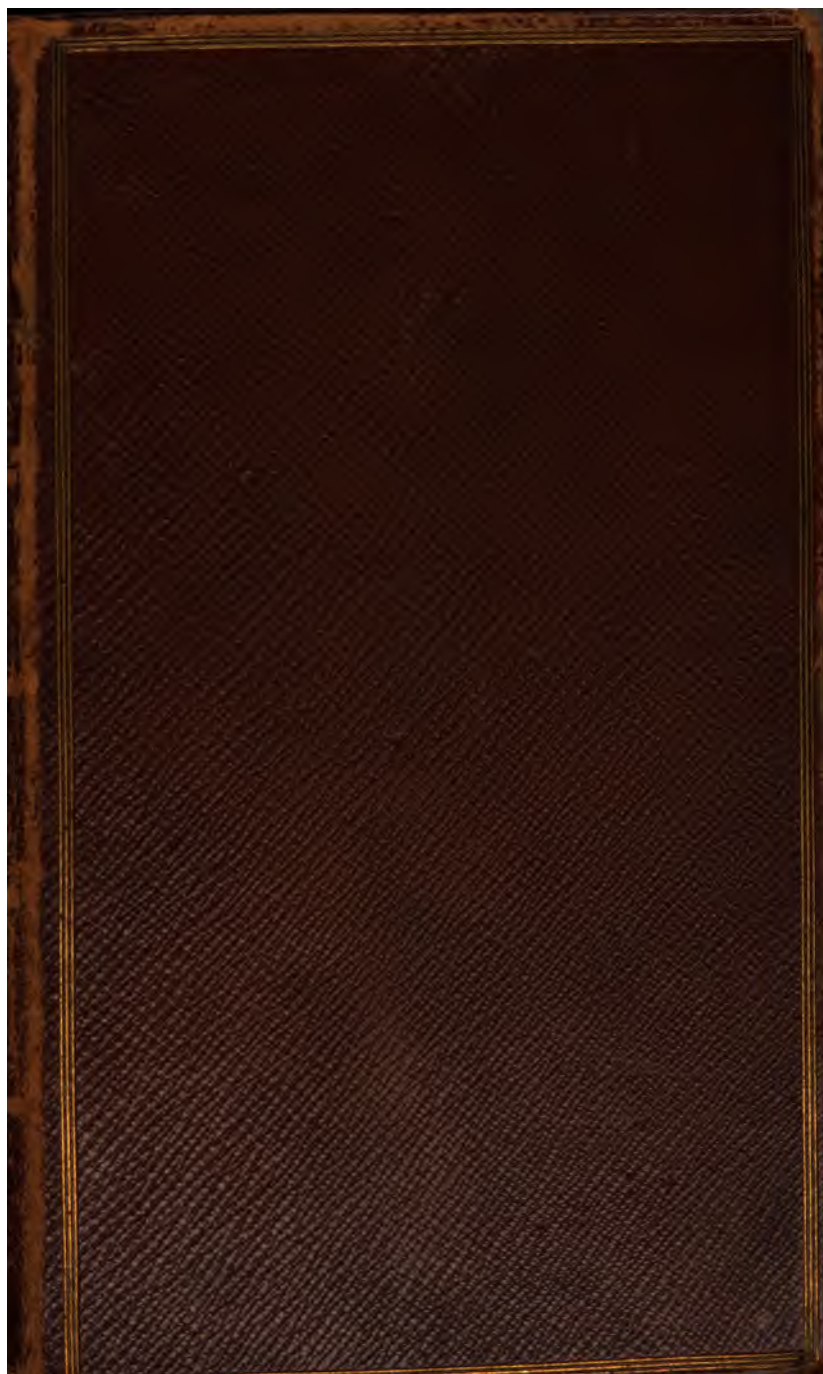
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CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LORD BYRON.

PRINTED BY JULES DIDOT, SENIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY, RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI, N° 6.

CORRESPONDENCE
OF
LORD BYRON,

WITH A FRIEND,

INCLUDING HIS LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER, WRITTEN FROM PORTUGAL,
SPAIN, GREECE, AND THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN,
IN 1809, 1810 AND 1811.

ALSO

Recollections of the Poet.

BY THE LATE R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

THE WHOLE FORMING

An Original Memoir of Lord Byron's Life,

FROM 1808 TO 1814.

AND

A CONTINUATION AND PRELIMINARY STATEMENT OF THE PROCEEDINGS
BY WHICH THE LETTERS WERE SUPPRESSED IN ENGLAND,
AT THE SUIT OF LORD BYRON'S EXECUTORS.

BY THE REV. A. R. C. DALLAS.

VOL. I.

Paris:

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1825.

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PREFACE.

THE Publishers of the present work deem it necessary to state that it contains all the *Original Letters* of Lord Byron to his Mother, which were prohibited by the Injunction of the Court of Chancery from appearing in England;—together with every word of Mr Dallas's Recollections, which, in

the work subsequently drawn up by Mr R. Dallas himself, and published posthumously by his son, Mr A. Dallas, was necessitated to be substituted for it, omitting only the repetitions which would have occurred where there was an identity of passages between the actual and the prohibited work.

A large part of the *Recollections* had been originally drawn up to stand as links to the *Correspondence*, so that they are here restored to their original places ; and the work now appears at Paris, as Mr Dallas had *intended* it should have appeared from his own hand in England.

By the law of England, as now laid down by the Lord Chancellor, though the property of a writer's letters is transferred to

his correspondent by the act of transmission for his private use; yet they cannot be *published* without the consent of himself, his executors, or personal representatives. And, being so, nothing could induce Lord Byron's Executors to consent to the publication of these Letters, written by their testator;—Mr Dallas in vain pleading that they were an *unqualified gift* to him—(of which *gift* he could not avail himself in *law*, for want of any testimony of the donation but his own; though all the circumstantial and moral evidence is strongly corroborative of his affirmation).

It is difficult to conceive any ground of objection on the part of the Executors in this case, as Mr Dallas was willing to take the publication by *consent*, and so announce it. Certainly there is nothing in the Letters

of the great Poet to his Mother derogatory to his feelings or his morals. Mr. Dallas says of them not too much, when he says (vol. i. p. 75), that "they are written in an easy style; and if they do not contain all that is to be expected from a traveller, what they do contain of that nature is pleasant; and they mark, what is more to the purpose here, the character of the writer."

Mr A. Dallas's *Preliminary Statement* is a curious and instructive piece of literary history, which suggests many reflections, and involves much development of personal character.

Whether Mr Dallas's criticisms, and his view of Lord Byron's moral and individual character, are, or are not, such as the profound will always concur in, no candid and

just reader can deny that the materials which he has furnished to the Public will always be found to be important *data* ¹ in the final decision upon Lord Byron's character.

¹ It should be recollected that, as Mr Dallas's sister married Lord Byron's uncle, Captain George Anson Byron, father of the *present* Peer, he had the best opportunity of authentic intelligence.

PRELIMINARY STATEMENT.

THE *Preliminary Statement* given by Mr Dallas, junior, to his father's RECOLLECTIONS (which, in consequence of the Lord Chancellor's injunction, was substituted in England for the publication of Lord Byron's *Original Letters*, now given to the public), does not adapt itself in its literal form, and in all its parts, to the design, as it is now offered to the reader : but the matter and very words of this statement shall be used, as far as they can be made applicable to this impression of the *Letters*. They are curious, even as a *law-case* ; and they are due both to the moral and gentlemanly cha-

racter of the late Mr Dallas, and of his son, now surviving, who penned this statement.

MR ALEXANDER DALLAS, speaking of the above *Recollections*, says, « Circumstances have rendered it necessary to account to the public for the appearance of them in their present form. A work had been announced as preparing for publication, entitled *Private Correspondence of Lord Byron, including his Letters to his Mother, written from Portugal, Spain, Greece, and other parts of the Mediterranean, in the years 1809, 1810, and 1811, connected by Memorandums and Observations, forming a Memoir of his Life, from the year 1808 to 1814. By R. C. DALLAS, Esq.* Much expectation had been raised by this announcement, and considerable interest had been excited in the public mind. The Vice-Chancellor, however, was applied to by Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson, for an injunction to restrain the intended publication, which was summarily granted as a matter of form; since which the Lord-Chan-

cellor has been pleased to confirm the Vice-Chancellor's injunction ; but the public have never been furnished with any report of his decision, nor been further informed upon the subject.

« Under these circumstances,» he goes on to state that « the public expectation had been disappointed, and the interest which was created had been left unsatisfied ; while, on the other hand, the intended publication had been exposed to the charge of raising an expectation, and exciting an interest, which it was improper and unlawful to gratify. The nature of the letters, and memoirs themselves, was thus left to the vague surmises which might be formed by every thoughtless mind, pampered by the constant food of personality and scandal, which the press has lately afforded in such abundance ;»—and Mr D. goes on to observe, that Lord Byron himself had administered food to this expectation, by the deteriorated character of his latter writings.

“Thus situated, no one can deny that it became Mr Dallas’s bounden duty, both to defend himself from the charge which might thus be brought against him, and to lay before the public such an account of the work he had announced as might fairly explain its nature, and shelter it from the suspicions of impropriety,” so excited. “The latter of these objects has produced the publication of the *Recollections*. To obtain the former object, Mr D. thought it only necessary to publish a simple narrative of the facts connected with the formation of the work, with its intended publication, and with its suppression. Such a narrative it was in the contemplation of Mr R. C. Dallas, his father, the author of the *Recollections*, to have written, but it did not please God to prolong his life for the execution of his purpose. He was taken from this world, and the task he had proposed devolved upon his son; who, having been principally concerned, during his father’s absence from Eng-

land, in the transactions which will be recorded, was enabled to state them from his own information.



“Mr R. C. Dallas’s knowledge of Lord Byron, and the circumstances which gave rise to his intention of writing any thing concerning him, are fully detailed by himself. A few words, however (his son adds), will convey such a recapitulation of them as will be necessary to enable the reader to understand this narrative. Having been in habits of intimacy, and in frequent correspondence with Lord Byron, from the year 1808 to the year 1814, which correspondence about that period ceased, Mr Dallas had many times heard him read portions of a book in which his Lordship inserted his opinion of the persons with whom he mixed. This book, Lord Byron said, he intended for publication after his death; and, from this idea, Mr Dallas, at a subsequent period, adopted that of writing a faithful deli-

neation of Lord Byron's character, such as he had known him, and of leaving it for publication after the death of both :—and, calculating upon the human probability of Lord Byron's surviving himself, he meant the two posthumous works should thus appear simultaneously. Mr Dallas's work was completed in the year 1819; and, in November of that year, he wrote to inform Lord Byron of his intended purpose.¹

“The event proved the fallacy of human probability—Mr Dallas lived, at seventy, to see the death of Lord Byron, at thirty-six. The idea of digesting his work into a different form, and of publishing it with the greater

¹ “The body of the letter which he wrote upon this occasion will be found in the *Recollections*. Although Lord Byron never replied to this letter, its writer had assurance that he received it—for, some time afterwards, a mutual friend, who had been with Lord Byron, told him that his Lordship had mentioned the receiving of it, and referred to part of its contents.”

part of the letters which it contained, came into his mind even before the report of Lord Byron's death was fully confirmed. This, together with a circumstance more important to the object of this narrative, may be gathered from the contents of a letter which he wrote to the present Lord Byron from France, on the 18th of May, 1824; the following extract from which will show, that Mr Dallas's first thought respecting these letters, was to consult with the most proper person, his nearest male relation and successor.

“ I hear that you have been presented with a frigate by Lord Melville—I congratulate you on this, too; but I own I suspect myself to be more sorry than pleased at it, particularly if you are to go on a station of three years abroad. There are reports respecting your cousin, the truth of which would render your absence very awkward—pray state this to Mr Wilmot, and consult him upon it. I hope, if you do go abroad, that you will run over in one of the Havre packets, to spend a few

days with me previously. I cannot look forward to seeing you again in this world, and I should like to have some conversation with you, not only respecting the situation in which you stand as to the title, but also respecting Lord Byron himself. I have many letters from him, and from your father and mother, which are extremely interesting. Do not fail to see me, George, if but for a couple of days. The Southampton packets are passing Portsmouth three times a-week, and if you could not stay longer, I would not press you to do otherwise than return by the packet you came in.’”

“The next packet, however, brought Mr Dallas the confirmation of the report of Lord Byron’s death, and he was not long in deciding upon the intention which he afterwards put in execution. The work, as it existed at that time, had been written with a view to publication at a period when, after the common age of man, Lord Byron should have quitted this world—that is, thirty or forty years hence.

The progress of the baneful influence (says Mr Dallas) which certain persons, calling themselves his friends, obtained over Lord Byron's mind, when his genius first began to attract attention to him, was, in that work, more distinctly traced. Many circumstances were mentioned in it which might give pain to some now living,¹ who could not be expected to be living then, or who, if they were then alive, would probably experience different feelings at that time to those with which they would recall the circumstances now. In the form it then possessed, therefore, Mr Dallas would not think of publishing it; but he determined to arrange the Correspondence in such a manner as should present an interesting picture of

¹ It cannot but strike a reflecting and candid mind, that this mode of proceeding is liable to great abuses. Scandal and calumny may thus be kept in reserve, till all those who could detect and refute these are gone to their graves. Speaking generally what cannot be spoken in a man's life, had better not be spoken at all.—EDITOR.

Lord Byron's mind, and connecting the letters by memorandums and observations of his own, render the whole a faithful memoir of his life during the period to which the Correspondence referred.

« Having decided upon this, the materials were arranged accordingly;» and Mr A. Dallas assures us, of his own knowledge, « that many parts of the original manuscript were omitted, in tenderness for the feelings of both the very persons composing the partnership which since so violently opposed the publication of the Correspondence, and that none of the parts then omitted have been allowed to appear in his *Recollections*. When this alteration was completed, he came to London, and entered into an agreement with Mr Charles Knight, of Pall Mall East, for the disposal of the copyright.¹ The book was immediately

¹ « The introduction of Mr Colburn's name, in the publication of the book, was in consequence of a subsequent

put to press, and the usual announcements of it were inserted in the newspapers.

« During the short stay which Mr Dallas made in London, he endeavoured fruitlessly to see the present Lord Byron, who arrived in town, and sought him at his hotel the very day that he had left it, and therefore no sufficient communication took place at that time respecting the work which was about to appear. According to circumstances, which afterwards occurred, this was unfortunate, for had Lord Byron then seen Mr Dallas, he would have been able at once to give his opinion when applied to by the executors; instead of which, when an application was made to him to join in opposing the intended publication, being ignorant of its nature, he was of course unable to express his approbation of the work so fully as he afterwards did.

arrangement between Mr Knight and that gentleman, in which the author was not concerned.»

“ The necessary arrangements being made, Mr Dallas returned to France, for the purpose of taking steps for the simultaneous publication of a French translation, in Paris. In passing through Southampton, Mr Dallas paid a visit to his niece, the sister of the present Lord Byron, who was in correspondence with Mrs Leigh, the half-sister of the late Lord Byron. Through her he sent a message to Mrs Leigh, informing her of the nature of the Correspondence then in the press. This is worthy of remark, as it is one of the many assurances which were afforded to the parties who have prevented the Correspondence from being laid before the British public, that the nature of the intended publication was such as could not but be satisfactory to the real friends of Lord Byron. This message was sent on the 20th. of June, 1824, and it was faithfully forwarded to Mrs Leigh.

“ On the 23d of June, however, Mr Hobhouse addressed the following letter to Mr Dallas :

“6, *Albany, London, June 23.*

“DEAR SIR,

“I see by the newspapers, and I have heard from other quarters, that it is your intention to publish a volume of memoirs, interspersed with letters and other documents relative to Lord Byron. I cannot believe this to be the case, as from what I had the pleasure of knowing of you, I thought that you would never think of taking such a step without consulting, or at least giving warning to the family and more immediate friends of Lord Byron. As to the publication of Lord Byron's private letters, I am certain, that for the present, at least, and without a previous inspection by his family, no man of honour and feeling¹ can for a moment entertain such an idea—and I take the liberty of letting you know, that Mrs Leigh, his Lordship's sister, would consider such a measure as quite unpardonable.

¹ Certainly these words are, at best, very incautiously chosen.—EDITOR.

“ ‘An intimacy of twenty years with his Lordship, may perhaps justify me in saying, that I am sure he would deprecate, had he any means of interfering, the exposure of his private writings, unless after very mature consultation with those who have the greatest interest in his fame and character, I mean his family and relations.

“ ‘I trust you will be so kind as to excuse me for my anxiety on this point, and for requesting you would have the goodness to make an early reply to this communication.

“ ‘Yours, very faithfully,

“ ‘JOHN C. HOBHOUSE.’ ”

“ Mr A. Dallas desires it to be particularly remarked, that this letter is written without professing to be by any other authority whatever than that which the writer’s ‘intimacy’ with the late Lord Byron might give him. Mr Hobhouse ‘takes the liberty of letting Mr Dallas know that Mrs Leigh, his Lordship’s sister,

would consider' the measure which he knew that gentleman had taken 'to be quite unpardonable;' he has the modesty to acknowledge that this is a *liberty*; but Mr D. observes that he takes a very much *greater liberty* without any similar acknowledgment; for he asserts, that 'no man of honour and feeling can for a moment entertain such an idea,' as that which he writes to say he has seen by the newspapers, and has heard from other quarters, Mr Dallas has not only entertained, but acted upon.¹ It must be considered, that though Mr Hobhouse might write, perhaps, in the character of Lord Byron's *a more immediate friend*, he does not hint at having any authority, and, least of all,

¹ It must be admitted that Mr Hobhouse was at least very hasty and unguarded in some of these expressions; considering that he had no knowledge of the actual contents of the letters, and that it was impossible that Mr R. C. Dallas, as a man of honour and a gentleman, should be otherwise than deeply wounded by such a tone of interference, especially as Mr Hobhouse did not then write in the function of an executor.—EDITOR.

the authority of an *executor*; and this for the strongest possible reason, that he was not then aware that he had been appointed Lord Byron's executor, which fact he himself acknowledged upon a subsequent occasion. Certainly, on receiving this letter, Mr Dallas had no idea of its being written by an executor, nor is it to be concealed, that its receipt excited feelings of considerable irritation in his mind.

«Very shortly after writing this letter, Mr Hobhouse found himself associated with Mr John Hanson, as executor to Lord Byron's will; and not receiving any letter from Mr Dallas, he, on the 30th June, called upon Mr Knight, the publisher, taking with him a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr Williams. This gentleman was to be witness to the conversation that might take place; though Mr Hobhouse prefaced his object by expressions of a friendly tendency. Mr Knight not having any reason to expect a visit of the nature which this proved to be, was not prepared with any one to stand

in a similar situation on his part; but the very moment that the conference was ended, he took notes of what had passed. Mr Hobhouse stated, that he had written to Mr Dallas, to complain of the indelicacy of publishing Lord Byron's letters, before the interment of his remains; that Mrs Leigh had not been consulted; and that Mr Dallas had not the concurrence of Lord Byron's family in the intended publication;—that he called on Mr Knight officially, as executor, to say this, though when he wrote to Mr Dallas he did not know that Lord Byron had appointed him one of his executors. Mr Hobhouse thought Mr Dallas had a right to publish Lord Byron's letters to himself; but he doubted his right to publish those of Lord Byron to his mother. Mr Knight said that he believed Mr Dallas would be able to show that Lord Byron had given those letters to him. Mr Hobhouse replied, that if Mr Dallas failed in that, he should move for an injunction. Mr Knight said, that the question of delicacy, as to the time of publication, must be settled

with Mr Dallas ;—that the publisher could only look to that question in a commercial view ; but that having read the work carefully, he could distinctly state ; that the family and the executors need feel no apprehensions as to its tendency, as the work was calculated to elevate Lord Byron's moral and intellectual character. Mr Hobhouse observed, that if individuals were not spoken of with bitterness, and opinions very freely expressed in these letters, they were not like Lord Byron's letters in general ; for that he himself had a heap of Lord Byron's letters, but he could never think of publishing them. The conference ended by Mr Knight stating, that a friend of Mr Dallas, a gentleman of high respectability, superintended the work through the press ; that Mr Hobhouse's application should be mentioned to him ;—but that he, Mr Knight, was not then at liberty to mention that gentleman's name.

“ Mr Knight lost no time in forming Mr A. Dallas (who was the person that had under-

taken the task of editing his father's work) of the conversation he had had with Mr Hobhouse; and as the publisher had referred to some one intrusted by Mr Dallas with the charge of conducting the progress of the work through the press, but had hesitated mentioning his name, not having authority to do so, the editor immediately addressed the following letter to Mr. Hobhouse, without however being aware of that which he had written to Mr R. C. Dallas, the father.

“ ‘ *Woolburn Vicarage, near Beaconsfield, Bucks,*

“ ‘ *July 3, 1824.*

“ ‘ SIR,

“ ‘ MR KNIGHT has informed me of the conversation he has had with you upon the subject of Lord Byron's Correspondence.

“ ‘ I might have expected that, as you are not unacquainted with my father, his character would have been a sufficient guarantee of the proper nature of any work which should appear before

the public under his direction ; and I might naturally have hoped that it would have guarded him from the suspicion of impropriety or indelicacy. In the present case, both his general character as a christian and a gentleman, and his particular connexion with the family of Lord Byron, should have prevented the alarm which appears to have been excited in your mind, for I will not suppose the relations of Lord Byron and my father to have participated in it—an alarm which I must consider as unjustifiable as it is ungrounded.

“ Since these causes have not had their proper effect in your mind, it becomes necessary for me, as my father’s representative and agent in the whole of this business, distinctly to state, that the forthcoming Correspondence of the late Lord Byron contains nothing which one gentleman ought not to write, nor another gentleman to publish. The work will speedily speak for itself, and will show that my father’s object has been to place the original character of Lord Byron’s mind in its true light, to show the much of good that was in it; and the work leaves him when the

good became obscured in the much of evil that I fear afterwards predominated. There is no man on earth, Sir, who loved Lord Byron more truly, or was more jealous for his fair fame, than my father, as long as there was a possibility of his fame being fair;¹ and though that possibility ceased, the affection remained, and will be evinced by the forthcoming endeavour to show that there existed in Lord Byron that which good men might have loved.

“As to any fear for the character of others who may be mentioned in the work, my father, Sir, is incapable of publishing personalities; and Lord Byron, at the time he corresponded with my father, was, I believe, incapable of writing what ought not to be published. If, at any subsequent

¹ These words of the respondent it might have been expedient to have softened into a tone a little more conciliatory, as they were not calculated to raise that confidence in the editor's regard of Lord Byron's memory, which, as a mere matter of policy, it would have been now expedient to prove.—EDITOR.

period, in corresponding with others, he should have degraded himself to do so, I trust that his correspondents will be wise enough to abstain from making public what ought never to have been written.

“ ‘ The letters which Lord Byron wrote to his mother were given by him unreservedly to my father, in a manner which seemed to have reference to their future publication ; but which certainly rendered them my father’s property, to dispose of in what way he might think fit. Should you think it necessary to resort to any measures to obtain further proof of this, it will only tend to the more public establishing of the authenticity of these letters, and can only be considered as a matter of dispute of property, as Lord Byron’s best friends cannot but wish them published.

“ ‘ Being charged by my father with the entire arrangement of this publication, you may have occasion to write to me; it may therefore be right to inform you that I have long since left the profession in which I was engaged when we met at

Cadiz; and, having taken orders, I have the ministerial charge of this parish; to which letters may be directed as this is dated.

“ ‘I remain,

“ ‘ Your obedient Servant,

“ ‘ ALEX. R. C. DALLAS.’ ”

“ Although Mr Dallas had not thought proper to *reply* to Mr Hobhouse’s unauthorised communication, he did not leave it altogether unregarded; but, immediately upon receiving it, he wrote to Mrs Leigh the following letter:—

“ ‘ *Ste Adresse, June 30, 1824.*

“ ‘ MADAM,

“ ‘ I have just received a letter, of which I enclose you a copy. I see by the direction through what channel it has been forwarded to me. As the letter is signed by the son of a gentleman, I would

answer it, could I do it in such a manner as to be of service to the mind of the writer; but having no hope of that, I shall content myself with practising the humility of putting up with it for the present. And here I should conclude my letter to you, did I not, my dear madam, remember you not only as the sister of Lord Byron, but as the cousin of the present Lord Byron and of Julia Heath. But in doing this, I cannot relinquish my feelings. I must profess that I do not believe that you authorised such a letter. That you should have felt an anxiety upon the occasion, I think very natural, and I should have been glad to have prevented it. It was not my fault that it was not prevented, for (premising, however, that I neither saw nor do see any obligation to submit my conduct to the guidance of any relation of Lord B.'s) I took some pains to let my intention be known to his family, and even to communicate the nature of the publication I had in view. On the report of Lord B.'s death, I wrote to George, and mentioned these papers; before I dispatched my letter, his death was confirmed. I urged my wish to see George—I had no answer—I arrived

in London, wrote to him and requested to see him.—I inquired also if you were in town—the servant brought me word that both you and Lord B. were out of town, but that any letter should be forwarded.—I was two days at the New Hummums, and I received no answer. I do not state this as being hurt at it—George had much to occupy him—but I soon after saw Julia Heath, who mentioned your anxiety. This channel of such a communication was natural, and certainly the next best to a direct one from yourself, which, I trust, would have reflected no dishonour on you;—but I met the communication by my niece kindly, and sent you a message through her which she thought would please you, and certainly I did not mean to displease you by it. By that communication I must still abide, repeating only, that if, in the book I am about to publish, there is a sentence which should give you uneasiness, I should be totally at a loss to find it out myself. I will go further, my dear madam, and inform you, that Lord Byron was perfectly well acquainted with the existence of my MS., and with my intention of publishing it, or rather of having it

published when it pleased God to call him from this life—but I little suspected that I should myself see the publication of it. I own, too, that the MS., as intended for posthumous publication, does contain some things that would give you pain, and much that would make others blush—but, as I told Julia Heath, I wished as much as possible to avoid giving pain, even to those that deserved it, and I curtailed my MS, nearly a half. If I restore any portion of what I have crossed out, shall I not be justified by the insolence of the letter I have received from a pretended friend of Lord Byron, and who seems to be ignorant that a twenty years' companionship may exist without a spark of friendship? I do not wonder at his agitation; it is for himself that he is agitated, not for Lord Byron. But I will not waste your time on this subject. I will conclude, by assuring you, that I feel that Lord B. will stand in *my* volume in the amiable point of view that he ought, and would have stood always but for *his friends*.

“It was my purpose to order a copy of the volume to be sent to you. As I trust you will do

me the honour, by a few lines, to let me know that it was not your intention to have me insulted, I will hope still to have that pleasure.

“ ‘I am, dear madam,

“ ‘Yours, faithfully,

“ ‘R. C. DALLAS.’ ”

Mr A. Dallas says, that “ it has been attempted to throw all the blame, in the whole of the subsequent transactions, upon this letter. Perhaps it might have been more desirable that it should not have been written immediately upon the receipt of one which was felt as an insult, however it might have been intended; and Mr Dallas did not scruple afterwards to express his regret, not only for any expression in this letter which might appear to be intemperate or hasty, but for the irritated impulse which could produce it, and he authorized the editor to state this publicly. ” But still his

son says that, « in doing this, he cannot refrain from protesting against the misrepresentation to which the whole letter has been subjected. It appears that it has been distorted into the conveyance of a threat, that the writer intended to insert in the proposed publication what would give pain to Mrs Leigh, and make Lord Byron's friends blush. No fair-judging person, after reading the whole of the letter, can conscientiously say that he rises from it with such an idea in his mind. In a subsequent letter to his son, Mr Dallas strongly points this out. He says, 'It must be a resolution to misunderstand the letter, to say that I intended to restore what I had erased. 'IF (conditional) in the book I AM about to publish, there is a sentence which can give you uneasiness, I should be totally at a loss to find it myself.' Can any doubt exist after reading this? 'As INTENDED for publication.'—'IF I restore any portion.' I have read the letter again, and do not think it affords the ground for blame

thrown upon me, after having thought well of it.'

« But, besides (continues the son) that no such intention can fairly be gathered from the letter, it must not be forgotten to be observed, that in stating that the manuscript, as intended for posthumous publication, does contain some things which would give Lord Byron's sister pain, the writer only meant to suppose that a sister must feel pain on being told of the errors of a brother. It was not in his mind to convey an idea, that Mrs Leigh would feel pain *on her own account*¹ from any thing which was disclosed in the original manuscript. Mr A. D. says, he has read that manuscript, which is now in his possession, with great care, more than once, and has been unable to

¹ Probably not. The threat was clearly directed at Mr Hobhouse, and other companions of Lord Byron.—
EDITOR.

discover one word that could have that tendency. How is it, then, that upon the ground which this letter is said to afford, that the Correspondence 'contained observations upon or affecting persons now living, and the publication of which is likely to occasion considerable pain to such persons,'¹ such an alarm was excited in the mind of Mrs Leigh?²

« That a very great alarm was excited, which ultimately led to the legal proceedings, is most certain. The letter was sent to the present Lord Byron as proof of the offensiveness of the proposed publication, and an immediate answer required of him to sanction the opposition to it. His conduct was indeed very different. In a subsequent letter to Mr A. Dallas (dated 11th July), he says, 'I was applied to for my opinion. I answered, that if they

¹ Quoted from the Bill in Chancery, filed by Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson.

² Not for herself,—but for her brother and his friendship.—EDITOR.

had good grounds that any part of the work was likely to hurt the feelings of any relations, that the work ought to be inspected by one or two of his (Lord Byron's) relatives; but, I added, if I knew Mr Dallas, as I thought I did, I was convinced he could not object to show the work to Lady Noel Byron as a relative; but I felt convinced there was nothing in it that could reflect discredit on the deceased, or any one related to him—that I knew my uncle's opinion was highly in favour of the late Lord Byron, as his admiration was unbounded of his genius. Besides, the Correspondence between them was of a date far before any domestic misery¹ ensued. I felt distressed at being applied to, and not being on the spot could not say what had taken place.'»

Mr A. Dallas says, he « has good grounds for believing that a similar application was made

¹ Here it appears that the alarm had changed its party, or spread farther.—EDITOR.

to Lady Noel Byron on the subject, who declined interfering in the matter.

“ Previously, however, to any legal steps being pursued, Mrs Leigh wrote the following answer to Mr Dallas’s letter:—

“ *St James’s Palace, July 3, 1824.*

“ ‘SIR,

“ ‘I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 30th June, and am sorry to observe the spirit in which it was written.

“ ‘In consequence of the message you sent me through Mrs Heath (confirming the report of your intention to publish your manuscript), I applied to Mr Hobhouse, requesting him to write to you, and expressing to him that I did, *as I still do*, think that it would be quite unpardonable to publish private letters of my poor brother’s, without previously consulting his family. I selected Mr Hobhouse as the most proper person to commu-

nicate with you, from his being my brother's executor, and one of his most intimate and confidential friends, although, perhaps, I might have hesitated between him and the present Lord Byron (our mutual relative), had not the illness and hurry of business of the latter, determined me not to add to his annoyances—and I must also state, that I was ignorant of your communication to him until I received your letter.

“I feel equal regret and surprise at your thinking it necessary to call upon me to disclaim an intention of ‘*having you insulted*,’—regret, that you should so entirely misunderstand my feelings; and *surprise*, because after having repeatedly read over Mr Hobhouse's letter, I cannot discover in it one word which could lead to such a conclusion on your part.

“Hoping that this explanation may prove satisfactory,

“I remain, Sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“AUGUSTA LEIGH.”

« There are several curious points in this letter, to which it will be necessary to draw the attention of the reader. Mr Dallas's message to Mrs Leigh, sent through Mrs Heath, was one which he states in his letter 'She (Mrs Heath) thought would please her, and that certainly he did not mean to displease her by it.' He refers to that communication, and *repeats* (in writing what before had been only verbal) that 'if in the book he was about to publish, there was a sentence which should give her uneasiness, he should be totally at a loss to find it out himself.' The object of the message was, to assure Mrs Leigh of the harmless, not to say pleasing, nature of the *intended* publication; and yet, in referring to the message, and acknowledging the receipt of a letter which contained a *repetition* of it in writing, she only observes that it 'confirmed the report of Mr Dallas's intention to publish *his manuscript*,' and that, in consequence, she requested Mr Hobhouse to let him know that she should think his conduct would be unpardonable. It

is also somewhat strange that, having been so applied to by Lord Byron's sister, Mr Hobhouse, who at that time had no title to authority for making such a communication in his own name, should not have stated the title which such an application from a near relation seemed to give him, and have written to Mr Dallas as by direction of Mrs Leigh, instead of merely 'taking the liberty of letting him know' what Mrs Leigh thought about the matter.

« But there is a still more extraordinary circumstance in this letter. Mr Hobhouse's conversation with Mr Knight, which took place before Mr Williams, who came to act as witness, has been verified upon oath by Mr Knight, from whose affidavit, registered in the Court of Chancery, the following is an extract:—

« 'On the 30th of June last, said plaintiff, John Cam Hobhouse, told defendant, Charles Knight, that he, said plaintiff, John Cam Hobhouse, had written such letter to said defendant, Robert

Charles Dallas, and at the same time, told defendant, Charles Knight, that he, said plaintiff, John Cam Hobhouse, did not, at the time when he wrote said letter, know that he, said last-named plaintiff, had been appointed an executor of the said Lord Byron'.

« Thus it appears, that at the time of writing the letter in question, Mr Hobhouse was ignorant that he was the legal representative of Lord Byron; but, from Mrs Leigh's letter, it also appears that *she was not ignorant of that circumstance*, since it was the special motive which induced her to 'select Mr Hobhouse' as the proper person to communicate with Mr Dallas, in preference to 'the present Lord Byron, a mutual relative.' As, therefore, it is impossible to suppose, that the lady in question could state what was not true, we can only wonder that, being privy to the contents of her brother's will, and knowing whom he had chosen to be

his executors, she should never have informed them of the selection he had made.¹

« The appearance of the Correspondence was promised to the public on the 12th of July, 1824; and it had nearly gone through the press when, on the 7th of July, Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson, as the legal representatives of the late Lord Byron, filed a Bill in Chancery, and, in consequence, obtained, on the same day, from the Vice-Chancellor, an injunction to restrain the publication. This Bill was founded upon the joint affidavit of the executors, the matter of which, divested of its technicalities, was as follows:—

« The deponents swear, that in the years 1809,

¹ It is clear that Mrs Leigh first employed the intervention of Mr Hobhouse as a *friend*; and, in the mean time, before she wrote this letter, learned that he was *executor*; and naturally, therefore, invests him with the higher authority, without taking the pains to notice the change.—EDITOR.

1810, and part of 1811, Lord Byron was travelling in various countries, from whence he wrote letters to his mother, Mrs Catherine Gordon Byron; 'that such letters were principally of a private and confidential nature, and none of them were intended to be published.' That Mrs C. G. Byron died in the year 1811, intestate, and that Lord Byron being properly constituted her legal personal representative, possessed himself of these letters, and became absolutely and wholly entitled to them as his sole property. The deponents then swear, 'that they have been informed, and verily believe, that the said Lord Byron was in the habits of correspondence with Robert Charles Dallas,' and that, in the course of such correspondence, Lord Byron wrote letters, 'many of which were, as the said deponents believe, of a private and confidential nature'—'and that the said Lord Byron being about again to leave this country, deposited in the hands of the said Robert Charles Dallas for safe custody, all, and every, or a great many of the said

letters, which he had written and sent to his mother.' And that, at the time of Lord Byron's death, such letters were in the custody of the said R. C. Dallas, together with those which his Lordship had written to him. Lord Byron's change of name to Noel Byron, and his death, are then sworn to: and also his will, and the proving of it, by which the deponents became his Lordship's legal representatives.

« Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson then swear, 'that soon after the death of the said Lord Byron was known in England, the said R. C. Dallas, as the said deponents verily believe, formed a scheme, or plan, to print and publish the same, and, with a view to such printing and publishing, pretended to be the absolute owner of all the said letters,' and disposed of 'such pretended copyright' for a

' The exact words of the affidavit are quoted when they relate to important points.

considerable sum of money. Then the advertisement of the Correspondence is sworn to, and the belief of the deponents to the identity of the letters advertised for publication, with those before referred to in the affidavit. The affidavit goes on to affirm, 'that the said Robert Charles Dallas never apprised him, the said deponent, John Cam Hobhouse, of his intention to print and publish the said letters, or any of them.' And Mr Hobhouse swears that he wrote the letter of the 23d of June to Mr Dallas; and he swears too that he got no answer; but he swears that, on the 30th of June, he 'called on the said Charles Knight, and warned him not to proceed with the printing and publication of the said letters, and informed him that, if he persevered in his intention,' the two deponents, Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson, 'would, most probably, take legal means to restrain him.'

« The affidavit next states, that the deponents verily believe that Lord Byron's letters

to his mother 'were wholly written and composed by him, and that he did not deliver the same to the said R. C. Dallas, for the purpose of publication, but to be disposed of as he, the said Lord Byron, might direct.' And that he never meant nor intended that they should be published—that they were, as the deponents verily believe, at the time of Lord Byron's death, his own sole and absolute property; and that they now belong to the said deponents, as his legal personal representatives. The deponents go on to swear, that the letters written by Lord Byron to Mr Dallas were, as they verily believe, 'also wholly written and composed by the said Lord Byron; and that such letters are not, and never were, the sole and absolute property of the said R. C. Dallas; but that the said Lord Byron, in his life time, had, and the said deponents, as his legal representatives, now have, at least, a partial and qualified property in such letters,' which has never been relinquished or abandoned; and that Lord Byron never intended

or gave permission to Mr Dallas to publish them, or any part of them.

« Then comes the following clause, ‘And the said deponents *verily believe*, that the said several letters were written in the course of private and confidential correspondence; and the said deponents believe that many of them contain observations upon, or affecting, persons now living; and that the publication of them is likely to occasion considerable pain to such persons.’

« The affidavit closes with the affirmation, that the publication in question was intended to be made for the profit and advantage of the defendants; and ‘that such publication was, as the deponents conceived and believed, a breach of private confidence, and a violation of the rights of property,’ which, as the representatives of Lord Byron, they had in the letters.»

Mr A. Dallas continues his comment thus :
« Previous to stating the reply to this affidavit, it may not be improper to make some observations upon the nature of its contents. It contains matter of opinion, but no matter of fact relating to the point in question. There is a great deal of belief expressed, but not one reasonable ground upon which the belief is founded.

« It is really a matter of surprise that any one should so implicitly believe that to be a fact, which, upon the face of the business, he can only *suppose* to be so. Mr Hobhouse never saw or read the letters written by Lord Byron to his mother; yet he *swears* (and in this case without the mention, that he *verily believes*; but *as of his own knowledge*), 'that such letters were principally of a private and confidential nature.' Any one might *suppose* that a man writing to his mother may write confidentially; but few men would al-

low that supposition so much weight in their minds, as to enable them to swear¹ that it was so. Mr Hobhouse was travelling with Lord Byron during the time when many of these letters were written, and probably he supposes that his Lordship may have often mentioned him to his mother. This seems an equally natural supposition with the other; and if it should have entered into Mr Hobhouse's head, he would, by analogy, be equally ready to swear, not that he supposed he was often mentioned, but that he really was so. And yet, after reading Lord Byron's letters to his mother, it would never be gathered from them that his Lordship had any companion at all in his travels, as he always writes in the first person singular; except indeed that Mr Hobhouse's name is mentioned in an enumeration of his suite; and, upon parting with him,

¹ He does not swear that it is so; he only swears to his *belief*.—EDITOR.

Lord Byron expresses his satisfaction at being alone.¹

“To the assertion respecting these unseen letters, Mr Hobhouse adds, that ‘none of them were intended to be published.’ If it is meant to say, that they were not written with the intention of being published, as the sentence may seem to imply, nobody will deny the fact. If they had been, they would not have contained the natural and unrestrained development of character which makes them valuable to the public now. But their not having been written with the intention of publication, by no means precludes the possibility of Lord Byron himself *subsequently* intending them to be published. Mr Dallas has it in his Lordship’s own hand-writing, that he did subsequently intend part of them, at

¹ These comments of Mr A. Dallas are certainly coloured by resentment :—perhaps, indeed, not unnatural !
—EDITOR.

least, to be published ; because having kept no other journal, he meant to cut up these letters into notes for the first and second Cantos of Childe Harold. This was, however, previous to his having given them to Mr Dallas.

« The same observation as that which has been made upon Mr Hobhouse's *swearing* that Lord Byron's letters to his mother were confidential, will equally apply to his swearing that he believes his Lordship's letters to Mr Dallas were so also. But when he *swears* 'that Lord Byron, being about again to leave this country, deposited the letters to his mother in the hands of R. C. Dallas for safe custody ;'—when he states this upon oath, not as verily believing it—not as supposing it—but as knowing that it was so¹—without stating any ground whatever for his knowledge of a circumstance in which he had been in no way

¹ Mr Hobhouse only swears here again to his *belief*.—
EDITOR.

concerned, it is hardly possible to conjecture how extensive Mr Hobhouse's interpretation of an oath may become. Upon this subject I cannot forbear inserting an extract from a letter written by Mr Dallas to his publisher from Paris, immediately that he was informed of the issuing of the injunction, and before he was fully made acquainted with the whole circumstances. He says,

“ ‘So far from thinking it wrong to publish such a correspondence, I feel that it belongs in a manner to the public; and that I have no right to withhold it. If the Vice-Chancellor has been made acquainted with the spirit of the work, there is an end to the injunction; for as to the property in the letters from Lord Byron to his mother, the affidavit sets that at rest;’¹ and in the volume

¹ He alludes to an affidavit relating principally to this point, which he sent in this letter the moment he heard of the Injunction; but which, not being sufficiently full upon other points, was not made use of in the legal proceedings.

itself it may be seen that Mr Hobhouse made a false assertion (I hope it was not upon oath), in his application for the injunction, when he says, that Lord Byron deposited them with me for safe custody only, when his Lordship was going abroad. The text shows, that I have long considered them as mine, before Lord Byron thought of leaving England; and that he also considered them so. There was no memorandum made of the circumstance; it was a gift made personally, and as had happened in the case of *Childe Harold* and of the *Corsair*. What can be more conclusive than the words with which he accompanied the gift? The additional words I allude to, conveyed an idea of some dissatisfaction with others, and a feeling that my attachment and judgment were more to be relied upon. I trust that the circumstances have been made clear to the Vice-Chancellor; and that all the disgraceful insinuation of the application, that I am capable of publishing letters which ought not to be made public, has been wiped away. I shall be glad to find this carried even so far as to show, that, although I did not strictly or morally hold myself bound to

submit my intentions of publishing to the direction of Lord Byron's family, I was attentive to their feelings, and that it was not my fault that a communication did not take place upon the subject. As to any delicacy towards the executors, I declare to you, on my honour, that, till I saw it afterwards in a public newspaper, I did not know that the executors of Lord Byron were those *confidential friends*, the *Mr H.'s*, though one of them (Mr Hobhouse) had thought proper to give me counsel in very improper language.' 'Again, why should Lord Byron deposit these letters with *me* for safe custody, when these two confidential friends were at hand, and other confidential friends, and his sister? There is an absurdity on the face of the assertion.'

« It is not intended here to answer Mr Hobhouse's statements, which will be better met by the counter-affidavits themselves, but merely to make some necessary observations; and, amongst them, it is impossible not to observe, with regret, that Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson,

in swearing that they proved Lord Byron's will in the proper Ecclesiastical Court, and became his Lordship's legal representatives, did not insert the date of the probate, or even the period when their appointment came to their knowledge.' Such an insertion might have prevented all obscurity in a subsequent part of the affidavit, where it is sworn, 'that on the 23d June last, being soon after the *deponents* were informed of such intention (of publishing), deponent, John Cam Hobhouse, wrote and sent a letter of that date to R. C. Dallas, representing to him the impropriety of publishing said letters.' As the passage stands, it does not appear whether Mr Hobhouse wrote as 'the more immediate friend' of Lord Byron, or with the authority of an executor. The difference is somewhat material; and as

¹ It was understood that Lord Byron's will was not to be opened till his remains arrived in England;—the vessel which bore those remains reached the Nore on the 1st of July, seven days after the date of Mr Hobhouse's letter to Mr Dallas.—A. D.

the affidavit mentions that the letter was written soon after the deponents (in the plural number) were informed of Mr Dallas's intention, it certainly wants the information which the reader now possesses, but which the affidavit does not supply, to make it clear that he wrote merely as 'the more immediate friend.'

« But the said deponents '*verily believe*' that Mr Dallas formed a scheme to print and publish the letters '*soon after the death of Lord Byron was known in England.*' What could possibly have been the grounds of a belief so firm, that the persons believing come forward to attest it by affidavit in a court of justice? The gravamen of the matter is, that the scheme was formed soon after Lord Byron's death was known, *and not before*; and this Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson swear ~~they~~ believe to be the case. A dozen persons of the highest respectability read the letters arranged for publication, in the first intended memoir, years before Lord Byron's death; some of whom

*

state it upon oath, and all the others would have done so if it had been considered necessary by the legal advisers. It is to be lamented that so much firm faith has been thrown away upon so slight a foundation; and it is to be hoped, that the persons who can believe so easily, are not inconsistently difficult of belief upon points which will hereafter more materially concern themselves.

“When it was known that the injunction had been obtained, intelligence of it was forwarded to Mr Dallas, at Paris, and his immediate presence was required in London. The following certificate, enclosed in a letter from a friend, was the reply received to this communication:—

“ ‘This is to certify, that Robert Charles Dallas is now labouring under a very severe attack of inflammation of the chest, which was attended by fever and delirium;—that he is now under my professional care, and that his symptoms were of

so dangerous a character as to render large bleedings necessary, even at his advanced age. He is at present better, but certainly unable to undertake a journey.

“ Given under my hand, at Paris, Rue du Mail, Hotel de Mars, this 11th day of July, 1824.

“ DAVID BARRY, M. D.”

“ In consequence of this unfortunate illness, it became necessary to send out a commission from the Court of Chancery, to receive Mr Dallas's answer at Paris. This occasioned considerable expense, and a delay which was regretted at the time; but it afterwards appeared that the decision in the cause could not have been hastened, even had no obstacle of this nature intervened.

“ The answer was founded upon several affidavits, of which the first was that of Mr Dallas himself, wherein he ‘denies it to be true, that

the letters of Lord Byron to his mother were principally of a private and confidential nature; but, on the contrary, affirms that such letters were principally of a general nature; and for the most part consisted of accounts and descriptions of various places which the said Lord Byron visited, and scenes which he witnessed, and adventures which he encountered, and remarkable persons whom he met with in the course of his travels, and observations upon the manners, customs, and curiosities of foreign countries and people: and although he admitted that in some of such letters matters were mentioned, or alluded to, of a *private* nature, yet he swears that such matters of a private nature were only occasionally and incidentally mentioned or alluded to, and did not form the principal contents or subjects of the letters.' And he further says, that "to the best of his judgment and belief, none of these letters are of a *confidential* or secret nature,' or contain any matters of such a nature.

« Mr Dallas goes on to swear, that 'being in habits of friendship and correspondence with Lord Byron, as Mr Hobhouse had stated, in the course of that friendship his Lordship gave him, as free and absolute gifts, the copyrights of the first and second Cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and of the *Corsair*,' which gifts were respectively made by word of mouth, and delivery of the original manuscripts to him; and that a considerable portion of the letters from Lord Byron to himself were written 'at the times when the poems were preparing for, or in the course of publication,' and that they 'contained or related to divers alterations, additions, and amendments which were from time to time made, or proposed to be made, in the poems, or otherwise related to them,'—and that 'other parts of these letters relate to matters of general literature, morals, and politics, and other subjects of a general nature, and the individual opinions and feelings of Lord Byron;' and that 'some very few parts of such letters related to other private matters,

which were only occasionally and incidentally mentioned or alluded to therein, and did not form the principal contents or subjects of such letters, and were not in any respect of a *confidential* or secret nature.'

« Mr Dallas then states, in his affidavit, that Lord Byron thought of leaving England in 1816, but that 'in or about the month of April, 1812, he being in conversation' with Lord Byron, his Lordship promised to bring and give to him a letter which he had written to his mother on the matter which formed the subject of such conversation, and that some time afterwards, that is to say, in the month of June, 1814, Lord Byron, in performance of such promise, brought, and gave, and delivered to him not only the letter so promised, but also all the rest of the letters which he, Lord Byron, had written to his mother, and at the same time he addressed to Mr Dallas the following words :—

' The sale of Newstead Abbey was the subject of these conversations.

« 'Take them.—They are yours to do what you please with. Some day or other they will be curiosities.'

« From this Mr Dallas swears that he 'believes that Lord Byron in so delivering these letters to him, and addressing him in this manner, did fully intend to give the same letters and every of them, and the copyright thereof, and all his, Lord Byron's, property, right, title, and interest therein to him, Mr Dallas, for his own use and benefit, as a free and absolute gift, in the same manner as he had given the copyrights of the poems;' and further, 'that at the time of this gift, Lord Byron contemplated the probability of the letters being afterwards published by Mr Dallas.'

« The deponent distinctly denies that the letters were left with him for safe custody; and alleges that Lord Byron did not leave England until 1816, that is, two years after the gift of the letters.

« The affidavit further states, that for several years previous to the death of Lord Byron, the deponent was engaged in compiling and writing memoirs of his life and writings, and that in these memoirs were inserted and embodied many of the letters both to Mrs C. G. Byron and to himself; and that he did so for the purpose of illustrating and giving authority to the memoirs, and of placing in a just and favourable point of view the conduct, character, and opinions of Lord Byron, their insertion being essential to the illustrating and giving authority to the memoirs; and that for many years previous to the death of Lord Byron, he had formed the intention and plan to publish these letters in the before-mentioned memoirs; and that Lord Byron, so long ago as the year 1819, was aware of his intention and plan so to publish them. The letter to Lord Byron, inserted in the last chapter of this work is there sworn to; with the addition, that his Lordship never applied to, or requested Mr Dallas to desist or abstain from publishing the memoirs,

nor from inserting in them any of the letters in his possession.

“ These are the important parts of the affidavit made by Mr Dallas, although it necessarily follows the whole of the Bill filed against him, denying or admitting its several allegations, as the case requires. There is, however, one other part of the affidavit which is important, though only matter of opinion. It states, that to the best of Mr Dallas’s judgment and belief, the publication of the Correspondence, as advertised, ‘ will be of considerable service to the cause of literature and poetry, as being illustrative of many of the best poems, and other valuable works, of the said Lord Byron; and will also tend greatly to improve and exalt the public estimation of his conduct, character, and opinions.’

“ The affidavits of Mr Charles Knight and Mr Henry Colburn follow, which are mere matters of form; except only as far as relates to the

conversation which Mr Knight held with Mr Hobhouse, on the 30th June. An extract from Mr Knight's affidavit has been already given, in which he states, that Mr Hobhouse declared to him that he did not know he was Lord Byron's executor at the time he wrote to Mr Dallas. Mr Knight, who had read all the letters, also swears, that none of them were of a *confidential* nature.

* The affidavit of Mr A. Dallas himself is the next. It states, that he had frequently seen and read the original manuscript of the *Memoirs* first compiled by his father, containing the letters in question; and knew, so long ago as 1822, of his intention to publish them at a future period. That, in that year, Mr Dallas deposited the original manuscript in his hands, with directions to publish it in such manner as he should think fit, after the death of Lord Byron; Mr Dallas assuming that he should die before his Lordship. The affidavit then details the change which took place in this intention,

and the alterations in the work, to fit it for publication when Lord Byron's death was known; declaring, at the same time, the deponent's opinion, that as now intended for publication, there is not a single passage in the letters which could affect or injure the character, or give pain to the feelings of any person whomsoever. The editor corroborates the testimony already given, that none of the letters were of a confidential nature. He swears that the present Lord Byron has read the intended publication, and knows of the intention to publish it; that he has never expressed to the editor any disapprobation of or objection to the publication; but, on the contrary, has expressed to him his concurrence in, and approbation of it. He also swears, that for several years previously to the death of Lord Byron, he had frequently heard Mr Dallas declare that his Lordship had made him a present of his letters to his mother; and had also frequently seen in Mr Dallas's possession a bundle of letters inclosed in a cover or envelope, on which

was written 'Letters of Lord Byron to his mother, given to me by him, June, 1814;' or words to that effect.

"The only other corroborative affidavit which the legal advisers thought necessary to make use of, was one made by Alexander Young Spearman, Esq., who states, that so long ago as the year 1822, he had read the manuscript memoir in which was embodied the letters in question; and that, to the best of his judgment, there was nothing contained in the work or in the letters which could lower the character of Lord Byron, or which was of a confidential or secret nature; but, on the contrary, that from reading them, he had formed a higher and better opinion of the character and conduct of Lord Byron than he had previously entertained; and that the letters were, for the most part, upon subjects of general and public interest; and of such a nature, that their publication would be an advantage to the cause of literature, and no breach of honour or confidence.

• •

“From the substance of these affidavits, it may probably strike the reader as singular, that Mr Dallas himself should have said nothing concerning the approbation of the present Lord Byron; while his son swears directly to his knowledge of, and concurrence in, the publication. To account for this, and to prove how ready both the author of the Memoirs and his son were to make any reasonable arrangement by which the pledge to the public might be fulfilled, it will be necessary to state some circumstances which occurred previous to the filing of the answer to the Bill in Chancery; which, as has already been shown, was unavoidably delayed.

“The present Lord and Lady Byron happened to be on a visit to Mr A. Dallas, at his house at Wooburn, towards the end of July; and there they had an opportunity of reading the whole of the work, as intended for publication, and which had so nearly gone through the press, that they read three-fourths of it in print.

Whatever pain Lord Byron might feel on account of the early development of the seeds of vice in his predecessor and near relation, he felt immediately that the work was highly calculated to raise his Lordship's character from the depth into which (as Mr A. Dallas pretends) it had subsequently fallen; and he unreservedly expressed his wish that the publication should proceed. A single passage in the narrative part, which was observed upon by Lord Byron, was omitted according to his desire. With these feelings he endeavoured, in the kindest manner, to clear away the obstacles which impeded its progress; and fearing lest his former reply to the sudden demand for his opinion upon the subject, as it had been conditional, might be construed into direct disapprobation, he expressed himself ready to state his concurrence in the publication. The following affidavit was accordingly drawn up, with the approbation of his own legal adviser:—

“ George Anson, Lord Byron, maketh oath, and

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saith, that he well knows the defendant, R. C. Dallas, who is the uncle of this deponent, and that he well knows that the said R. C. Dallas was formerly in the habit of corresponding with the late George Gordon, Lord Byron, to whom the deponent is the nearest male relation and successor. And this deponent further saith, that having been informed that a certain work was proposed to be published by the said R. C. Dallas, and to include certain letters written by the said George Gordon, Lord Byron, to him, and to Mrs Catharine Gordon Byron, the mother of the said George Gordon, Lord Byron, this deponent declared his reluctance to such publication taking place until the said work should have been examined by the relatives and friends of the said George Gordon, Lord Byron; and that the said deponent now maketh oath and saith, that he has since read the said work, entitled 'Private Correspondence, etc.;' and the letters from the said George Gordon, Lord Byron, to his mother, and to the defendant, R. C. Dallas, included therein; and this deponent further saith, that he does not

c.

now entertain any objection to the publication of the said work.'

« This affidavit received the sanction of Lord Byron ; but it having been ascertained that the executors did not intend to make any use of the conditional opinion that his Lordship had expressed, it was not thought necessary that he should swear it; as from motives of delicacy it was wished if possible not to mix him up with a dispute in which he stood in close connexion with both sides. Mr A. Dallas states that nothing but the absolute necessity which now exists of making the public fully acquainted with all the circumstances connected with this strange proceeding, would induce him to refer to his noble relation. As, however, his Lordship's conduct throughout the whole business has been not only manly and open, but also guided by an amiable desire of conciliation, the public mention of these transactions can only be a testimony highly to his credit.

« In consequence of what had taken place, Lord Byron called on Mr Hobhouse, and personally stated his own knowledge of the nature of the work, and his opinion respecting the propriety of its publication. He also stated, that he knew the editor was by no means averse to enter into any reasonable arrangement by which the difficulties in the minds of the executors might be overcome. It appears that the plea by which their opposition was defended was, that other persons possessed letters of the late Lord Byron, which it would be highly improper to give to the public; and that the executors felt it their duty to establish their right to prevent the publication of any letters. However, Mr Hobhouse supposed that matters might be arranged, if Mr Dallas would consent to insert in the title-page of the work, '*published by permission of the executors*,' of course submitting it first to the inspection of some person approved of by them.

« Upon immediate consultation with the

editor, he declined giving a promise that such words should be used until he had seen his legal advisers; but he authorised Lord Byron to state, that *he perfectly concurred in the spirit of the proposed arrangement*, and offered at once to submit the work to the inspection of a friend of Lord Byron's, well known to the executors, but with whom the editor himself was totally unacquainted, and to abide by his opinion. This was mentioned within the same hour to Mr Hobhouse, who was satisfied with the person named, and promised to consult his colleague, Mr Hanson, upon the business. It may not be improper here to insert part of a letter, written by Mr Dallas to his son, upon hearing of this proposal:

“ ‘As to an executor's veto—shall an executor be allowed to decide on the publication of a work (letters) on general topics, when it may be enough that there is in it a difference of opinion on religion, morality, or politics? This is an argument

which should be strongly urged. I see neither law nor equity in such a *veto*; yet do not deny either, if the letters are libellous; but this is not to be vaguely supposed, and my letter to Mrs Leigh, far from supporting such a suggestion, supports the contrary.' 'However, I do not wish to keep up contention, and have no objection (*go which way the Chancellor's decision may*) to say, '*printed with consent of the executors*'—and they will be foolish not to consent, for the circulation of the work would be but wider if they do not; so act in this as you judge best. But I do not think the sheets should be shown to him.

* * * * *

I believe I cut out the Portsmouth anecdote. I know I did, and he is hardly even alluded to in any of the letters; but he ought not to see it.' 'The Chancellor's dissolving this injunction is no reason why he should not grant injunctions against the publications of Moore¹ or ***, which, un-

¹ According to the law laid down by the Lord Chancellor in the subsequent Injunction, Mr Moore will be

supported by such an answer and such testimonies as mine, might be confirmed. Our case does not decide the general question : our documents take it out of the general case of publishing injurious letters.'

« While Mr Hobhouse went to consult his colleague, Mr A. Dallas applied to his legal advisers, by whom certain legal difficulties, about the word 'permission' were stated to him. In consequence of what there took place, he drew out the following statement, which he gave to Lord Byron as the ground for the future conducting of the negotiation:—

« 'Mr Dallas has no objection to insert the following advertisement after the title page of the work :

curtailed of a valuable portion of his materials, unless with the consent of the executors.—EDITOR.

" 'ADVERTISEMENT.

" 'The publication of this work having been delayed in consequence of an injunction from the Court of Chancery, obtained on the application of the executors of Lord Byron, it is proper to state, upon their authority, that the work had not been submitted to their inspection, when they entertained their objection to its publication; but that, having since been made acquainted with its contents, they have withdrawn their objection, and consented to the dissolution of the injunction.'

" 'If the objection of the executors of the late Lord Byron be, that the publication of this work should not be drawn into a precedent by others, for giving to the world their improper and unauthorised compilations relative to Lord Byron, it is presumed that this advertisement will be considered sufficient for that purpose.

" 'If the executors do not consider this to be sufficient for that purpose, Mr Dallas would only

object to the words '*published by permission of the executors of the late Lord Byron,*' being printed with the work, inasmuch as it may seem to *acknowledge a property as belonging to the executors* which he does not acknowledge to belong to them—but to meet the supposed object of the executors, as above stated, Mr Dallas will consent to the insertion of those words, if the executors will sign a paper to the following effect:—

“ ‘We, the executors of the late Lord Byron, hereby assign and make over to R. C. Dallas, his heirs, executors, or assigns, all and every interest, property, right, claim, or demand whatsoever, (*if any such we have*), in such letters of the said Lord Byron as are inserted in a work, entitled ‘*Private Correspondence of Lord Byron, etc. etc.*’ whether such letters are addressed to the said R. C. Dallas, or to Mrs Catherine Gordon Byron, the mother of the said Lord Byron.’

“ In the mean time, however, the two executors had consulted together, and Lord Byron

received the following communication from Mr Hobhouse :—

“ ‘I saw Mr Hanson this evening, and have to inform you, that he objects to stopping the proceedings until the question can be laid before counsel, after your friend Mr Dallas has filed his affidavits, or made his answer.’

“ This opening being thus closed up, the answer and affidavits were filed. Whether the question of negotiation was laid before counsel or not, Mr Hanson best knows; but all that Mr A. Dallas says he can affirm is, that four affidavits were immediately filed, intended to oppose the dissolution of the injunction.

“ The first was the affidavit of William Fletcher, in which he swears, that he had lived with Lord Byron for the last eighteen years, as his Lordship’s valet and head servant, and accom-

panied him abroad in the month of April, 1816. He then declares, 'that when he was with Lord Byron at Venice, in the latter end of the year 1816, or the beginning of 1817, in a conversation which he then and there had with his Lordship, touching his property and things which he had left behind him in England, the deponent represented to him, that some of his (Fletcher's) property had been seized by his Lordship's creditors, together with his own property, when Lord Byron stated to the deponent, that he would make good his (Fletcher's) loss. And he, the said Lord Byron, then told the deponent, that he was extremely glad that he, the said Lord Byron, had taken care of most of the things that were of most consequence to him, such as letters and papers, which he thought of more consequence than all they had seized; for that he the said Lord Byron had before left them with several of his friends to be taken care of for him; some with Mr Hobhouse, others with Mrs Leigh, and others with Mr Dallas, meaning the above-

named defendant, Robert Charles Dallas, at the same time saying to deponent, ' You know Mr Dallas, he who used so often to call on me,' or to that effect.'

« To this assertion Fletcher adds his opinion and impression, that in speaking of the letters and papers so left in the care of Mr Dallas, Lord Byron spoke of them as his own property, and did not convey to Fletcher's mind any notion that he had given them to Mr Dallas.

« It was really necessary that Fletcher should have sworn to his impression and opinion, as to the proprietor of the papers so left, for, from the subject of the conversation, in the course of which they were casually mentioned, it seems doubtful whether Fletcher did not think Lord Byron meant that they were his (Fletcher's) property, to make up for the loss of the articles seized by his lordship's creditors. This interpretation, however, would militate against Mr Hobhouse's affidavit, where he swears that

Lord Byron never meant the letters to be published, as the only value they could have been to Fletcher would be from the 'valuable consideration' which he might obtain for their publication.

« But no ; this was not Fletcher's idea of the matter. He understood that whatever papers Lord Byron left with Mr Dallas were left for safe custody, because, as Mr Hobhouse says, he was going to leave England.

« It is somewhat singular that leaving papers and letters, several boxes containing great quantities of them, as is afterwards sworn, which he considered of more consequence than the goods and chattels of which his creditors had deprived him, with Mr Hobhouse and Mrs Leigh, Lord Byron should have selected *a very small bundle* of particular letters, and left them, and them only, in the charge of another person, nearly two years before he went abroad. So small and particular a selec-

tion from the great mass of his papers seems strange, unless, having high value for them, he did not consider that which was *safe custody* for his other papers was *safe custody* for these. But there is a stranger circumstance, too, which under the supposition that the letters were so left for special safe custody when he was going abroad, is not only strange, but absolutely unaccountable. In the autumn of the same year, 1814, on which this sacred deposit was supposed to be made, and only a few months after, the person to whom this precious charge was given, took the very step, the intention of doing which is said to have produced the deposit. He left the country, and went abroad; and on the day before he set off from London, in conversation with Lord Byron, he told him that his object in then going, was to seek the most eligible place for a future residence for himself and his family abroad. Yet did nothing pass upon the subject of such a deposit. A communication took place between them, when Mr Dallas was at Bordeaux, in Decem-

ber, 1814. And when, in March, 1815, the return of Bonaparte to France brought him home again, he visited Lord Byron as before; yet did nothing pass upon the subject of such a deposit. At the end of the year 1815, Mr Dallas took his family abroad, and settled in Normandy, taking with him the letters which Lord Byron had made him a present of. Lord Byron knew of this second going abroad, and heard from Mr Dallas, when he had fixed upon his place of residence; yet did nothing pass upon the subject of such a deposit.

“ But to come nearer to the time mentioned in Fletcher’s affidavit, that in which his conversation occurred with Lord Byron. In the beginning of the very same year, 1816, his Lordship, being then about to leave England, himself proposed to Mr A. Dallas to accompany him in his travels. A long conversation took place upon the subject, in which Mr Dallas was mentioned; and his son may well be pardoned, under these circumstances, for add-

ing that he was mentioned by Lord Byron with a grateful feeling, as 'one of his oldest and best friends.' His place of residence was referred to; and yet not one word passed that had the least reference to any deposit of papers or letters, as having been made to him. If Lord Byron had given valuable papers in charge to Mr Dallas for safe custody, when his lordship was going abroad, would it not have been natural that he should resume them, when he found that the person with whom he had deposited them was himself in the situation which had induced him to put them out of his own custody? And when, in fact, he was leaving the country, in conversing with Mr Dallas's son, would he not most probably have mentioned the circumstance, as a remembrance or as a renewal of the charge, if even he had not thought fit to resume it? If therefore Fletcher's remembrance of a very casual remark at the distance of eight years be correct, it is more reasonable to suppose that Lord Byron spoke loosely, recollecting merely

the literary communication he had so long had with Mr Dallas, than to place such an incidental remark¹ against the body of circumstantial evidence which has been brought to prove the gift of these letters to Mr Dallas.

* The next affidavit is really ludicrous ; it is sworn by the Honourable Leicester Stanhope ; and begins by stating ‘that for several *months* prior, and down to the time of Lord Byron’s death, which happened on the 19th of April last, at Missolonghi, an *intimacy* subsisted between him, the deponent, and the said Lord Byron.’ It is truly absurd to see how all Lord Byron’s *monthly* friends prostitute the word *intimacy*. The reporter of his Lordship’s Conversations, lately published, is a remarkable instance of this, and the present affidavit is no

¹ This reasoning of Mr A. Dallas is well-founded and solid. It does seem very idle to put in such an affidavit as Fletcher’s against the circumstantial affidavit of Mr R. C. Dallas, the father, fortified as it is by so much collateral matter.—EDITOR.

less so ; it shall be given to the reader in Mr Stanhope's own words. The honourable deponent goes on thus :—

“ ‘Saith, that about three months before said Lord Byron's death, he, deponent, held a conversation with said Lord Byron, touching the events of his Lordship's life, and the publication thereof at a future period ; and, upon that occasion, said Lord Byron, in talking to him, deponent, of certain persons who, he said, were in possession of the requisite information for writing a Memoir, or History of his, said Lord Byron's, Life, he, said Lord Byron, made no allusion whatsoever to the defendant, Robert Charles Dallas, or to any Memoir, or History of his Lordship, or the events of his life, preparing, or prepared by him, said Robert Charles Dallas ; but, on the contrary, said Lord Byron, in the course of the conversation above alluded to, named two individuals by name, as being the most competent to write the History, or Memoir, of his life, neither of whom was said Robert Charles Dallas.

“ ‘Saith, that said Lord Byron never, in conversation which deponent so had with him as aforesaid, or in any other conversation which he, deponent, had with said Lord Byron, ever mentioned, or alluded to, the name of said Robert Charles Dallas, or intimated, or conveyed, to deponent, that he, said Lord Byron, knew that said Robert Charles Dallas had any intention of publishing any Memoir, or History, or Life of his Lordship, or that he had given said Robert Charles Dallas any permission to write or publish any thing concerning said Lord Byron, or any letters written by him, said Lord Byron, and which deponent thinks it extremely probable said Lord Byron would have done had he possessed any knowledge of said Robert Charles Dallas’s intention to publish any thing concerning him, said Lord Byron, and more particularly if said Lord Byron had given said Robert Charles Dallas any consent or permission so to do.’ ”¹

¹ Certainly these affidavits become totally inefficacious by attempting to prove too much. They place a strange reliance on negative evidence. It is only necessary to refe

« The Honourable Leicester Stanhope's idea of the necessary communicativeness of a few months' *intimacy* is somewhat new, and will, of course, have sufficient weight to prevent any but the two persons who are properly qualified from writing any thing about Lord Byron.

« After this Mr Hobhouse appears again to aver, in an affidavit, 'that for the space of seventeen years previous, and down to the time of the death of the above-named Lord Byron, which happened about the 19th of April last, he was upon terms of the closest intimacy and friendship with Lord Byron; and, during the years 1814 and 1815, he associated much with Lord Byron, and was in the habit of corresponding with Lord Byron from the time he last left England, which was in the month of April, 1816; and the deponent declares that upon Lord Byron's going abroad, his Lordship left in his

to Mr Dallas's letter to Lord Byron, of Nov. 10, 1819, to blow away all these weak inferences.—EDITOR.

hands, and under his care, several boxes, containing great quantities of private letters and papers, which he desired deponent to take care of for him during his absence from England.' He goes on to swear, 'That Lord Byron did also, previous to his so going abroad, as deponent believes, leave quantities of letters and papers of a private nature, with others of his friends in England for safe custody, and to be taken care of for him. And, that Lord Byron, for many years previous to his so going abroad, as aforesaid, was in the habit of imparting his private concerns and transactions to him; but that Lord Byron never told him, or gave him, in any manner, to understand, that he had presented, or given, any letters whatsoever to R. C. Dallas, for his own use, or benefit, or to be published.'

« If this assertion is good for any thing, it is good to prove Lord Byron did not leave the letters with Mr Dallas *for safe custody*; for, if in the course of such confidential communica-

tion, as is here described, his Lordship never mentioned to Mr Hobhouse having done so, even while placing large quantities of papers in his own hands for safe custody, when it would have been so very natural to refer to the circumstance, the inference is strong that no such circumstance took place. If Lord Byron had mentioned to Mr Hobhouse having so done, he certainly would have sworn to that fact, when, from the paucity of positive information, he was reduced to the necessity of swearing to suppositions, as has been shown. The case, therefore, stands thus : Mr Hobhouse *does swear* that Lord Byron did *not* tell him that he had given the letters to Mr Dallas; and Mr Hobhouse *does not swear* that Lord Byron told him he had left them for safe custody with Mr Dallas : the one proves one fact at least, as much as the other proves the other, and, therefore, in this debtor and creditor account of the affidavit the balance is NOTHING.¹

¹ The balance is certainly *nothing*, as far as affects the

« Mr Hobhouse ends his affidavit by swearing 'that Lord Byron had it in contemplation, to the knowledge of the deponent, to go abroad about June, 1814, and had actually made preparations for such his last-mentioned journey, and that the deponent had agreed to accompany him; but that Lord Byron afterwards altered his intention, and did not go.'

« This point also forms the opening assertion of the next deponent, the Honourable Augusta Mary Leigh, the half-sister of the late Lord Byron. She states that she well remembers that Lord Byron did, about June, 1814, make preparations, and then had it in contemplation to

question of *safe custody*: but the result is decidedly in Mr Dallas's favour, to prove the futility of the *other* negative evidence set up by his opponents in this case—the fact of such letters having been delivered to Mr Dallas being self-evident, and no mention of this fact being made by Lord Byron to Mr Hobhouse.—EDRON.

go abroad; but that he did not then go abroad, as he had contemplated and intended.

« When a lady swears merely to her remembrance, she may very innocently make a mistake in a year, especially after the lapse of ten years since the circumstance took place. But, in this case, Mr Hobhouse swears *‘to the knowledge of the deponent;’* therefore we are bound, not only to believe what he asserts, but to understand that, previous to so positive an assertion upon a point where the difference of time makes *all* the difference in the matter, he must have consulted any memorandums he may have made, referred to pocket-books or letters, so as to convince himself from some more tangible data than that furnished by memory, that it really was *‘about June, 1814,’* and not *‘about June, 1813,’* that the intention of going abroad existed in Lord Byron’s mind.

« These observations have arisen from a sin-

gular coincidence. Amongst the late Mr Dallas's papers his son has found a printed catalogue of books belonging to Lord Byron, to be sold. He had frequently before seen this catalogue, and been informed by Mr Dallas that it referred to an intended sale of Lord Byron's library, which was to have taken place in consequence of his intention to go abroad; but that he altered his intention before the day of sale, though after the announcement; and that consequently the books were saved from the hammer. The catalogue is curious, as many of the books were presentation copies, given to his Lordship by the authors, with their autographs in them; but its particular curiosity is from its containing the following description of two lots:

“Lot 151. A silver sepulchral urn, made with great taste. Within it are contained human bones, taken from a tomb within the long wall of Athens, in the month of February, 1811. The urn weighs 187 oz. 5 dwt.

“ Lot 152. A silver cup, containing

“ ‘Root of hemlock gather’d in the dark,’

according to the direction of the witches in Macbeth. The hemlock was plucked at Athens by the noble proprietor, in 1811.—The silver cup weighs 29 oz. 8 dwts.

“ The title-page of this catalogue is as follows :

“ ‘A catalogue of books, the property of a nobleman ABOUT to leave *England on a tour to the Morea*. To which are added a silver sepulchral urn, containing relics brought from Athens, in 1811; and a silver cup, the property of the same noble person; which will be sold by auction by R. H. Evans, at his house, No. 26, Pall Mall, on Thursday, July 8th, and the following day. Catalogues to be had, and the books viewed at the place of sale.’

“ So far this all corroborates the statement

made in the two affidavits under consideration, that Lord Byron intended to go abroad, and made preparations to that effect, *about June*—for it is to be supposed that the 8th of July may fairly come within the interpretation of that phrase.¹ There is, however, a generally neglected part of the title-page, which happened to catch the Editor's eye on reading it over; it is the date following the printer's name, which runs thus, '*Printed by W. Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-row, St James's, 1813.*' This may possibly be a typographical error, and this sale of books may really have been a part of the preparation for going abroad, which Mr Hobhouse and Mrs Leigh swear was made by Lord Byron in 1814; or should the date of this catalogue be correct, probably Lord Byron made an *annual preparation* for leaving England *about June*. If any reader happens to know of a similar

¹ «The gift of the letters to Mr Dallas was made by Lord Byron, on the 10th of June, 1814, in performance of a promise made in April, 1812.»

preparation made by Lord Byron, about June, in the year 1812, or about June, in the year 1815, the chain of preparations between his first return about June, in 1811, and his second departure, about June, 1816, will be established, and the fact of the two preparations before referred to will be strongly corroborated.

« The object of Mr Hobhouse and Mrs Leigh is to establish their statement, that Lord Byron placed the letters in question with Mr Dallas, for safe custody, '*being about to leave the country.*' That statement would altogether fall to the ground if Lord Byron's intention to go abroad was in June, 1813, as he gave the letters in June 1814, a twelvemonth after he had abandoned his intention, having promised to give one of them in April, 1812, a twelvemonth before he formed his intention. It is, therefore, to be regretted, as there is proof in print that the intention to leave the country was in 1813, that Mr Hobhouse, in his affidavit concerning his *knowledge* of the fact, did not mention or

allude to some of the tangible data upon which he doubtless established that knowledge in his own mind, instead of resting altogether upon the corroborative *remembrance* of Mrs Leigh.

“Mrs Leigh, by her affidavit, further presents, upon oath, a debtor and creditor account, similar to that which Mr Hobhouse had already exhibited, respecting the fact of Lord Byron’s never having mentioned either the delivery for safe custody, or the gift of the disputed letters. This account having been sufficiently audited in the former case, it is only necessary to state in the present, that a similar examination of it leads to a similar conclusion that the balance is NOTHING.

“This honourable lady, upon her oath, declares also, that she ‘believes that such letters were left or deposited, by Lord Byron, in the care or keeping of R. C. Dallas, for the use of him, the said Lord Byron, in the same manner as his Lordship left such other letters and pa-

pers with deponent and others of his friends'—that is to say, she swears that she does not believe Mr Dallas's assertion upon oath, which she must have seen, as these affidavits were filed in answer to it. Mr Dallas felt it unnecessary to give himself the pain of positively contradicting the *belief* sworn to in this affidavit. But his son refers the reader to the whole of the foregoing observations, that he may form his opinion as to the grounds upon which the contradiction might have been given.

“The narrative is now drawing to a close. After a considerable, though unavoidable delay, arising from the mass of business which pre-emptorily occupied the attention of the Court of Chancery, on the very last day of the Lord Chancellor's public sittings, an attempt was made to bring on the consideration of the cause, *HOBHOUSE v. DALLAS*, out of its proper rotation. This was resisted; but Lord Eldon being informed of the pressing nature of the business, kindly consented to take the papers to his

house, and without calling for the arguments of counsel, gave his decision at a private sitting.¹ Accordingly, on the 23d of August, 1824, the Lord Chancellor delivered the following judgment in his private room. It is copied literally from the short-hand writer's notes.

“ ‘**LORD CHANCELLOR.**—In the case of *Hobhouse and Dallas*, I shall reserve my judgment on one point till Wednesday, because I think it an extremely difficult point. But upon the point, whether this gentleman can publish the letters that Lord Byron wrote to *himself*, I cannot say that it is possible for him to be allowed to do that. I apprehend the law, as it has been settled with respect to letters—the property in letters is, (and whether that was a decision that could very well have stood at first or not,² I will not under-

¹ “ It is owing to this circumstance that no report of the cause has appeared in the public papers.”

² This certainly does seem to be most extraordinary law. Surely the property is in all reason thus transferred

take to say, but it is so settled, therefore I do not think I ought to trouble myself at all about it), that if A. writes a letter to B., B. has the property in that letter, for the purpose of reading and keeping it, but no property in it to publish it; and, therefore, the consequence of that is, that unless the point which relates to the letters that were written by Lord Byron to his mother is a point that can be extended to the letters written by Lord Byron to this gentleman himself,—unless the point on the first case affect the point on the second, it appears to me that the letters written to himself clearly fall within that rule which I am now alluding to.

“ ‘The other is a thing which, after carefully reading the bill, and answers of these gentlemen

from A. to B., partly as gift, and often indeed, partly by purchase; for then postage is a price, and sometimes a heavy price. The right of property is one thing, the right to publish another;—but where any one has a right to publish the matter, it would seem to be the receiver, and not the executor of the writer of the letter.—EDITOR.

who propose to be the publishers, I have formed an inclination of opinion about it, but which I will not at this moment express, because I think that opinion must be wrong, unless it is founded on every word that is to be found in all the answer relative to the transaction of Lord Byron's putting these letters into the hands of Mr Dallas. That is a point on which I would rather reserve my opinion till Wednesday morning, and then I will conclude it with respect to that question. With respect to the letters written to himself, I confess I entertain no doubt at all about it. And there is another circumstance too, I think, which is, that it is a very different thing with respect to letters written by Lord Byron to his mother—it is a very different thing, as it appears to me, publishing as information what those letters may have communicated as matters of fact, and publishing the letters themselves. If you are here on Wednesday morning, I will give you my judgment on the point which I have reserved, and if you are not here, I will give it on Saturday.'

“COUNSEL.—Then of course the injunction con-

tinues as to the letters written to Mr Dallas himself?

“ LORD CHANCELLOR.—Yes; and with respect to the others, that will stand over till Wednesday. I don't see, if an action was brought against Mr Dallas for publishing the other letters, I don't see how he could defend that action; for the question about the other letters depends entirely, I think, on what is supposed to have passed between himself and Lord Byron alone; and, therefore, if an action was brought against him, there could be no evidence at all that would take his case out of the reach of the law.’¹

“ These are the words of the Lord Chancellor's

¹ The construction of this part of the injunction, then, seems to be, that the *primâ facie* right to the property of the letters of Lord Byron to his *mother* being in Lord Byron's executors, *Mr Dallas* could produce no evidence *at law* to support the transfer of that property;—not being qualified in a court of law to be witness in his own cause. In conscience, the circumstances in favour of the transfer, or gift, seem clearly with *Mr Dallas*.—EDITOR.

decision, as far as it goes. Nothing took place on the Wednesday with respect to the reserved point; but his Lordship left town on the following Monday, and previously to so doing, he desired the Registrar of the Court to inform Mr Dallas's solicitor, that 'the injunction must remain in all its points.'

« That no step might be omitted which could by possibility enable Mr Dallas to redeem the pledge which he had given to the public, the following letter was sent to the executors by the parties restrained by the injunction of the Court of Chancery from publishing the letters in question :—

« 'To the Executors of the late Right Honourable
Lord Byron.

« *'London, 24th of September, 1824.*

« 'GENTLEMEN,

« 'As the Lord Chancellor has given his opinion that the Letters of the late Lord Byron, contained

in the work which we intended to publish, cannot be made public without the permission of his Lordship's executors, we beg to state to you, that the work in question has been perused by the present Lord Byron, who has expressed his approbation of it, and his desire that it should appear; and we now request the permission of the executors for its publication, declaring, 'at the same time, our readiness to submit the work to the inspection of any person to be mutually approved of by both parties in this transaction; and if any omissions should be suggested, to make all such as, upon a fair examination, may be considered proper.

" 'The favour of an immediate answer is requested, addressed under cover to our solicitors, Messrs S. Turner and Son, Red Lion-square.

" 'We remain, gentlemen,

" 'Your most obedient servants,

" 'ALEX. R. C. DALLAS, for R. C. DALLAS,

" 'CHARLES KNIGHT, for myself,

and HENRY COLBURN.'

« In consequence of this letter written by the parties to the executors themselves, Messrs Turner and Son, the solicitors to those parties, received the following letter, without a date, from Mr Charles Hanson, the solicitor to the executors :—

« ‘GENTLEMEN,

« ‘*Hobhouse and another v. Dallas and others.*

« ‘I AM directed by the executors of the late Lord Byron, in answer to a letter addressed to them by your clients, containing a proposal for the publication of the late Lord Byron’s letters in the work in question, to inform you, that the executors do not deem it proper to sanction the publication of any of Lord Byron’s letters; and that they are advised to pursue legal measures to compel the delivering up to them such of the letters as they are entitled, as his representatives, to possess. It has been represented to the executors that a publication of the letters in question has been contemplated abroad. The executors

do not vouch for the truth of this report; but I think it proper to mention, that if such a thing should be done, it will be deemed by the executors a contempt of the Injunction granted in this cause.

“I am, etc.

“CHAS. HANSON.’

This letter having closed every possible avenue by which the correspondence could be given to the British public, as had been promised, Mr Dallas was placed in the situation which was stated at the beginning of this narrative; and there was no alternative left to him but the step which he has since taken. He therein trusts that the RECOLLECTIONS will sufficiently establish the propriety of the intended publication, as far as relates to the *nature of its contents*; and he has given this Statement to the public, with a view to prove the propriety of Mr Dallas's intention and conduct in promising its publication; and the existence of the Injunc-

tion relieves him from all blame in not performing his promise in England.

“After the full statement that has been made, it will not be necessary to detain the reader much longer. There are, however, three points to which Mr A. Dallas begs to draw attention : —The first is the difference between the words ‘*private*’ and ‘*confidential*.’ The parties who oppose the publication of the Correspondence made use of them as synonymous ; against this use of them the parties who intended the publication distinctly protest. The *private letters* of a *public* man are those in which, unrestrained by the *present* intention of publication to the world, he naturally and inartificially conveys his thoughts, sentiments, and opinions to a friend. Can it be said that when a man’s celebrity has raised him from his peculiar circle to belong to the unlimited one of all mankind, and when his death has made him the subject of history, and rendered the development of

his character interesting to all the world, it is a breach of confidence to give to the world such *private* letters so written? *Confidential letters* are those in which any man intrusts that which at the time he would not make known, to the keeping and secrecy of one in whom he confides. Such letters, it is a breach of confidence, and highly dishonourable, to publish. Mr A. Dallas submits these definitions to the criticism of the public; and by them he wishes the matter in question to be tried. Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson, *without ever having read one word of the letters* proposed to be published, swear, that they ARE confidential, and that the publication of them would be a breach of honour and confidence. Mr Dallas, Mr Spearman, Mr Knight, and Mr A. Dallas, *after having carefully read over all the letters*, swear, that they ARE NOT confidential. Mr Dallas not only acknowledges that they are *private*, according to the above definition, but he publishes them *because* they are so; if they were not, they would not be

worth publishing now. But had they been *confidential*, no inducement on earth would have prevailed with Mr Dallas to submit them to the inspection of any third person whatever, much less to publish them.

“ The second point to be attended to is the reluctance of Mr Dallas to submit the Correspondence to the inspection of the executors, with a view to their decision on its publication. This point has been already incidentally touched upon; but a few more observations may, perhaps, be pardonable. Mr Dallas never denied the right of an executor to prevent the posthumous publication of letters which were either libellous, or injurious to the deceased, or otherwise improper for publication; but, without adverting to the legal question, he did deny that persons differing from an author in opinions respecting religion, morality, politics, and patriotism, ought to have unlimited control, and the power of an unalterable *veto*, over a

work, in which those subjects were more or less discussed. For this reason he refused to submit the work in question to Messrs Hobhouse and Hanson, because, as far as he knew, or had heard of either, he had grounds for believing that he differed materially from them both on one or other of those points. But when a third person was mentioned, to whom the book might be submitted, the greatest readiness was shown to make an amicable arrangement; and the proposition contained in the final letter to the executors, is exactly the same as was made in a previous stage of the business through the present Lord Byron.

« The third point to be mentioned is that, after reading this narrative, it cannot but be painful to be forced to the conviction that the opposition of the executors amounts, by their own confession in the affidavits, to a *matter of property* only. They cannot venture to say, in the face of all the evidence adduced as to the na-

ture of the work, that they oppose its publication in tenderness to Lord Byron's character; they know it is more likely to exalt his character, as far as it may be exalted, than any other work that can be written;¹ they know that those who most desire to see Lord Byron's character placed, if possible, in a better light than it stands at present, approve of the work, and wish it to be made public. Neither can they venture to say that they fear to allow this Correspondence to appear, lest it should be taken as a precedent, and other letters less proper should afterwards come forth; for they have the power offered to them of sanctioning the work in the title-page by their '*permission*,' which would leave them at liberty to resist any *unsanctioned* publication. They, therefore, are forced to acknowledge, as they do in the course of these proceedings, that their opposition is *a matter of property*,—that is to say, that they want to make the most of

¹ It certainly does exalt his character; and Mr A. Dallas naturally sees this in the strongest light.—*Editor*.

these letters for the benefit of the late Lord Byron's legatee.^{1 2}

« No one, under all the circumstances, can doubt, morally speaking, that Lord Byron made a free gift to Mr Dallas of his mother's letters. Other proof than that which can now be given might, perhaps, be necessary to satisfy

¹ « It is hardly possible to be believed that all these oaths, as of knowledge upon surmisings, have for their object to add a few hundreds to the hundred thousand of pounds that Lord Byron has stripped from an ancient and honourable title which they were meant to support—not to give to his daughter, which would have put the silence of feeling upon the reproach of justice, but to enrich his sister of *the half blood*, she being married, and of course naturally bound only to expect and to follow the fortunes of her husband.—*A. Dallas.*»

² Some bitterness must be forgiven to Mr Dallas, though it breaks out with a good deal of fever here, and in the note. It cannot be denied that it was a little hard on the present Peer, not to inherit what remained out of the sale of *Newstead*.—EDITOR.

the requirements of law; but, certainly, the oaths that have been sworn are not calculated to remove the moral conviction from the mind, that the letters are the property of Mr Dallas. As it is not according to the rules of law that matters of feeling are decided, there is a circumstance, of no slight importance, which should be taken into consideration, in forming an opinion upon this transaction. For many years of his life Lord Byron never saw Mrs Leigh,¹ and would have no communication with her; he was averse to the society of the sex, and thought lightly of family ties. This separation continued from his boyhood up to the year 1812; during the latter part of which period Mr Dallas, continually, but fruitlessly, endeavoured to induce Lord Byron to take notice of Mrs Leigh. However, after his return to England, when the publication of

¹ It is believed that Mrs Leigh was brought up in her infancy with her half-sister, the Countess of Chichester, by their grandmother, the Countess of Holderness. -
EDITOR.

Childe Harold was approaching, his arguments were urged with more force, and Lord Byron, at length, yielded to them. The gift of an early copy of the *Pilgrimage* was one of the first steps towards a renewal of intercourse; and the kind and affectionate terms in which that gift was expressed, as mentioned in the *Recollections*, were the result of feelings which Mr Dallas had endeavoured to excite. That gentleman, during his life-time, never took merit to himself for promoting this union, though he has frequently mentioned the circumstances to his son, who now makes use of them without having been entrusted to do so; but, impelled by the necessity of vindicating his father under the unexpected treatment he has experienced.¹

¹ "The result of this union, *so produced*, has been, that Lord Byron, against all *moral* right, has applied the money procured by the sale of Newstead Abbey, to enrich his half-sister, and left the family title without the family estate which belonged to it. It may be said against all *moral* right, because the grant of Newstead was made by Henry VIII., to his ancestor, as the representative, at

« The Lord Chancellor's decision sets the question of law at rest; and Mr A. Dallas is anxious distinctly to state, that neither Mr Dallas nor himself have ever presumed to call in question the soundness of an opinion given by the venerable Lord Eldon. Neither of them, indeed,

that time, of a very ancient and honourable family, which was afterwards ennobled by Charles I., having the estate, as well as that of Rochdale, in possession, to support the title so given. Lord Byron received this title and estate together in *collateral descent*, he being the grand nephew only of his predecessor. The law, which destroyed the perpetuity of entails, could not destroy the feeling which makes a man morally bound to transmit such honours and such an estate together to his successors; and had Lord Byron's grand-uncle sold Newstead and Rochdale, because he had no son, nor even brother, nor nephew, nor *cousin*, to succeed him, but only a grand-nephew, his Lordship would have been the first to have felt the moral injustice done him. Lord Byron is succeeded in a nearer relationship than that in which he stood to his predecessor; yet he leaves a title and a name distinguished in almost every generation from the conquest, without any of the rewards which were given to the successive bearers of that name, to support its ancient honours.»

had taken the legal view of the subject, which his Lordship appears to have entertained; and they were warranted in bringing the matter to an issue, by the opinion of one of the most deservedly celebrated lawyers at the Chancery Bar. Without such an opinion, they certainly would not have added the heavy expenses of a Chancery suit, to the already considerable loss occasioned by the nearly completed preparations for publishing a large edition of the work in quarto. It is particularly necessary, thus publicly to declare an humble submission to the authority of the Court of Chancery, as the appearance of the work in France may induce a supposition that the Author and Editor could be guilty of an *intentional* contempt of that Court. To prevent such a supposition, which would be very far from the truth, the Editor has only to declare, that the arrangements for publication with Messrs A. and W. GALIGNANI, of Paris, were made by Mr Dallas, not only before the matter was decided; but that the foundation of those arrangements was laid before

the work was offered to any bookseller in London. To this fact the following letter will bear testimony:—

“ ‘To Messrs. A. and W. Galignani, Paris.

“ ‘*Ste. Adresse, near Havre de Grace, May 31, 1824.*

“ ‘GENTLEMEN,

“ ‘You may, perhaps, remember my calling at your house when I was in Paris some time ago. I write at present to inform you, that I have some very interesting manuscripts of Lord Byron’s, which I am going to publish in London, where I purpose to send them as soon as they are copied. I am not decided as to disposing of the copyright; but whether I do or not, I mean to offer them to a Paris publisher for a translation, so that the French and English editions may appear at the same time. I offer you the preference; but I beg an immediate answer, as I mean, if you decline the offer, to write to a friend in Paris to treat with another respectable bookseller.

“ ‘With regard to the interest of the work, you

cannot, it is true, judge of that without a more particular communication; but all I wish at present to know is, whether you would enter into this speculation, if the manuscripts prove to possess great interest. I would give you a sight of them, if the distance between us did not prevent it, but in the course of this week they go to London.

“ ‘When I was in Paris, I gave you a print of Lord Byron. It was much soiled, but certainly the best likeness I have seen of him. You purposed having a reduced engraving made of it—did you get it done?’

“ ‘I am, gentlemen,

“ ‘Your humble servant,

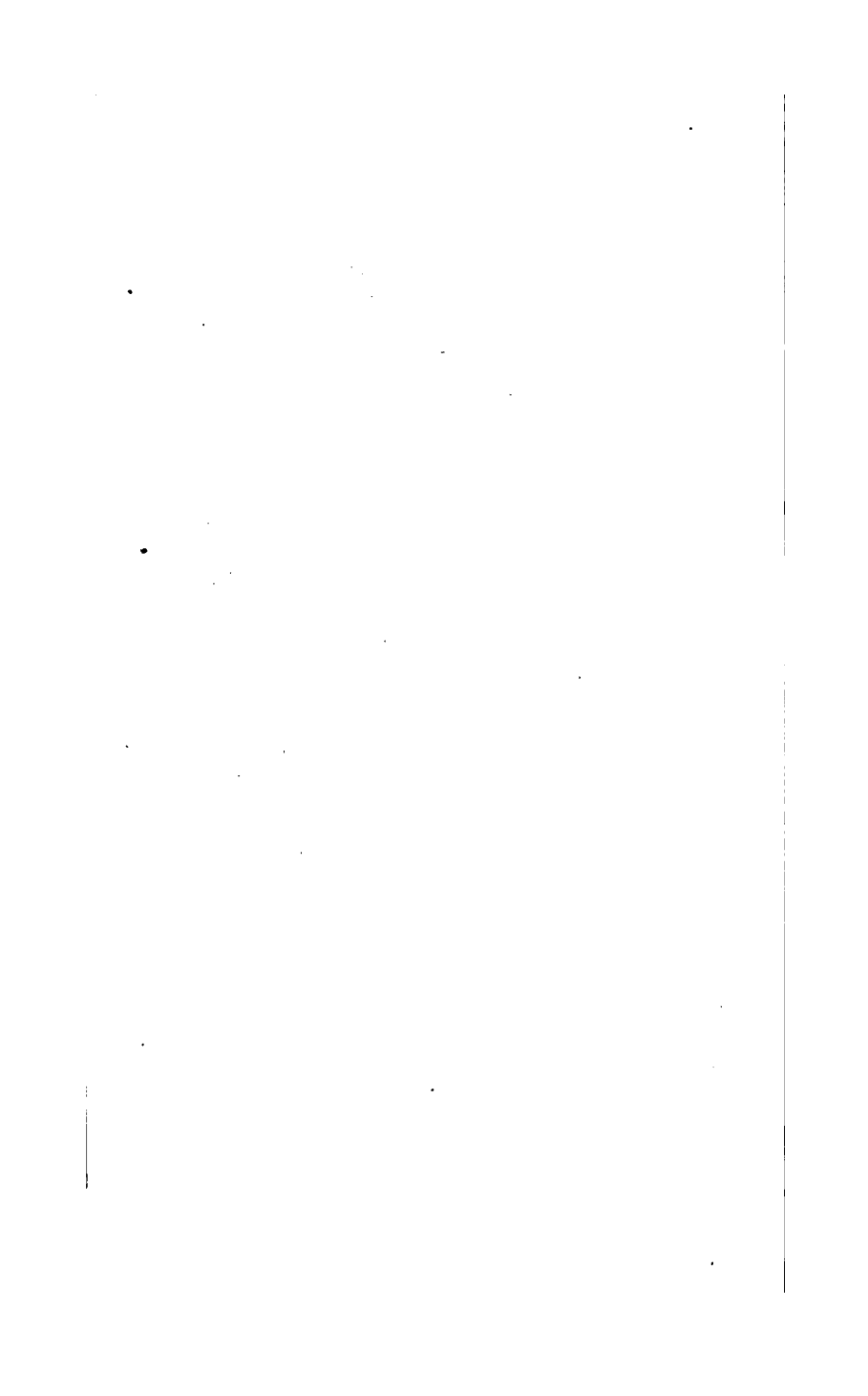
“ ‘R. C. DALLAS.’

“ ‘After arranging for the publication in England, Mr Dallas returned without loss of time to France. At Paris, he entered into a written

E.

agreement with Messrs Galignani, according to the terms of which the sheets were transmitted to them, as they were struck off in London. Mr Dallas himself remained in Paris to conduct the work through the press; and it had nearly advanced as far as the edition in England, when the progress of both was arrested by the injunction. Mr Dallas has been under the necessity of abiding by the pecuniary loss to a large amount, which the advanced state of the work, when stopped, brings upon him in England; but this very fact is a reason why he should be unable to meet a similar loss to nearly a similar amount in France. And not only were the actual expenses incurred to be considered, but, by suppressing the work in Paris, he would have been liable to the consequences of a lawsuit upon his formal contract there also. Mr Dallas, therefore, was left without a reasonable alternative, and the arrangements with Messrs Galignani have been allowed to proceed; and this the more necessarily, as from the number of hands through which the manuscript had

passed, and the copies of it which had been dispersed for translation and other literary purposes, it was impossible to guard against the almost certain appearance of the work in part, or in the whole, however unsanctioned by the approbation of the editor. In these arrangements with Messrs Galignani, Mr Knight and Mr Colburn were not, and are not, in any respect parties;—the right of such publication having been reserved to Mr Dallas in the original agreement.»



N O T E.

As, in the first page of this work, it is asserted that Lord Byron was born at Dover, and as the public newspapers stated that, in the inscription on the urn which contained his Lordship's relics, it was said that he was born in London, Mr A. Dallas has thought it right to publish the extract of a letter to himself, from the Author of the *Recollections*, in which his reasons for making the assertion are stated:—

“ I find in the newspapers that Lord Byron is stated *on the urn* to have been born in London. The year previous to the January when he was born, I was on a visit to Captain Byron and my sister at Chantilly. Lord Byron's father and mother, with Mrs Leigh, then Augusta Byron, a child then about four years old, were in France. I returned to Boulogne, where I then had a house,

where I was visited by Mrs Byron, in her way to England; she was pregnant, and stopped at Dover, on crossing the Channel. That Lord Byron was born there, I recollect being mentioned both by his uncle and my sister, and I am so fully persuaded of it (Captain Byron and my sister soon followed, and staid some time at Folkestone),¹ that I cannot even now give full credit to the contrary, and half suspect that his mother might have had him christened in London, and thus given ground for a mistake.»

¹ It may be added that Captain Byron's sister, mother to Colonel Leigh, resided some years at Sandgate, close to Folkestone, where the writer of this note remembers seeing her—he thinks about 1792.—EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENCE,
ETC. ETC.

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LORD BYRON.

LORD BYRON was a nephew of the late Captain George Anson Byron, of the Royal Navy, who was married to my sister, Henrietta-Charlotte. In consequence of this connexion I was well acquainted with Lord Byron's father and mother. The former, whose name was John, died at Valenciennes, not long after the birth of his son, which took place at Dover, 22d January, 1788; the latter went with her child into Scotland, and I lost sight of them for

many years. I heard of him when a boy at De Loyauté's Academy, and afterwards, on the death of the old Lord, his grand uncle, when he was placed at Harrow. Captain Byron and my sister were then both dead, and I saw little of the Byron family for several years.

At the end of the year 1807, some of my family observed in the newspapers extracts from Lord Byron's juvenile Poems, which he had published under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. I ordered the volume, which I received on the 27th of December. I read it with great pleasure, and, if it is not saying too much for my own judgment, discerned in it marks of the genius which has been since so universally acknowledged. Though sensible of some personal gratification from this proof of superior talents breaking forth in the nephew of my friend and brother, it did not enter my mind to make it the occasion of seeking the author, till I was urged to compliment him upon his

publication, which I did in the letter that stands first in the following correspondence.

He was called George after his uncle, who was his godfather: the name of Gordon had been assumed by his father in compliance with a condition imposed by will on the husband of Miss Gordon, the maiden name of his mother, and on the representatives of her family.

LETTER I.

To the Right Honourable GEORGE GORDON,
LORD BYRON.

King's Road, Chelsea, Jan. 6th, 1808.

MY LORD,

YOUR Poems were sent to me a few days ago. I have read them with more pleasure than I can express, and I feel myself irresistibly impelled to pay you a tribute on the effusions of a noble mind in strains so truly poetic. Lest, however, such a tribute from a stranger should appear either romantic or indecorous, let me inform your Lordship that the name of Byron is extremely dear to me, and that for some portion of my life I was intimately connected with, and enjoyed the friendship of, a near relation of yours, who had begun

to reflect new lustre on it, and who, had he lived, would have added a large share of laurels to those which your Muse so sweetly commemorates: I mean your father's brother, through whom I also knew your father and mother.

Your Poems, my Lord, are not only beautiful as compositions,—they bespeak a heart glowing with honour, and attuned to virtue, which is infinitely the higher praise. Your addresses to Newstead Abbey, a place about which I have often conversed with your uncle, are in the true spirit of chivalry, and the following lines are in a spirit still more sublime:

“ I will not complain, and though chilled is affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live:
My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.”

A spirit that brings to my mind another noble author, who was not only a fine poet, orator, and historian, but one of the closest reasoners we have on the truth of that religion, of which forgiveness

is a prominent principle; the great and the good Lord Lyttleton, whose fame will never die. His son, to whom he had transmitted genius but not virtue, sparkled for a moment, and went out like a falling star, and with him the title became extinct. He was the victim of inordinate passions, and he will be heard of in this world only by those who read the English Peerage. The lines which I have just cited, and the sentiments that pervade your volume, sufficiently indicate the affinity of your mind with the former; and I have no doubt that like him you will reflect more honour on the Peerage than the Peerage on you.

I wish, my Lord, that it had been within your plan, and that you had been permitted to insert among your poems the verses from your friend complaining of the warmth of your descriptions. It must have been much to his honour; and from the general sentiments of your reply, I think your Lordship will not long continue of an opinion you express in it: I mean, that you will not always consider the strength of virtue in some, and the downhill career of other young women, as ren-

dering the perusal of very lively descriptions a matter of indifference. Those whom education and early habits have made strong, and those whom neglected nurseries or corrupt schools have rendered weak, are, perhaps, few, compared to the number that are for a time undecided characters; that is, who have not been advanced to the adamant rock of purity by advice and by example; nor, on the other hand, are yet arrived at the steep pitch of descent, where their progress cannot be arrested, but are still within the influence of impressions. Rousseau acknowledges the danger of warm descriptions, in the front of a book in which that danger is pushed to its utmost extent; and, at the same time, with his usual paradoxical inconsistency, says it will not be his fault that certain ruin ensues, for good girls should not read novels. I have not the *New Heloise* by me, but I translate the passage from an *Essay on Romances* by Marmontel: "No chaste young woman," says Rousseau, "ever reads novels, and I have given this a title sufficiently expressive to show, on opening it, what is to be expected. She who, in spite of that title, shall dare to read a single page of it

is a *lost young woman*; but let her not impute her ruin to this book: the mischief was done before, and as she has begun, let her read to the end; she has nothing more to risk." On this Marmontel asks if the title, *LETTERS OF TWO LOVERS*, is a bugbear; and adds: "shall he who puts sweet poison in the reach of children say, if they poison themselves, that he is not to be blamed for it?"

Having perhaps already trespassed too much on your time, I will not pursue this subject further, but content myself with referring your Lordship to the Essay which I have cited, for an admirable critique on Rousseau's Novel. It is printed with Marmontel's other works.

And now, my Lord, shall I conclude with an apology for my letter? If I thought one necessary I would burn it: yet I should feel myself both delighted and honoured if I were sure your Lordship is better pleased with its being put into the post than into the fire. Most sincerely do I wish you success in those pursuits to which I conceive you allude in your preface; and I congratulate you

that, at so early a period of your life, and in spite of being a favourite of the Muses, you feel yourself born for your country.

I am,

My Lord,

Your most obedient Servant,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER II.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle-Street, Jan. 20th, 1808.

SIR,

Your letter was not received till this morning, I presume from being addressed to me in Notts, where I have not resided since last June, and as the date is the 6th, you will excuse the delay of my answer.

If the little volume you mention has given pleasure to the author of *Percival* and *Aubrey*, I am sufficiently repaid by his praise; though our periodical censors have been uncommonly lenient, I confess a tribute from a man of acknowledged genius is still more flattering. But I am afraid I should

forfeit all claim to candour, if I did not decline such praise as I do not deserve; and this is, I am sorry to say, the case in the present instance. The compositions speak for themselves, and must stand or fall by their own worth or demerit: *thus far* I feel highly gratified by your favourable opinion. But my pretensions to virtue are unluckily so few, that though I should be happy to merit, I cannot accept, your applause in that respect. One passage in your letter struck me forcibly: you mention the two Lords Lyttleton in the manner they respectively deserve, and will be surprised to hear the person who is now addressing you has been frequently compared to the *latter*. I know I am injuring myself in your esteem by this avowal, but the circumstance was so remarkable from your observation, that I cannot help relating the fact. The events of my short life have been of so singular a nature, that, though the pride commonly called honour has, and I trust ever will, prevent me from disgracing my name by a mean or cowardly action, I have been already held up as the votary of licentiousness, and the disciple of infidelity.

How far justice may have dictated this accusation I cannot pretend to say, but, like the *gentleman* to whom my religious friends, in the warmth of their charity, have already devoted me, I am made worse than I really am. However, to quit myself (the worst theme I could pitch upon,) and return to my poems, I cannot sufficiently express my thanks, and I hope I shall some day have an opportunity of rendering them in person. A second edition is now in the press, with some additions and considerable omissions; you will allow me to present you with a copy. The Critical, Monthly, and Anti-Jacobin Reviews have been very indulgent; but the Eclectic has pronounced a furious Philip-pic, not against the *book* but the *author*, where you will find all I have mentioned asserted by a reverend divine who wrote the critique.

Your name and connexion with our family have been long known to me, and I hope your person will be not less so; you will find me an excellent compound of a "Brainless" and a "Stanhope."*

* Characters in the novel of *Percival*.

I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this, for my hand is almost as bad as my character; but you will find me as legibly as possible,

Your obliged

and obedient Servant,

BYRON.

LETTER III.

TO LORD BYRON.

King's Road, January 21st, 1808.

MY LORD,

I AM much indebted to the impulse that incited me to write to you, for the new pleasure it has procured me.

Though your letter has made some alteration in the portrait my imagination had painted, it has in two points heightened it: the candour with which you decline praise you think you do not deserve, and your declaration that you should be happy to merit it, convince me that you have been very injudiciously compared to the last Lord Lyttleton. I own that, from the design you express in your preface of resigning the

service of the Muses for a different vocation, I conceived you bent on pursuits which lead to the character of a legislator and statesman. I imagined you at one of the Universities, training yourself to habits of reasoning and eloquence, and storing up a large fund of history and law, preparatory to the time when your rank in society must necessarily open to you an opportunity of gratifying a noble ambition. But I have not taken up the pen to make your Lordship's letter the subject of a sermon: on the contrary, I am perfectly sensible that if you do indeed need the reform some of your friends think you do, pedantry will never effect it; and though my years and the compliments you pay me might be some excuse for me, the only inclination I feel at present is to express a warm wish that so much candour, good sense, and talent, may lead you to the knowledge of TRUTH, and the enjoyment of REAL HAPPINESS. I write principally to thank you for the honour you intend me by a gift of the new edition of your poems, which I shall be happy to receive; and to say that I mean to avail myself of your expressions relative to a meeting to pay my compliments to

you in Albemarle-street, in the course of a few days.

While the pen is in my hand, I will just say that my mention of Lord Lyttleton to you who had been compared with him is singular: but it is no less remarkable that before I was of your age I was anxious to see him, and went from school to the House of Peers on purpose, when he introduced a bill for licensing a theatre at Manchester, in which I heard him opposed by your relation Lord Carlisle. No, no; you are not like him—you *shall not* be like him, except in eloquence.

Pardon this last effusion, and believe me to be,

My Lord,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER IV.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Dorant's, January 21st, 1808.

SIR,

Whenever leisure and inclination permit me the pleasure of a visit, I shall feel truly gratified in a personal acquaintance with one whose mind has been long known to me in his writings.

You are so far correct in your conjecture, that I am a member of the University of Cambridge, where I shall take my degree of A. M. this term; but were reasoning, eloquence, or virtue, the objects of my search, Granta is not their metropolis, nor is the place of her situation an "El Dorado," far less an Utopia. The intellects of her children are as stagnant as her Cam, and their pursuits

limited to the Church—not of Christ, but of the nearest benefice.

As to my reading, I believe I may aver, without hyperbole, it has been tolerably extensive in the historical department; so that few nations exist, or have existed, with whose records I am not in some degree acquainted, from Herodotus down to Gibbon. Of the Classics I know about as much as most schoolboys after a discipline of thirteen years: of the *Law of the Land*, as much as enables me to keep “within the statute,” to use the poacher’s vocabulary: I did study “the Spirit of Laws,” and the Law of Nations; but when I saw the latter violated every month, I gave up my attempts at so useless an accomplishment: of Geography, I have seen more land on maps than I should wish to traverse on foot: of Mathematics, enough to give me the head-ach without clearing the part affected: of Philosophy, Astronomy, and Metaphysics, more than I can comprehend; and of common sense so little, that I mean to leave a Byronian prize at each of our “*Almæ Matres*” for the first discovery,

though I rather fear that of the Longitude will precede it.

I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum : I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in *pain* for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument upset my maxims and my temper at the same moment, so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the *το καλόν*. In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope; and I have refused to take the Sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a *feeling*, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute o

the Deity ; and death an eternal sleep, at least, of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the *wicked* George Lord Byron ; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed. I remain,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

I considered these letters, though evidently grounded on some occurrences in the still earlier part of his life, rather as *jeux d'esprit* than as a true portrait. I called on him on the 24th of January, and was delighted with the interview. In a few days, the 27th, I dined with him, and was more and more pleased with him. I saw nothing to warrant the character he had given of himself: on the contrary, when a young fellow-collegian, who dined with us, introduced a topic on which I did not hesitate to avow my orthodoxy, he very gracefully diverted the conversation from the channel of ridicule which it had begun to take,

and partly combated on my side, though, as I was afterwards convinced, his opinion did not differ from his companion's, who was also a polite gentleman, and did not make me feel the contempt which he probably entertained for the blindness of my understanding. After this I saw him frequently, always with new pleasure, but occasionally mixed with pain, as intimacy removed the polite apprehension of offending, and showed me his engrafted opinions of religion. I must say *engrafted*, for I think he was inoculated by the young pridelings of intellect, with whom he associated at the University. In the course of the spring he left town, and I did not see him or hear from him for several months.

In the beginning of the next year, I was agreeably surprised on receiving a note from him, dated January 20th, at Reddish's Hotel, St. James's-street, requesting to see me on the morning of the Sunday following. I did not fail to keep the appointment. It was his birth-day, (January 22d, 1809,) and that on which he came of age. He was in high spirits; indeed, so high as to seem to me

more flippant on the subject of religion, and some others, than he had ever appeared before. But he tempered the overflow of his gaiety with good manners and so much kindness, that, far from being inclined to take offence, I felt a hope that by adopting forbearance, I might do him some service in an occasional argument or sentiment: for, although I did not put on solemn looks, I never, for a moment, allowed him to imagine that I could adopt his opinions on sacred points. He talked of the Earl of Carlisle with more than indignation. I had heard him before speak bitterly of that nobleman, whose applause he had courted for his juvenile poetry, and from whom he received a frigid answer, and little attention. But his anger that morning proceeded from another cause. Overcoming, or rather stifling the resentment of the poet, he had written to remind the Earl that he should be of age at the commencement of the ensuing Session of Parliament, in expectation of being introduced by him, and, being presented as his near relation, saved some trouble and awkwardness. A cold reply informed him, technically, of the mode of proceeding; but nothing

more. Extremely nettled, he determined to lash his relation with all the gall he could throw into satire. He declaimed against the ties of consanguinity, and abjured even the society of his sister. When he had vented his resentment on this subject, he attacked the editor and other writers of the *Edinburgh Review*; and then told me that, since I last saw him, he had written a Satire on them, which he wished me to read. He put it into my hands, and I took it home. I was surprised and charmed with the nerve it evinced. I immediately wrote to him upon it, and he requested me to get it published without his name. I offered it to the house of Messrs Longman and Co.; but they declined it, from its asperity. I then gave it to Mr Cawthorn, by whom it was published.

LETTER V.

TO LORD BYRON.

King's Road, January 24, 1809.

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

I HAVE read your Satire with infinite pleasure, and were you sufficiently acquainted with my mind to be certain that it cannot stoop to flattery, I would tell you that it rivals the Baviad and Mæviad; but, till my praise is of that value, I will not be profuse of it.

I think in general with you of the literary merit of the writers introduced. I am particularly pleased with your distinction in Scott's character; —a man of genius adopting subjects which men of genius will hardly read twice, if they can go

through them once. But, in allowing Mr Scott to be a man of genius, and agreeing, as you must, after the compliments you pay to Campbell and M'Neil, that he is not the only one Scotland has produced, it will be necessary to sacrifice, or modify, your note relative to the introduction of the kilted goddess, who, after all, in having to kiss such a son as you picture Jeffrey, can be but a spurious germ of divinity.

As you have given me the flattering office of looking over your poem with more than a common reader's eye, I shall scrutinize, and suggest any change I may think advantageous. And, in the first place, I propose to you an alteration of the title. "*The British Bards*"¹ immediately brings to the imagination those who were slain by the first Edward. If you prefer it to the one I am going to offer, at least let the definite article be left out. I would fain have you however call the Satire, "*The Parish Poor of Parnassus*;" which will afford an opportunity for a note of this nature:

¹ This was the intended title of the Satire.

—“Booksellers have been called the midwives of literature; with how much more propriety may they now be termed overseers of the poor of Parnassus, and keepers of the workhouse of that desolated spot.”

I enclose a few other alterations of passages, straws on the surface, which you would make yourself, were you to correct the press.

I will also take the liberty of sending you some two dozen lines, which, if they neither offend your ear nor your judgment, I wish you would adopt, on account of the occasion which has prompted them. I am acquainted with ***, and, though not on terms of very close intimacy, I know him sufficiently to esteem him as a man. He has but a slender income, out of which he manages to support two of his relations. His literary standard is by no means contemptible, and his objects have invariably been good ones. Now for any author to step out of the common track of criticism to make a victim of such a man, by the means of a

particular book, made up of unfair ridicule and caricature, for the venal purpose of collecting a few guineas, is not only unworthy of a scholar, but betrays the malignity of a demon. If you think my lines feeble, let your own breast inspire your pen on the occasion, and send me some.

I shall delay the printing as little as possible; but I have some apprehension as to the readiness of my publishers to undertake the sale, for they have a large portion of the work of the Poor of Parnassus to dispose of. I will see them without delay, and persuade them to it if I can; if not, I will employ some other. Southey is a great favourite of theirs, and I must be ingenuous enough to tell you, that though I have ever disapproved of the absurd attempt to alter, or rather destroy, the harmony of our verse, and found *Joan of Arc* and *Madoc* tedious, I think the power of imagination, though of the marvellous, displayed in *Thalaba*,

“ Arabia’s monstrous, wild, and wondrous son,”

evinces genius.

I see your Muse has given a couplet to your noble relation;—I doubt whether it will not be read as the two severest lines in the Satire, and do, what I could wish avoided for the present, betray the author, which will render abortive a thought that has entered my mind, of having the Satire most favourably reviewed in the *Satirist*, which, on its being known afterwards to be yours, would raise a laugh against your enemies in that quarter. Consider, and tell me, whether the lines shall stand.¹ I agree that there is only *one* among the

¹ The lines were:—

On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle.

I was not a little surprised at this compliment, after what I had so lately heard him say of Lord Carlisle; but the fact is, that the couplet was composed before he had written to his Lordship, and perhaps in contemplation of the attention he expected from him when he came of age. He brought the Satire from Newstead to London unaltered, and had not revised it when he put it into my hands. He not only changed it, but added lines and notes, as the poem was going through the press.

•

peers on whom Apollo deigns to smile; but, believe me, that peer is no *relation* of yours.

I am sorry you have not found a place among the genuine Sons of Apollo for Crabbe, who, in spite of something bordering on servility in his dedication, may surely rank with some you have admitted to his temple. And now, before I lay down my pen, I will tell you the passage which gave me the greatest pleasure—that on Little. I am no preacher, but it is very pleasing to read such a confirmation of the opinion I had formed of you; to find you an advocate for keeping a veil over the despotism of the senses. Such poems are far more dangerous to society than Rochester's. In your concluding line on Little, I would, though in a quotation, substitute, *line*, or *lay*, for *life*:

“ She bids thee mend thy *line* and sin no more.”¹

¹ In the original the words were “ mend thy life.” He however adopted the word *line*.

LORD BYRON.

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Pray answer as soon as you conveniently can,
and believe me ever, My Lord,

Yours most faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.



LETTER VI.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Reddish's Hotel, Jan. 25th, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

My only reason for not adopting your lines is because they are *your* lines. You will recollect what Lady Wortley Montague said to Pope: "no touching, for the good will be given to you, and the bad attributed to me." I am determined it shall be all my own, except such alterations as may be absolutely requisite; but I am much obliged by the trouble you have taken, and your good opinion.

The couplet on Lord C. may be scratched out, and the following inserted:

Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
No future laurels deck a noble head;
Nor e'en a hackney'd Muse will deign to smile
On minor Byron, or mature Carlisle.

This will answer the purpose of concealment.
Now, for some couplets on Mr Crabbe, which
you may place after "Gifford, Sotheby, M'Neil: "

There be who say, in these enlighten'd days,
That splendid lies are all the Poet's praise;
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern Bard to sing.
'Tis true that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to genius, trite:
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires.
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest;
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

I am sorry to differ with you with regard to the
title, but I mean to retain it with this addition:
"The British English ¹ Bards and Scotch Re-

¹ The corrections of the pen are occasionally retained
when they indicate doubt and choice. It is evident Lord

viewers;”—and, if we call it a *Satire*, it will obviate the objection, as the Bards also were Welch. Your title is too humorous;—and as I know a little of ***, I wish not to embroil myself with him, though I do not commend his treatment of ***.

I shall be glad to hear from you, or see you, and beg you to believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

B. meant to continue the original title, but substituting « English » for « British, » after having written the latter, made a complete alteration.

LETTER VII.

TO LORD BYRON.

Chelsea, Feb. 6, 1809.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE received your lines,¹ which shall be inserted in the proper place. May I say, that I *question* whether *own* and *disown* be an allowable rhyme?

« Translation's servile work at length disown,
And quit Achaia's muse to court your own.

You see I cannot let any thing pass; but this only proves to you how much I feel interested.

I have inserted the note on the kilted goddess; still I would fain have it omitted. My first objec-

¹ Those complimenting the translators of the Anthology.

tion was that it was a fiction in prose, too wide of fact, and not reconcileable with your own praises of Caledonian genius. Another objection now occurs to me of no little importance. There seems at present a disposition in Scotland to withdraw support from the Edinburgh Reviewers: that disposition will favour the circulation of your satire in the north: this note of yours will damp all ardour for it beyond the Tweed. You have yet time; tell me to suppress it when I next have the pleasure of seeing you, which will be when I receive the first proof. I did hope to be able to bring the proof this morning, but the printer could not prepare the paper, etc. for the press till to-day. I am promised one by the day after to-morrow.

I trust you will approve of what I have done with the bookseller. He is to be at all the expense and risk, and to account for half the profits,¹ for which he is to have one edition of a

¹ The whole of the profits were left to the publisher without purchase.

thousand copies. It would not have answered to him to have printed only five hundred on these terms. I have also promised him that he shall have the publishing of future editions, if the author chooses to continue it; but I told him that I could not dispose of the copy-right.

I have no doubt of the poem being read in every quarter of the United Kingdom, *provided however* you do not affront Caledonia.

I am,

My dear Lord Byron,

Yours most faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER VIII.

To R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

February 7, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

SUPPOSE we have this couplet—

Though sweet the sound, disdain a borrow'd tone,
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own:

or,

Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone,
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

So much for your admonitions; but my note of
notes, my solitary pun, must not be given up—
no, rather

« Let mightiest of all the beasts of chace
That roam in woody Caledon»

come against me; my annotation must stand.

We shall never sell a thousand; then why print
so many? Did you receive my yesterday's note?
I am troubling you, but I am apprehensive some
of the lines are omitted by your young amanuen-
sis, to whom, however, I am infinitely obliged.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER IX.

TO LORD BYRON.

Chelsea, Feb. 7, 1809.

MY DEAR LORD,

ON another perusal of the objectionable note, I find that the omission of two lines only would render it inoffensive—but, as you please.

I observed to you, that in the opening of the poem there appears to be a sudden stop with Dryden. I still feel the gap there; and wish you would add a couple of lines for the purpose of connecting the sense, saying that Otway and Congreve had wove mimic scenes, and Waller tuned his lyre to love. If you do, "But why these names, etc." would follow well—and it is perhaps

the more requisite, as you lash our present Dramatists.

« Half Tweed combined his waves to form a tear,»

will perhaps strike you, on reconsidering the line, to want alteration. You may make the river god act without cutting him in two : you may make him ruffle half his stream to yield a tear.

« Hoyle, whose learned page, etc.» The pronoun is an identification of the antecedent *Hoyle*, which is not your meaning—say, *Not he whose learned page, etc.*

« Earth's chief dictatress, Ocean's lonely queen»—

The primary and obvious sense of *lonely* is solitary, which does not preclude the idea of the ocean having other queens. You may have some authority for the use of the word in the acceptance you here give it, but, like the custom in Denmark, I should think it more honoured in the breach than the observance. *Only* offers its service; or why not change the epithet altogether?

I mention these little points to you now, because there is time to do as you please. I hope to call on you to-morrow; if I do not, it will be because I am disappointed of the proof.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Yours faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

I now saw Lord Byron daily. It was about this time that Lord Falkland was killed in a duel, which suggested some lines as the Satire was going through the press. Nature had endowed Lord Byron with very benevolent feelings, which I have had opportunities of discerning, and I have seen them at times render his fine countenance most beautiful. His features seemed formed in a peculiar manner for emanating the high conceptions of genius, and the workings of the passions. I have often, and with no little admiration, witnessed these effects. I have seen them in the

glow of poetical inspiration, and under the influence of strong emotion; on the one hand, mounting to virulence, and on the other, replete with all the expression and grace of the mild and amiable affections. When under the influence of resentment and anger, it was painful to observe the powerful sway of those passions over his features: when he was impressed with kindness, which was the natural state of his heart, it was a high treat to contemplate his countenance. I saw him the morning after Lord Falkland's death. He had just come from seeing the lifeless body of the man with whom he had a very short time before spent a social day; he now and then said, as if it were to himself, but aloud,—“Poor Falkland!” He looked more than he spoke—“But his wife! It is she who is to be pitied!”—I saw his mind teeming with benevolent intentions, and they were not abortive. If ever an action was pure, that which he then meditated was so; and the spirit that conceived, the man that performed it, was at that time making his way through briars and brambles to that clear but narrow way which leads to heaven. You,

who have taken pains to guide him from it, must answer for it!

The remembrance of the impression produced on Lord Byron by Lord Falkland's death, at the period I am retracing, has excited this slight, but sincere and just effusion, and I am sensible that the indulgence of it needs no apology.

As the printing of his Satire proceeded, I urged some alterations and omissions successfully, and others not so. He continued, while the work was in the press, constantly adding to it. The following notes which he wrote to me, and which came quickly after me by the post, as from time to time I quitted him, will show how much his mind was bent upon it.

SHORT NOTES.

I wish you to call, if possible, as I have some alterations to suggest as to the part about Brougham.

February 11th, 1809.

B.

Excuse the trouble, but I have added two lines which are necessary to complete the poetical character of Lord Carlisle.

. in his age
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
But Managers for once cried, « hold, enough!»
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.

February 12th, 1809. Yours, etc. B.

I wish you much to call on me, about *One*, not later, if convenient, as I have some thirty or forty lines for addition.

February 15th, 1809. Believe me, etc. B.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!—I send you some lines to be placed after « Gifford, Sotheby, M'Neil.» Pray call to-morrow any time before two, and believe me, etc.

B.

P. S.—Print soon or I shall overflow with more rhyme.

February 16th, 1809.

I enclose some lines to be inserted, the first six after "Lords too are Bards, etc.," or rather immediately following the line :

"Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes."

The four next will wind up the panegyric on Lord Carlisle, and come after "tragic stuff."

Yours truly,

February 19th, 1809.

B.

In these our times with daily wonders big,
A letter'd Peer is like a letter'd Pig:
Both know their alphabet, but who from thence
Infers that Peers or Pigs have manly sense?
Still less that such should woo the graceful nine?
Parnassus was not made for Lords and Swine.

Roscommon, Sheffield, etc. etc.

* * * * *

. tragic stuff.

Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,

And case his volumes in congenial calf:

Yes, doff that covering where morocco shines,

«And hang a calf-skin on those recreant» lines.'

A cut at the opera.—Ecce signum! from last night's observation, and inuendos against the Society for the suppression of Vice. The lines will come well in after the couplets concerning Naldi and Catalani. Yours truly,

February 22d, 1809.

BYRON.

To the poem, as I originally received it, he added a hundred and ten lines, including those to Mr Gifford, on the Opera, Kirke White, Crabbe, the Translators of the Anthology, and Lord Car-

' I prevailed upon him to suppress the first six lines; the last four were added with a note.

lisle; and most of the address to Mr Scott towards the conclusion. He once intended to prefix an Argument to the Satire, and wrote one. I have it among many other manuscripts of his, and, as it becomes a curiosity, I insert it.

ARGUMENT INTENDED FOR THE SATIRE.

The poet considereth times past and their poesy—maketh a sudden transition to times present—is incensed against book-makers—revileth W. Scott for cupidity and ballad-mongering, with notable remarks on Master Southey—complaineth that Master Southey hath inflicted three poems epic and otherwise on the public—inveigheth against Wm. Wordsworth, but laudeth Mr Coleridge and his elegy on a young ass—is disposed to vituperate Mr Lewis—and greatly rebuketh Thomas Little (the late) and the Lord Strangford—recommendeth Mr Hayley to turn his attention to prose—and exhorteth the Moravians to glorify Mr Grahame—sympathizeth with the Rev. — Bowles—and deploreth the melancholy fate of Montgomery—breaketh out into

invective against the Edinburgh Reviewers—call-
eth them hard names, harpies, and the like—
apostrophiseth Jeffrey and prophesieth—Episode
of Jeffrey and Moore, their jeopardy and deli-
verance; portents on the morn of the combat;
the Tweed, Tolbooth, Frith of Forth severally
shocked; descent of a goddess to save Jeffrey;
incorporation of the bullets with his sinciput and
occiput—Edinburgh Reviewers *en masse*—Lord
Aberdeen, Herbert, Scott, Hallam, Pillans, Lambe,
Sydney Smith, Brougham, etc.—The Lord Hol-
land applauded for dinners and translations.—
The Drama; Skeffington, Hook, Reynolds, Ken-
ney, Cherry, etc.—Sheridan, Colman, and Cum-
berland called upon to write—Return to poesy—
Scribblers of all sorts—Lords sometimes rhyme;
much better not—Hafiz, Rosa Matilda, and X. Y.
Z.—Rogers, Campbell, Gifford, etc., true poets—
Translators of the Greek Anthology—Crabbe—
Darwin's style—Cambridge—Seatonian Prize—
Smythe—Hodson—Oxford—Richards—Poeta lo-
quitur—conclusion.

The Satire was published about the middle of

March, previous to which he took his seat in the House of Lords, on the 13th of the same month. On that day, passing down St James's-street, but with no intention of calling, I saw his chariot at his door, and went in. His countenance, paler than usual, showed that his mind was agitated, and that he was thinking of the nobleman to whom he had once looked for a hand and countenance in his introduction to the House. He said to me—"I am glad you happened to come in; I am going to take my seat, perhaps you will go with me." I expressed my readiness to attend him; while, at the same time, I concealed the shock I felt on thinking that this young man, who, by birth, fortune, and talent, stood high in life, should have lived so unconnected and neglected by persons of his own rank, that there was not a single member of the senate to which he belonged, to whom he could or would apply to introduce him in a manner becoming his birth. I saw that he felt the situation, and I fully partook his indignation. If the neglect he had met with be imputed to an untoward or vicious disposition, a character which he gave himself, and which I

understood was also given to him by others, it is natural to ask, how came he by that disposition, for he got it not from nature? Had he not been left early to himself, or rather to dangerous guides and companions, would he have contracted that disposition? Or even, had nature been cross, might it not have been rectified? During his long minority ought not his heart and his intellect to have been trained to the situation he was to fill? Ought he not to have been saved from money-lenders and men of business? And ought not a shield to have been placed over a mind so open to impressions, to protect it from self-sufficient free-thinkers and witty sophs? The wonder is, not that he should have erred, but that he should have broken through the cloud that enveloped him, which was dispersed solely by the rays of his own genius.

After some talk about the Satire, the last sheets of which were in the press, I accompanied Lord Byron to the House. He was received in one of the antechambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the

fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprise the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the House. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the Chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into a hand, the amiable offer of which demanded the whole of his. I was sorry to see this, for Lord Eldon's character is great for virtue, as well as talent; and even in a political point of view, it would have given me inexpressible pleasure to have seen him uniting heartily with him. The

Chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the Lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said: "If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party—but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad." We returned to St James's-street, but he did not recover his spirits. The going abroad was a plan on which his thoughts had turned for some time; I did not, however, consider it as determined, or so near at hand as it proved. In a few days he left town for Newstead Abbey, after seeing the last proof of the Satire, and writing a short preface to the Poem. In a few weeks I had the pleasure of sending him an account of its success in the following letter.

LETTER X.

TO LORD BYRON.

King's Road, April 17, 1809.

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

THE essence of what I have to say to you was comprised in the few lines I wrote to you in the cover of my letter to Mr H**. Your Satire has had a rapid sale, and the publisher thinks the edition will soon be out. However, what I have to repeat to you is a legitimate source of pleasure, and I request you will receive it as the tribute of genuine praise.

In the first place, notwithstanding our precautions, you are already pretty generally known to be the author. So Cawthorn tells me, and a proof occurred to myself at Hatchard's, the Queen's

Bookseller. On inquiring for the Satire, he told me that he had sold a great many, and had none left, and was going to send for more, which I afterwards found he did. I asked who was the author? He said it was believed to be Lord Byron's. Did *he* believe it? Yes, he did. On asking the ground of his belief, he told me that a lady of distinction had, without hesitation, asked for it as Lord Byron's Satire. He likewise informed me that he had inquired of Mr Gifford, who frequents his shop, if it was yours. Mr Gifford denied any knowledge of the author, but spoke very highly of it, and said a copy had been sent to him. Hatchard assured me that all who came to his reading-room admired it. Cawthorn tells me it is universally well spoken of, not only among his own customers, but generally at all the booksellers'. I heard it highly praised at my own publisher's, where I have lately called several times. At Phillips's it was read aloud by Pratt to a circle of literary guests, who were unanimous in their applause:—The *Antijacobin*, as well as the *Gentleman's Magazine*, has already blown the trump of fame for you. We shall see it in the

other Reviews next month, and probably in some severely handled, according to the connexions of the proprietors and editors with those whom it lashes. I shall not repeat my own opinion to you ; but I will repeat the request I once made to you, *never to consider me as a flatterer*. Were you a monarch, and had conferred on me the most munificent favours, such an opinion of me would be a signal of retreat, if not of ingratitude : but if you think me sincere, and like me to be candid, I shall delight in your fame, and be happy in your friendship.

I am,

Sincerely and faithfully yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER XI.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

April 25, 1809.

DEAR SIR,

I AM just arrived at Batt's Hotel, Jermyn-street, St. James's, from Newstead, and shall be very glad to see you when convenient or agreeable. Hobhouse is on his way up to town, full of printing resolution, and proof against criticism.

Believe me, with great sincerity,

Yours truly,

BYRON.

The success of the Satire brought him thus quickly to town. He found the edition almost

exhausted, and began preparing for another, to which he determined to prefix his name. I saw him constantly; and in about a fortnight found the Poem completely metamorphosed, and augmented nearly four hundred lines, but retaining the whole of the first impression. He happily seized on some of the vices which at that juncture obtruded themselves on the public notice, and added some new characters to the list of authors, with censure or applause. Among those who received the latter, it gave me great pleasure to find my excellent friend Waller Rodwell Wright, whose poem, "*Horæ Ionicæ*," was just published.¹ He allowed me to take home with me his manuscripts as he wrote them; and so soon as the 10th of May I had a note from him urging for them to be sent to the press. He was desirous of hastening the new edition, in order that he might see the last proofs before he left England; for, during his stay at Newstead Abbey, he had arranged with Mr Hobhouse his plan of going abroad early in

¹ Mr Wright was, at that time, Recorder of Bury St Edmunds, and is now the Chief Justice of Malta.

June, but whither, I believe, was not exactly settled; for he sometimes talked to me of crossing the line, sometimes of Persia and India. As the new edition not only concluded in a most bitter strain, and contained besides a prose postscript, in which I thought he allowed his feelings to carry him to an excess of abuse and defiance that looked more like the vaunting ebullition of

« Some fiery youth of new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,»

than the dignified revenge of genius, I endeavoured to prevail upon him to suppress or alter it, as the proofs which I corrected passed my hands, but I only obtained some modification of his expressions. The following letter, which was the last that I wrote to him respecting the Satire before he left England, will show how strenuous I was on this point, and also the liberty which he allowed me to take.

LETTER XII.

TO LORD BYRON.

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

NOT being certain that I shall see you to-day, I write to tell you that I am angry with myself on finding that I have more deference for form, than friendship for the author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The latter prompted me to tear the concluding pages, left at Cawthorn's; the former withheld me, and I was weak enough to leave the lines to go to the printer. You have been so kind as to sacrifice some lines to me before. I beseech you to sacrifice these, for in every respect they injure the poem, they injure you, and are pregnant with what you do not mean. I WILL NOT let you print them. I am going to dine in St James's-place to-day at five o'clock, and in

the hope of having a battle with you I will be in St James's-street about four.

I am most truly yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

King's Road, June 2, 1809.

Very soon after this the Satire appeared in its new form, but too late for its author to enjoy his additional laurels before he left England. I was with him almost every day while he remained in London. Misanthropy, disgust of life, leading to scepticism and impiety, prevailed in his heart and embittered his existence. He had for some time past been grossly attacked in several low publications, which he bore however with more temper than he did the blind headlong assault on his genius by the Edinburgh Review. Unaccustomed to female society, he at once dreaded and abhorred it, and spoke of women, such I mean as he neither dreaded nor abhorred, more as play-things than companions. As for domestic happiness he had no idea of it. "A large family,"

he said, "appeared like opposite ingredients mixed perforce in the same salad, and he never relished the composition." Unfortunately, having never mixed in family circles, he knew nothing of them, and, from being at first left out of them by his relations, he was so completely disgusted that he avoided them, especially the female part. "I consider," said he, "collateral ties as the work of prejudice, and not the bond of the heart, which must choose for itself unshackled." It was in vain for me to argue that the nursery and similarity of pursuits and enjoyments in early life are the best foundations of friendship and of love, and that to choose freely the knowledge of home was as requisite as that of wider circles. In those wider circles he had found no friend, and but few companions, whom he used to receive with an assumed gaiety but real indifference at his heart, and spoke of with little regard, sometimes with sarcasm. He used to talk of one young man, who had been his school-fellow, with an affection which he flattered himself was returned. I occasionally met this friend at his apartments before his last excursion to

Newstead. Their portraits, by capital painters, were elegantly framed, and surmounted with their respective coronets to be exchanged. However, whether taught by ladies in revenge to neglect Lord Byron, or actuated by a frivolous inconstancy, he gradually lessened the number of his calls and their duration. Of this, however, Lord Byron made no complaint till the very day I went to take my leave of him, which was the one previous to his departure. I found him bursting with indignation. "Will you believe it," said he, "I have just met *** and asked him to come and sit an hour with me; he excused himself; and what do you think was his excuse? He was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping! And he knows I set out to-morrow, to be absent for years, perhaps never to return! Friendship! I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and perhaps my mother, a single being who will care what becomes of me."

At this period of his life his mind was full of bitter discontent. Already satiated with pleasure

and disgusted with those companions who have no other resource, he had resolved on mastering his appetites; he broke up his harams; and he reduced his palate to a diet the most simple and abstemious; but the passions of the heart were too mighty, nor did it ever enter his mind to overcome *them*: resentment, anger, and hatred, held full sway over him, and his greatest gratification at that time was in overcharging his pen with gall, which flowed in every direction against individuals, his country, the world, the universe, creation, and the Creator. He might, he ought to have been a different creature, and he but too well accounts for the unfortunate bias of his disposition in the following lines:—

E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just skilled to know the right and choose the wrong,
Freed at that age when Reason's shield is lost,
To fight my course through Passion's countless host;
Whom every path of Pleasure's flowery way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray.

I took leave of him on the 10th of June, 1809, and he left London the next morning: his objects

were still unsettled; but he wished to hear from me particularly on the subject of the Satire, and promised to inform me how to direct to him when he could with certainty; it was, however, long before I heard from him. After some time, I wrote him the following letter, directed, at a chance, to Malta, which informed him of the success of the Satire. He had previously written to me, but his letter had not reached me. It was forwarded to me soon after by Mr Hobhouse.

LETTER XIII.

TO LORD BYRON, *Malta.**Mortlake, November 3d, 1810.*

MY DEAR LORD,

IF I have not written to you since your departure from Old England, it has not been from want of inclination, but because I had no clew to follow you. In imagination I have seen you at Malta and Constantinople, but no farther; for I knew not to what region you would bend your steps. I half believed you pushing on eastward into Persia. Yesterday I heard of your having been at Athens. I dined on Richmond Hill, in company with your fellow traveller's father. I had great pleasure in talking of you, and of the laurel with which the Muses have already decked you. I find that Hobhouse is returned without

you, and that he went immediately to Bath, where he now is. Had he been within my reach, I would have called upon him, to talk about you.

I have seen your letter to Mr Cawthorn, in which you charge him with not attending to his promise of sending the books. I can take upon me to say, that he prepared the parcel for you, and I believe him when he assures me that he sent it. Probably it has miscarried. He is now making up another, by which I intend to send this letter. He has been very attentive to the publishing of your Satire, which is now going into a fourth edition. He has consulted me about it, and I spoke last Thursday to the printer respecting the types. I shall correct the press, and will attend to the substitution of the lines you have sent. Neither the Edinburgh nor Quarterly Review have noticed the work. How could they? They are parties, and the rapid circulation of the Satire is decisive as to the opinion of the public. Your travels must have afforded you much pleasure. It would be classical sacrilege to doubt it, as you have passed to the east of the Peloponnesus. I

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hope you thought of my friend Wright's *Horæ Ionicæ*, if you sailed by or touched at any of the islands. His poem has been much read, and much praised.¹

As your letter to Cawthorn is dated at Constantinople, and you direct his parcel to be addressed to Malta, I suspect you are on your way home. Should chance carry you to Cadiz, I trust you will meet my son. He has a commission in the Commissariat, and I hear from a friend in the army lately come from the place, that he has been very kindly received there. He knows you well by name, and will be highly gratified by your making yourself known to him as his father's friend. The King's illness, the meeting of Parliament, the death of the Princess Amelia, and other public events, you will learn by other channels sooner than this will reach you. In the state of literature, Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* is the chief novelty; and Wallace, or the *Fight of*

¹ I have often thought that the *Horæ Ionicæ* gave the hint of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

Falkirk, which I read with great pleasure. The Lady of the Lake I have not yet read throughout. There is nothing new in the drama worth mentioning, except, perhaps, *Hit or Miss*, which ridicules the knights of the whip. My own farce, *Not at Home*, was half damned the first night, but having a majority of supporters, it was played a short time. The prologue, which you had promised me, was supplied by the author of *Horæ Ionicæ*.

I shall be truly happy to see your Lordship once more in England, and filling your place in the Upper House; meanwhile accept my best wishes, and believe me ever,

Your attached and faithful,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER XIV.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Constantinople, June 23d, 1810.

DEAR SIR,

I SEIZE the opportunity of Mr Hobhouse's return to England to write a few lines, in the hope that they will find you well and as happy as philosophers are, and men ought to be. I have since my departure from your country (a year ago) been in Portugal, Spain, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, all the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe, and Asia Minor, including Athens, etc. in the former, and the Troad and Ephesus in the latter, and have at last reached my head quarters, the capital. I have, of course, seen some variety, but I shall content myself with stating my only remarkable

personal achievement, namely, swimming from Sestos to Abydos, which I did on the 3d of May, as we lay at anchor in the Dardanelles, in the Salsette frigate. You will smile at this exploit, but as it made an ancient immortal, I see no reason why a modern may not be permitted to boast of it, particularly as I had no mistress to comfort me at landing, and my labour was even to be its own reward. Mr Hobhouse, our brother author, will narrate, no doubt, all our adventures, if you seriously incline that way. We have, moreover, been very high up into Albania, the wildest province in Europe, where very few Englishmen have ever been: but I say no more on this head, as my companion will be ready to gratify your inquiries.

I received your letter and request of a prologue at Lisbon, but it was too late; I have ever since been in motion, or I would have prologuized with pleasure. I presume you have had your run by this time. I need not add my good wishes for your drama. If I rightly recollect, you stated something about Murray's publishing my rhymes

all together, including my Satire. Upon second thoughts, he had better let them alone; and if they are not begun on, pray suspend the operation till my return. I heard the other day that my Satire was in a third edition; that is but a poor progress, but Cawthorn published too many copies in the first. However, this circumstance will not interrupt my tranquillity beneath the blue skies of Greece, where I return to spend my summer, and perhaps the winter. I am alike distant from praise or censure, which tends to make both very indifferent to me, and so good night to scribbling. Hobhouse's book has been out some time, I hear; but more we know not, except in a letter from my friend**, who says the Reviews have attacked it for indecency. I suppose the few stanzas of my writing in the volume have been bedeviled, and indeed they deserve little better. Has your friend Wright galloped on the highway of letters? and what have you done yourself? I thirst for intelligence; if you have nothing better to do some afternoon, remember that Malta is my post-office.

I refer you to Mr Hobhouse for detail, and, having now discharged a duty, I will trouble you no more at present, except to state that all climates and nations are equally interesting to me; that mankind are every where despicable in different absurdities; that the farther I proceed from your country the less I regret leaving it, and the only advantage you have over the rest of mankind is the sea, that divides you from your foes; your other superiorities are merely imaginary. I would be a citizen of the world, but I fear some indispensable affairs will soon call me back; and as I left the land without regret, I shall return without pleasure. The only person whom I expected to have grieved took leave of me with a coolness which, had I not known the heart of man, would have surprised me; I should have attributed it to offence, had I ever been guilty in that instance of any thing but affection. But what is all this to you? nothing. Good night!

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

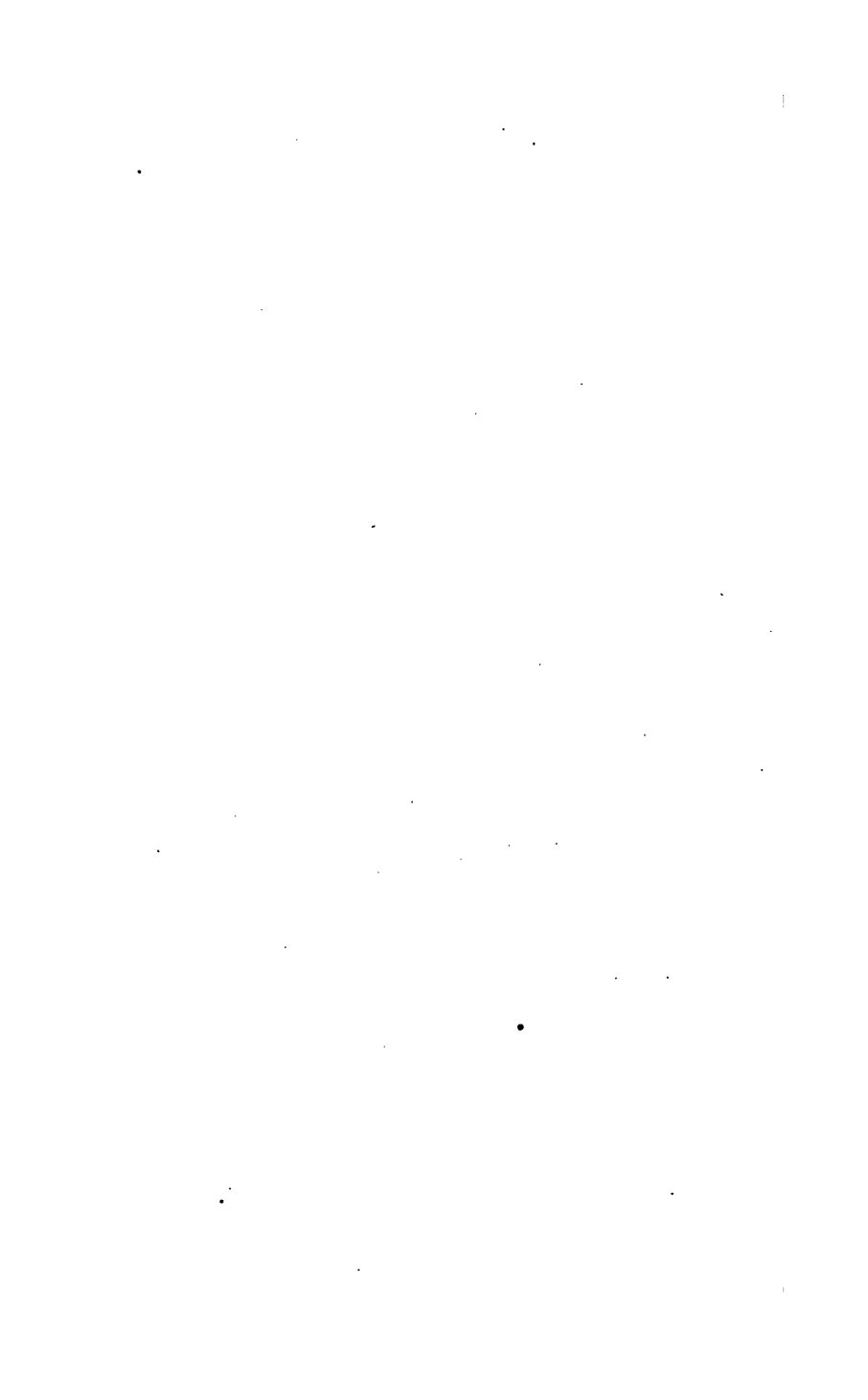
BYRON.

P. S. I again repeat my request that you will write to Malta. I expect a world of news, not political, for we have the papers up to May. If you tear one another to pieces for a continuance, I must come back and share the carrion. Have the military murdered any more mechanics? and is the flower of chivalry released? We are not very quiet here, the Russians having drubbed the Mussulmen, but we talk of peace.

Leaving England with a soured mind, disclaiming all attachments, and even belief in the existence of friendship, it will be no wonder if it shall be found that Lord Byron, during the period of his absence, kept up little correspondence with any persons in England. The above letter, dated at Constantinople, is the only one I received from him, till he was approaching the shores of England in the Volage frigate. To his mother he wrote by every opportunity. Upon her death, which happened very soon after his arrival, and before he saw her, as will be seen in the continu-

ance of his correspondence with me, I was conversing with him about Newstead, and expressing my hope that he would never be persuaded to part with it, when he assured me he would not, and promised to give me a letter which he had written to his mother to that effect, as a pledge that he never would. His letters to her being at Newstead, it was some time before he performed his promise; but in doing it he made me a present of all his letters to her, on his leaving England and during his absence; saying, as he put them into my hands, "Some day or other they will be curiosities." They are written in an easy style, and if they do not contain all that is to be expected from a traveller, what they do contain of that nature is pleasant; and they mark, which is more to the purpose here, the character of the writer.

Mrs Byron had no right to the distinction on the direction of the letters, her husband's father, the Admiral, never having succeeded to the barony.



LETTERS

FROM

LORD BYRON TO HIS MOTHER;

WRITTEN

In the Years 1808, 1809, 1810, and 1811.

LETTER XV.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Newstead Abbey, Notts, October 7th, 1808.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE no beds for the H**s (or any body else at present). The H**s sleep at Mansfield. I do not know that I resemble Jean Jacques Rousseau. I have no ambition to be like so illustrious a mad-

man—but this I know, that I shall live in my own manner, and as much alone as possible. When my rooms are ready I shall be glad to see you; at present it would be improper, and uncomfortable to both parties. You can hardly object to my rendering my mansion habitable, notwithstanding my departure for Persia in March (or May at farthest) since *you* will be *tenant* till my return, and in case of any accident (for I have already arranged my will to be drawn up the moment I am twenty-one), I have taken care you shall have the house and manor for *life*, besides a sufficient income. So you see my improvements are not entirely selfish. As I have a friend here, we will go to the Infirmary Ball on the 12th, we will drink tea with Mrs Byron at eight o'clock, and expect to see you at the ball. If that lady will allow us a couple of rooms to dress in we shall be highly obliged;—if we are at the ball by ten or eleven it will be time enough, and we shall return to Newstead about three or four.

Adieu. Believe me

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER XVI.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Newstead Abbey, November 2nd, 1808.

DEAR MOTHER,

IF you please we will forget the things you mention. I have no desire to remember them. When my rooms are finished I shall be happy to see you; as I tell but the truth you will not suspect me of evasion. I am furnishing the house more for you than myself, and I shall establish you in it before I sail for India, which I expect to do in March, if nothing particularly obstructive occurs. I am now fitting up the *green* drawing-room; the red for a bed-room, and the rooms over as sleeping-rooms; they will be soon completed; at least I hope so.

I wish you would inquire of Major Watson (who is an old Indian) what things will be necessary to provide for my voyage. I have already procured a friend to write to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge for some information I am anxious to procure. I can easily get letters from government to the ambassadors, consuls, etc., and also to the governors at Calcutta and Madras. I shall place my property and my will in the hands of trustees till my return, and I mean to appoint you one. From H** I have heard nothing—when I do 'you shall have the particulars.

After all, you must own my project is not a bad one. If I do not travel now I never shall, and all men should one day or other. I have at present no connexions to keep me at home; no wife, or unprovided sisters, brothers, etc. I shall take care of you, and when I return I may possibly become a politician. A few years knowledge of other countries than our own will not incapacitate me for that part. If we see no nation but our own we do not give mankind a fair

chance—it is from *experience*, not books, we ought to judge of them. There is nothing like inspection, and trusting to our own senses.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER XVII.¹

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

8, *St James's-street*, March 6th, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,

My last letter was written under great depression of spirits from poor Falkland's death, who has left without a shilling four children and his wife. I have been endeavouring to assist them, which, God knows, I cannot do as I could wish, from my own embarrassments and the many claims upon me from other quarters. What you say is all very true: come what may, *Newstead* and I *stand* or *fall* together. I have now lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have

¹ This letter was the pledge, the others were given to accompany it.

that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; Mr H** talks like a man of business on the subject, I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead. I shall get my seat on the return of the affidavits from Carhais, in Cornwall, and will do something in the House soon; I must dash, or it is all over. My Satire must be kept secret for a *month*; after that you may say what you please on the subject. Lord C** has used me infamously, and refused to state any particulars of my family to the Chancellor. I have *lashed* him in my *Rhymes*, and perhaps his Lordship may regret not being more conciliatory. They tell me it will have a sale; I hope so, for the bookseller has behaved well, as far as publishing well goes.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

BYRON.

P. S. You shall have a mortgage on one of the farms.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Falmouth, June 22d, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM about to sail in a few days; probably before this reaches you. Fletcher begged so hard, that I have continued him in my service. If he does not behave well abroad I will send him back in a *transport*. I have a German servant, (who has been with Mr Wilbraham in Persia before, and was strongly recommended to me by Dr Butler of Harrow,) Robert, and William; they constitute my whole suite. I have letters in plenty—you shall hear from me at the different ports I touch upon; but you must not be alarmed if my letters miscarry. The continent is in a fine state, an

insurrection has broken out at Paris, and the Austrians are beating Buonaparte—the Tyrolese have risen.—There is a picture of me in oil, to be sent down to Newstead soon.—I wish the Miss P**s had something better to do than carry my miniatures to Nottingham to copy.—Now they have done it, you may ask them to copy the others, which are greater favourites than my own. As to money matters, I am ruined—at least till Rochdale is sold; and if that does not turn out well I shall enter into the Austrian or Russian service—perhaps the Turkish, if I like their manners—the world is all before me, and I leave England without regret, and without a wish to revisit any thing it contains, except *yourself*, and your present residence.

Believe me,

Yours ever sincerely,

BYRON.

P. S.—Pray tell Mr Rushton his son is well, and doing well; so is Murray, indeed better than I ever saw him; he will be back in about a month,

I ought to add leaving Murray to my few regrets, as his age perhaps will prevent my seeing him again. Robert I take with me; I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal.

LETTER XIX.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

Gibraltar, August 11th, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE been so much occupied since my departure from England, that till I could address you at length I have forborne writing altogether. As I have now passed through Portugal, and a considerable part of Spain, and have leisure at this place, I shall endeavour to give you a short detail of my movements. We sailed from Falmouth on the 2d of July, reached Lisbon, after a very favourable passage of four days and a half, and took up our abode in that city. It has often been described without being worthy of description ; for, except the view from the Tagus, which

is beautiful, and some fine churches and convents, it contains little but filthy streets and more filthy inhabitants. To make amends for this, the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps in every respect, the most delightful in Europe; it contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides, (though that is a secondary consideration) is remarkable as the scene of Sir H. D.'s convention. It unites in itself all the wildness of the western highlands, with the verdure of the south of France. Near this place, about ten miles to the right, is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence without elegance. There is a convent annexed; the Monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin, so that we had a long conversation: they have a large library, and asked me if the *English* had *any books* in their country. I sent my baggage and part of the servants by sea to Gibraltar, and travelled on horse-

back from Aldea Galhega (the first stage from Lisbon, which is only accessible by water) to Seville, (one of the most famous cities in Spain,) where the government called the Junta is now held. The distance to Seville is nearly four hundred miles, and to Cadiz almost ninety further towards the coast. I had orders from the government, and every possible accommodation on the road, as an English nobleman, in an English uniform, is a very respectable personage in Spain at present. The horses are remarkably good, and the roads (I assure you upon my honour, for you will hardly believe it,) very far superior to the best British roads, without the smallest toll or turnpike. You will suppose this when I rode post to Seville in four days, through this parching country, in the midst of summer, without fatigue or annoyance. Seville is a beautiful town; though the streets are narrow they are clean. We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess six houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty, but not so good a

figure as Donna Josepha. The freedom of manner which is general here astonished me not a little; and in the course of further observation I find that reserve is not the characteristic of the Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honoured your *unworthy* son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting, (I was there but three days) after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, «Adios tu hermoso! me gusto mucho.» — «Adieu, you pretty fellow, you please me much.» She offered a share of her apartment, which my *virtue* induced me to decline; she laughed, and said I had some English «amante» (lover), and added that she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army. I left Seville, and rode on to Cadiz, through a beautiful country. At Xeres, where the sherry we drink is made, I met a great merchant, a Mr Gordon, of Scotland, who was extremely polite, and favoured me with the inspection of his vaults

and cellars, so that I quaffed at the fountain-head. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz, is the most delightful town I ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect, except cleanliness, (and it is as clean as London,) but still beautiful, and full of the finest women in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land. Just as I was introduced, and began to like the grandes, I was forced to leave it for this cursed place; but before I return to England I will visit it again. The night before I left it, I sat in the box at the opera with Admiral Cordova's family; he is the commander whom Lord St Vincent defeated in 1797, and has an aged wife and a fine daughter, Sennorita Cordova; the girl is very pretty in the Spanish style, in my opinion by no means inferior to the English in charms, and certainly superior in fascination. Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, *clear* olive complexions, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman used to the drowsy, listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible.

I beg leave to observe that intrigue here is the business of life; when a woman marries she throws off all restraint, but I believe their conduct is chaste enough before. If you make a proposal, which in England would bring a box on the ear from the meekest of virgins, to a Spanish girl, she thanks you for the honour you intend her, and replies: « Wait till I am married, and I shall be too happy.» This is literally and strictly true. Miss C. and her little brother understood a little French, and, after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish, she proposed to become my preceptress in that language. I could only reply by a low bow, and express my regret that I quitted Cadiz too soon to permit me to make the progress which would doubtless attend my studies under so charming a directress. I was standing at the back of the box, which resembles our Opera boxes (the theatre is large, and finely decorated, the music admirable), in the manner in which Englishmen generally adopt for fear of incommoding the ladies in front, when this fair Spaniard dispossessed an old woman (an aunt or a duenna) of her chair, and commanded me to be seated

next herself, at a tolerable distance from her mamma. At the close of the performance I withdrew, and was lounging with a party of men in the passage, when, *en passant*, the lady turned round and called me, and I had the honour of attending her to the Admiral's mansion. I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz, which I shall accept, if I repossess through the country on my return from Asia. I have met Sir John Carr, Knight Errant, at Seville and Cadiz. He is a pleasant man. I like the Spaniards much. You have heard of the battle near Madrid, and in England they will call it a victory—a pretty victory! Two hundred officers and 5000 men killed, all English, and the French in as great force as ever. I should have joined the army, but we have no time to lose before we get up the Mediterranean and Archipelago. I am going over to Africa to-morrow; it is only six miles from this fortress. My next stage is Cagliari in Sardinia, where I shall be presented to his Majesty. I have a most superb uniform as a court dress, indispensable in travelling.

August 13th. I have not yet been to Africa; the wind is contrary; but I dined yesterday at Algeiras, with Lady Westmorland, where I met General Castanos, the celebrated Spanish leader in the late and present war: to-day I dine with him; he has offered me letters to Tetuan in Barbary, for the principal Moors; and I am to have the house for a few days of one of the great men, which was intended for Lady W. whose health will not permit her to cross the Straits.

August 15th. I could not dine with Castanos yesterday, but this afternoon I had that honour; he is pleasant, and, for aught I know to the contrary, clever. I cannot go to Barbary. The Malta packet sails to-morrow, and myself in it. Admiral Purvis, with whom I dined at Cadiz, gave me a passage in a frigate to Gibraltar, but we have no ship of war destined for Malta at present. The packets sail fast, and have good accommodations. You shall hear from me on our route. Joe Murray delivers this. I have sent him and the boy back; pray show the lad any kindness, as he is my great favourite. I would have taken him on, * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * Say this to his father, who may otherwise think he has behaved ill.

I hope this will find you well.

Believe me yours

Ever sincerely,

BYRON.

P. S. So Lord G* is married to a rustic! Well done! If I wed, I will bring you home a Sultana, with half a dozen cities for a dowry, and reconcile you to an Ottoman daughter-in-law with a bushel of pearls, not larger than ostrich eggs, or smaller than walnuts.

LETTER XX.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

Malta, September 15th, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,

THOUGH I have a very short time to spare, being to sail immediately for Greece, I cannot avoid taking an opportunity of telling you that I am well. I have been in Malta a short time, and have found the inhabitants hospitable and pleasant. This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its commencement so

fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian Ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy, several times risked her life; and is not yet twenty-five. She is here on her way to England, to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here, I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Buonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in some danger if she were taken prisoner a second time.

You have seen Murray and Robert by this time, and received my letter—little has happened since that date. I have touched at Cagliari, in Sardinia, and at Girgenti, in Sicily, and embark to-morrow

for Patras, from whence I proceed to Yanina, where Ali Pacha holds his court, so I shall soon be among the Mussulmans. Adieu.

Believe me, with sincerity, yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER XXI.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

Previsa, November 12th, 1809.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE now been some time in Turkey: this place is on the coast, but I have traversed the interior of the province of Albania, on a visit to the Pacha. I left Malta in the Spider, a brig of war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Previsa. I thence have been about 150 miles as far as Tepaleen, his Highness's country palace, where I staid three days. The name of the Pacha is *Ali*, and he is considered a man of the first abilities; he governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Illyricum), Epirus, and part of Macedonia. His son, Velly Pacha, to whom he has given me letters, governs the Morea, and he

has great influence in Egypt; in short, he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire. When I reached Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina with the commandant to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary *gratis*; and, though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves, etc., I have not been permitted to pay for a single article of household consumption. I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons: they are splendid, but too much ornamented with silk and gold. I then went over the mountains through Zitza, a village with a Greek monastery (where I slept on my return), in the most beautiful situation (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal) I ever beheld. In nine days I reached Tepaleen. Our journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains, and intersected the

roads. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down : it brought to my mind (with some change of *dress* however) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. The Albanians in their dresses (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long *white kilt*, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers), the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with dispatches, the kettle-drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizier's secretary, "*à la mode Turque.*" The next day I

was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, etc. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek Interpreter for general use, but a Physician of Ali's, named Femlario, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country?—(the Turks have no idea of travelling for amusement.) He then said, the English minister, Captain Leake, had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet,

fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular, that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the Sultans, pay so much respect to birth; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title.

His Highness is sixty years old, very fat, and not tall, but with a fine face, light blue eyes, and a white beard; his manner is very kind, and at the same time he possesses that dignity which I find universal amongst the Turks. He has the appearance of any thing but his real character; for he is a remorseless tyrant, guilty of the most horrible cruelties, very brave, and so good a general, that they call him the Mahometan Buonaparte. Napoleon has twice offered to make him King of Epirus; but he prefers the English interest, and abhors the French, as he himself told me. He is of so much consequence, that he is much courted by both; the Albanians being the most warlike sub-

jects of the Sultan, though Ali is only nominally dependent on the Porte. He has been a mighty warrior; but is as barbarous as he is successful, roasting rebels, etc. etc. Buonaparte sent him a snuff-box, with his picture; he said the snuff-box was very well, but the picture he could excuse; as he neither liked it nor the original. His ideas of judging of a man's birth from ears, hands, etc. were curious enough. To me, he was, indeed, a father, giving me letters, guards, and every possible accommodation. Our next conversations were of war and travelling, politics and England. He called my Albanian soldier, who attends me, and told him to protect me at all hazard. His name is Viscillie, and, like all the Albanians, he is brave, rigidly honest, and faithful; but they are cruel, though not treacherous; and have several vices, but no meannesses. They are, perhaps, the most beautiful race, in point of countenance, in the world; their women are sometimes handsome also, but they are treated like slaves, *beaten*, and, in short, complete beasts of burthen; they plough, dig, and sow. I found them carrying wood, and actually repairing the highways. The

men are all soldiers, and war and the chase their sole occupation. The women are the labourers, which, after all, is no great hardship in so delightful a climate. Yesterday, the 11th of November, I bathed in the sea; to-day it is so hot that I am writing in a shady room of the English Consuls, with three doors wide open, no fire, or even *fire-place* in the house, except for culinary purposes. To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay where two frigates could hardly manœuvre: a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stand the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage; but this, and a thousand things more, I have neither time nor *space* to describe. I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and thence to Athens, where I shall winter. Two days ago, I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the Saints, the Mussulmans on Alla; the captain burst

into tears and ran below deck, telling us to call on God; the sails were split, the main-yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu, which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it) "a watery grave." I did what I could to console Fletcher, but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst. I have learnt to philosophize in my travels, and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the main land, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Previsa again; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am therefore going as far as Messolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras. Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels: we were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder storm, and since nearly wrecked. In both cases Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine

and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying (I don't know which), but are now recovered. When you write, address to me at Mr Stranè's, English Consul, Patras, Morea.

I could tell you I know not how many incidents that I think would amuse you, but they crowd on my mind as much as they would swell my paper; and I can neither arrange them in the one, or put them down in the other, except in the greatest confusion. I like the Albanians much; they are not all Turks; some tribes are Christians; but their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct: they are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. I lived on my route, two days at once, and three days again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta, and seen Spanish, French, Sicilian, and British troops in abundance. I have had nothing stolen, and was always welcome to their provision and milk. Not

a week ago an Albanian chief (every village has its chief, who is called Primate), after helping us out of the Turkish galley in her distress, feeding us, and lodging my suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek Priest, and my companion, Mr Hobhouse, refused any compensation but a written paper stating that I was well received; and when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, "No," he replied; "I wish you to love me, not to pay me." These are his words. It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I had nothing to pay by the Vizier's order; but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses, and generally six or seven men, the expense has not been *half* as much as staying only three weeks in Malta, though Sir A. Ball, the Governor, gave me a house for nothing, and I had only *one servant*. By the bye, I expect H** to remit regularly; for I am not about to stay in this province for ever. Let him write to me at Mr Strané's, English Consul, Patras. The fact is, the fertility of the plains is wonderful, and specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. I am going to Athens

to study modern Greek, which differs much from the ancient, though radically similar. I have no desire to return to England, nor shall I, unless compelled by absolute want, and H**'s neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for a year or two, as I have much to see in Greece, and I may perhaps cross into Africa, at least the Egyptian part. Fletcher, like all Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks by a present of eighty piastres from the Vizier, which, if you consider every thing, and the value of specie here, is nearly worth ten guineas English. He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat, and vermin, which those who lie in cottages and cross mountains in a cold country must undergo, and of which I have equally partaken with himself; but he is not valiant, and is afraid of robbers and tempests. I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing from it, but that you are well, and a letter or two on business from H**, whom you may tell to write. I will write when I can, and beg you to believe me

Your affectionate son,

BYRON.

P.S.—I have some very «magnifique» Albanian dresses, the only expensive articles in this country. They cost fifty guineas each, and have so much gold, they would cost in England two hundred. I have been introduced to Hussim Bey and Mahmont Pacha, both little boys, grand-children of Ali, at Yanina. They are totally unlike our lads, have painted complexions like rouged dowers, large black eyes, and features perfectly regular. They are the prettiest little animals I ever saw, and are broken into the court ceremonies already. The Turkish salute is a slight inclination of the head, with the hand on the breast. Intimates always kiss. Mahmont is ten years old, and hopes to see me again. We are friends without understanding each other, like many other folks, though from a different cause. He has given me a letter to his father in the Morea, to whom I have also letters from Ali Pacha.

LETTER XXII.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

Smyrna, March 19th, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,

I CANNOT write you a long letter, but as I know you will not be sorry to receive any intelligence of my movements, pray accept what I can give. I have traversed the greatest part of Greece, besides Epirus, etc. etc., resided ten weeks at Athens, and am now on the Asiatic side on my way to Constantinople. I have just returned from viewing the ruins of Ephesus, a day's journey from Smyrna. I presume you have received a long letter I wrote from Albania, with an account of my reception by the Pacha of the province. When I arrive at Constantinople I shall

determine whether to proceed into Persia or return, which latter I do not wish, if I can avoid it. But I have no intelligence from Mr H**, and but one letter from yourself. I shall stand in need of remittances whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly, that he may not plead ignorance of my situation for neglect. I can give you no account of any thing, for I have not time or opportunity, the frigate sailing immediately. Indeed the further I go the more my laziness increases, and my aversion to letter-writing becomes more confirmed. I have written to no one but yourself and Mr H**, and these are communications of business and duty rather than of inclination. Fletcher is very much disgusted with his fatigues, though he has undergone nothing that I have not shared. He is a poor creature; indeed English servants are detestable travellers. I have, besides him, two Albanian soldiers and a Greek interpreter; all excellent in their way. Greece, particularly in the vicinity of Athens, is delightful: cloudless skies and lovely landscapes. But I must reserve all account of my adventures till we meet. I keep no journal, but

my friend Hobhouse scribbles incessantly. Pray take care of Murray and Robert, and tell the boy it is the most fortunate thing for him that he did not accompany me to Turkey. Consider this as merely a notice of my safety.

And believe me,

Yours, etc. etc.

BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Smyrna, April 10th, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,

TO-MORROW, or this evening, I sail for Constantinople in the Salsette frigate, of 36 guns. She returns to England with our ambassador, whom she is going up on purpose to receive. I have written to you short letters from Athens, Smyrna, and a long one from Albania. I have not yet mustered courage for a second large epistle, and you must not be angry, since I take all opportunities of apprizing you of my safety ; but even that is an effort, writing is so irksome. I have been traversing Greece, and Epirus, Illyria, etc. etc., and you see by my date, have got into Asia.

I have made but one excursion lately to the ruins of Ephesus. Malta is the rendezvous of my letters, so address to that island. Mr H** has not written, though I wished to hear of the Norfolk sale, the Lancashire law-suit, etc. etc. I am anxiously expecting fresh remittances. I believe you will like Nottinghamshire, at least, my share of it. Pray accept my good wishes in lieu of a long letter, and believe me,

Yours sincerely,

and affectionately,

BYRON.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

Salsette Frigate, off the Dardanelles, April 17th, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,

I WRITE at anchor (in our way to Constantinople) off the Troad, which I traversed two days ago. All the remains of Troy are the tombs of her destroyers, amongst which I see that of Antilochus from my cabin window. These are large mounds of earth, like the barrows of the Danes in your island. There are several monuments, about twelve miles distant, of the Alexandrian Troas, which I also examined: but by no means to be compared with the remnants of Athens and Ephesus. This will be sent in a ship of war bound with dispatches for Malta. In a few days we shall be at Constantinople, barring accidents. I have

also written from Smyrna, and shall, from time to time, transmit short accounts of my movements, but I feel totally unequal to long letters.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

P. S.—No accounts from H**!!! Do not complain of short letters; I write to nobody but yourself and Mr H.

LETTER XXV.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

Constantinople, May 18th, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,

I ARRIVED here in an English frigate from Smyrna a few days ago, without any events worth mentioning, except landing to view the plains of Troy, and afterwards, when we were at anchor in the Dardanelles, *swimming* from Sestos to Abydos, in imitation of Monsieur Leander, whose story you no doubt know too well for me to add any thing on the subject, except that I crossed the Hellespont without so good a motive for the undertaking. As I am just going to visit the Captain Pacha, you will excuse the brevity of my letter. When Mr Adair takes leave, I am to see the Sultan and the mosques, etc.

Believe me,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Constantinople, May 24th, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,

I WROTE to you very shortly the other day on my arrival here; and as another opportunity avails, take up my pen again, that the frequency of my letters may atone for their brevity. Pray did you ever receive a picture of me in oil by *Sanders*, in *Vigo-lane*, London? (a noted limner;) if not, write for it immediately—it was paid for, except the frame (if frame there be) before I left England. I believe I mentioned to you in my last, that my only notable exploit lately has been swimming from Sestos to Abydos on the third of this month, in humble imitation of *Leander*, of amorous memory, though I had no *Hero* to receive me on the other shore of the Hellespont. Of Constantinople you have of course read fifty de-

scriptions by sundry travellers, which are in general so correct that I have nothing to add on the subject. When our ambassador takes his leave, I shall accompany him to see the Sultan, and afterwards probably return to Greece. I have heard nothing of Mr H**, but one remittance, without any letter from that legal gentleman. If you have occasion for any pecuniary supply, pray use my funds as far as they *go* without reserve; and, lest this should not be enough, in my next to Mr H** I will direct him to advance any sum you may want, leaving it to your discretion how much, in the present state of my affairs, you may think proper to require. I have already seen the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor, but shall not proceed further till I hear from England: in the mean time I shall expect occasional supplies according to circumstances; and shall pass my summer amongst my friends, the Greeks of the Morea. You will direct to Malta, where my letters are forwarded;

And believe me to be, with great sincerity,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P. S. Fletcher is well ; pray take care of my boy Robert, and the old man Murray. It is fortunate they returned ; neither the youth of the one, nor the age of the other, would have suited the changes of climate and fatigue of travelling.

END OF VOL. I.



CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LORD BYRON.

PRINTED BY JULES DIDOT, SENIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY, RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI, N^o 6.

CORRESPONDENCE
OF
LORD BYRON,

WITH A FRIEND,

INCLUDING HIS LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER, WRITTEN FROM PORTUGAL,
SPAIN, GREECE, AND THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN,
IN 1809, 1810 AND 1811.

ALSO

Recollections of the Port.

BY THE LATE R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

THE WHOLE FORMING

An Original Memoir of Lord Byron's Life,

FROM 1808 TO 1814.

AND

A CONTINUATION AND PRELIMINARY STATEMENT OF THE PROCEEDINGS
BY WHICH THE LETTERS WERE SUPPRESSED IN ENGLAND,
AT THE SUIT OF LORD BYRON'S EXECUTORS.

BY THE REV. A. R. C. DALLAS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LORD BYRON.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON. .

Constantinople, June 28th, 1810.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I REGRET to perceive by your last letter that several of mine have not arrived, particularly a very long one, written in November last from Albania, when I was on a visit to the Pacha of that province. Fletcher has also written to his

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I

spouse perpetually. Mr Hobhouse, who will forward or deliver this, and is on his return to England, can inform you of our different movements, but I am very uncertain as to my own return. He will probably be down in Notts some time or other ; but Fletcher, whom I send back as an incumbrance (English servants are sad travellers) will supply his place in the interim, and describe our travels, which have been tolerably extensive. I have written twice briefly from this capital, from Smyrna, from Athens, and other parts of Greece ; from Albania, the Pacha of which province desired his respects to my mother, and said he was sure I was a man of high birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and white hands!!! He was very kind to me, begged me to consider him as a father, and gave me a guard of forty soldiers through the forests of Acarnania. But of this and other circumstances I have written to you at large, and yet hope you will receive my letters.

I remember Mahmont Pacha, the grandson of Ali Pacha, at Yanina (a little fellow of ten years of age, with large black eyes which our ladies

would purchase at any price, and those regular features which distinguish the Turks), asked me how I came to travel so young, without any body to take care of me. This question was put by the little man with all the gravity of threescore. I cannot now write copiously; I have only time to tell you that I have passed many a fatiguing, but never a tedious moment; and that all I am afraid of is, that I shall contract a gypsy-like wandering disposition, which will make home tiresome to me: this, I am told, is very common with men in the habit of peregrination, and indeed I feel it so. On the third of May I swam from *Sestos* to *Abydos*. You know the story of Leander, but I had no *Hero* to receive me at landing. I also passed a fortnight in the Troad: the tombs of Achilles and *Æsyetes* still exist in large barrows, similar to those you have doubtless seen in the north. The other day I was at Belgrade (a village in these environs) to see the house built on the same site as Lady Mary Wortley's—by the bye, her ladyship, as far as I can judge, has lied, but not half so much as any other woman would have done in the same situation. I have been in all the

principal mosques by the virtue of a firman : this is a favour rarely permitted to Infidels, but the ambassador's departure obtained it for us. I have been up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, round the walls of the city, and indeed I know more of it by sight than I do of London.

I hope to amuse you some winter's evening with the details, but at present you must excuse me; I am not able to write long letters in June. I return to spend my summer in Greece. I shall not proceed further into Asia, as I have visited Smyrna, Ephesus, and the Troad. I write often, but you must not be alarmed when you do not receive my letters; consider we have no regular post further than Malta, where I beg you will in future send your letters, and not to this city. Fletcher is a poor creature, and requires comforts that I can dispense with : he is very sick of his travels, but you must not believe his account of the country. He sighs for ale, and idleness, and a wife, and the devil knows what besides. I have not been disappointed or disgusted. I have lived with the highest and the lowest. I have been for days in

a Pacha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cow-house, and I find the people inoffensive and kind. I have also passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia, and, though inferior to the Turks, they are better than the Spaniards, who, in their turn, excel the Portuguese. Of Constantinople you will find many descriptions in different travels; but Lady Wortley errs strangely when she says "St Paul's would cut a strange figure by St Sophia's." I have been in both, surveyed them inside and out attentively. St Sophia's is undoubtedly the most interesting from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar, besides the Turkish Sultans who attend it regularly. But it is inferior in beauty and size to some of the mosques, particularly "Soleyman, etc." and not to be mentioned in the same page with St P.'s (*I speak like a Cockney*). However, I prefer the Gothic Cathedral of Seville to St P.'s, St Sophia's, and any religious building I have ever seen. The walls of the seraglio are like the walls of Newstead Gardens, only higher, and much in

the same *order*; but the ride by the walls of the city on the land side is beautiful. Imagine four miles of immense triple battlements, covered with ivy, surmounted with 218 towers, and on the other side of the road Turkish burying-grounds (the loveliest spots on earth), full of enormous cypresses.

I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi; I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn. Now for England. You have not received my friend Hobhouse's volume of poesy: it has been published several months; you ought to read it. I am glad to hear of the progress of E. Bards, etc. Of course you observed I have made great additions to the new edition. Have you received my picture from Sanders, Vigo-lane, London? It was finished, and paid for, long before I left England: pray send for it. You seem to be a mighty reader of magazines: where do you pick up all this intelligence, quotations,

etc. etc. ? Though I was happy to obtain my seat without the assistance of Lord C. I had no measures to keep with a man who declined interfering as my relation on that occasion, and I have done with him, though I regret distressing Mrs Leigh, poor thing ! I hope she is happy. It is my opinion that Mr B** ought to marry Miss R**. Our first duty is not to do evil ; but alas ! that is impossible ; our next is to repair it, if in our power. The girl is his equal : if she were his inferior, a sum of money and provision for the child would be some, though a poor compensation : as it is, he should marry her. I will have no gay deceivers on my estate, and I shall not allow my tenants a privilege I do not permit myself, *that* of debauching each other's daughters. God knows, I have been guilty of many excesses ; but, as I have laid down a resolution to reform, and lately kept it, I expect this Lothario to follow the example, and begin by restoring this girl to society, or, by the beard of my father ! he shall hear of it. Pray take some notice of Robert, who will miss his master ; poor boy, he was very unwilling to return.

I trust you are well and happy. It will be a pleasure to hear from you.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

P. S.—How is Joe Murray?

P. S.—I open my letter again to tell you that Fletcher having petitioned to accompany me into the Morea, I have taken him with me, contrary to the intention expressed in my letter.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Athens, July 25th, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE arrived here in four days from Constantinople, which is considered as singularly quick, particularly for the season of the year. You northern gentry can have no conception of a Greek summer, which, however, is a perfect frost compared with Malta and Gibraltar, where I reposed myself in the shade last year, after a gentle gallop of four hundred miles, without intermission, through Portugal and Spain. You see, by my date, that I am at Athens again, a place which I think I prefer upon the whole to any I have seen. I left Constantinople with Adair, at whose

audience of leave I saw Sultain Mahmout, and obtained a firman to visit the mosques, of which I gave you some description in my last letter, now voyaging towards England in the Salsette frigate, in which I visited the plains of Troy and Constantinople. My next movement is to-morrow into the Morea, where I shall probably remain a month or two, and then return to winter here, if I do not change my plans, which, however, are very variable, as you may suppose; but none of them verge to England.

The Marquis of Sligo, my old fellow collegian, is here, and wishes to accompany me into the Morea. We shall go together for that purpose; but I am already woefully sick of travelling companions, after a year's experience of Mr Hobhouse, who is on his way to Great Britain. Lord S. will afterwards pursue his way to the capital; and Lord B. having seen all the wonders in that quarter, will let you know what he does next, of which at present he is not quite certain. Malta is my perpetual post-office, from which my letters are forwarded to all parts of the habitable globe:—

by the bye, I have now been in Asia, Africa, and the east of Europe, and, indeed, made the most of my time, without hurrying over the most interesting scenes of the ancient world. Fletcher, after having been toasted, and roasted, and baked, and grilled, and eaten by all sorts of creeping things, begins to philosophize, is grown a refined as well as resigned character, and promises at his return to become an ornament to his own parish, and a very prominent person in the future family pedigree of the *Fletchers*, who I take to be Goths by their accomplishments, Greeks by their acuteness, and ancient Saxons by their appetite. He (Fletcher) begs leave to send half a dozen sighs to Sally his spouse, and wonders (though I do not) that his ill written and worse spelt letters have never come to hand; as for that matter, there is no great loss in either of our letters, saving and except that I wish you to know we are well, and warm enough at this present writing, God knows. You must not expect long letters at present, for they are written with the sweat of my brow, I assure you. It is rather singular that Mr H** has not written a syllable since my de-

parture. Your letters I have mostly received, as well as others; from which I conjecture, that the man of law is either angry or busy. I trust you like Newstead, and agree with your neighbours: but you know *you* are a *vixen*—is not that a dutiful appellation? Pray take care of my books, and several boxes of papers in the hands of Joseph; and pray leave me a few bottles of Champagne to drink, for I am very thirsty: but I do not insist on the last article, without you like it. I suppose you have your house full of silly women, prating scandalous things. Have you ever received my picture in oil from Sanders, London? It has been paid for these sixteen months; why do you not get it? My suite, consisting of two Turks, two Greeks, a Lutheran, and the non-descript Fletcher, are making so much noise that I am glad to sign myself,

Yours, etc. etc.

BYRON.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Patras, July 30th, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,

IN four days from Constantinople, with a favourable wind, I arrived in the frigate at the Island of Teos, from whence I took a boat to Athens, where I met my friend the Marquis of Sligo, who expressed a wish to proceed with me as far as Corinth. At Corinth we separated, he for Tripolitza, I for Patras, where I had some business with the Consul, Mr Strané, in whose house I now write. He has rendered me every service in his power since I quitted Malta on my way to Constantinople, whence I have written to you twice or thrice. In a few days I visit the Pacha

at Tripolitza, make the tour of the Morea, and return again to Athens, which at present is my head-quarters. The heat is at present intense. In England, if it reaches 98° , you are all on fire: the other day, in travelling between Athens and Megara, the thermometer was at 125° !! Yet I feel no inconvenience; of course I am much bronzed, but I live temperately, and never enjoyed better health.

Before I left Constantinople, I saw the Sultan (with Mr Adair), and the interior of the mosques, things which rarely happen to travellers. Mr Hobhouse is gone to England; I am in no hurry to return, but have no particular communications for your country, except my surprise at Mr H**'s silence, and my desire that he will remit regularly. I suppose some arrangement has been made with regard to Wymondham and Rochdale. Malta is my post-office, or to Mr Strané, Consul-General, Patras, Morea. You complain of my silence—I have written twenty or thirty times within the last year: never less than twice a month, and often more. If my letters do not

arrive, you must not conclude that we are eaten, or that there is a war, or a pestilence, or famine: neither must you credit silly reports, which I dare say you have in *Notts* as usual. I am very well, and neither more or less happy than I usually am, except that I am very glad to be once more alone (for I was sick of my companion, not that he was a bad one), but because my nature leads me to solitude, and that every day adds to this disposition. If I chose, here are many men who would wish to join me—one wants me to go to Egypt, another to Asia, of which I have seen enough. The greater part of Greece is already my own, so that I shall only go over my old ground, and look upon my old seas and mountains, the only acquaintances I ever found improve upon me. I have a tolerable suite, a Tartar, two Albanians, an interpreter, besides Fletcher; but in this country these are easily maintained, Adair received me wonderfully well, and indeed I have no complaints against any one. Hospitality here is necessary, for inns are not. I have lived in the houses of Greeks, Turks, Italians, and English—to-day in a palace, to-morrow in a caw-

house; this day with the Pacha, the next with a shepherd. I shall continue to write briefly, but frequently, and am glad to hear from you; but you fill your letters with things from the papers, as if English papers were not found all over the world. I have at this moment a dozen before me. Pray take care of my books, and believe me,

My dear Mother,

Yours very faithfully,

BYRON.

LETTER XXX.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

Patras, October 2d, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,

It is now several months since I have received any communication from you; but at this I am not surprised, nor indeed have I any complaint to make, since you have written frequently, for which I thank you; but I very much condemn Mr H**, who has not taken the smallest notice of my many letters, nor of my request before I left England, which I sailed from on this *very day* fifteen months ago. Thus one year and a quarter have passed away, without my receiving the least intelligence on the state of my affairs, and they were not in a posture to admit of neglect; and I

do conceive and declare that Mr H. has acted negligently and culpably in not apprizing me of his proceedings; I will also add uncivilly. His letters, were there any, could not easily miscarry: the communications with the Levant are slow, but tolerably secure, at least as far as Malta, and there I left directions which I know would be observed. I have written to you several times from Constantinople and Smyrna. You will perceive by my date I am returned into the Morea, of which I have been making the tour, and visiting the Pacha, who gave me a fine horse, and paid me all possible honours and attention. I have now seen a good portion of Turkey in Europe, and Asia Minor, and shall remain at Athens, and in the vicinity, till I hear from England. I have punctually obeyed your injunctions of writing frequently, but I shall not pretend to describe countries which have been already amply treated of. I believe before this time Mr Hobhouse will have arrived in England, and he brings letters from me, written at Constantinople. In these I mention having seen the Sultan and the mosques, and that I swam from Sestos

to Abydos, an exploit of which I take care to boast.

I am here on business at present, but Athens is my head-quarters, where I am very pleasantly situated in a Franciscan convent.

Believe me to be, with great sincerity,

Yours very affectionately,

BYRON.

P.S. Fletcher is well, and discontented as usual; his wife don't write, at least her scrawls have not arrived. You will address to Malta. Pray have you never received my picture in oil from Sanders, Vigo-lane, London?

LETTER XXXI.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

Athens, January 14th, 1811.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I SEIZE an occasion to write as usual, shortly, but frequently, as the arrival of letters, where there exists no regular communication, is, of course, very precarious. I have received, at different intervals, several of yours, but generally six months after date; some sooner, some later, and, though lately tolerably stationary, the delays appear just the same. I have lately made several small tours of some hundred or two miles about the Morea, Attica, etc., as I have finished my grand giro by the Troad, Constantinople, etc. and am returned down again to Athens. I be-

lieve I have mentioned to you more than once, that I swam (in imitation of Leander, though without his lady) across the Hellespont, from Sestos to Abydos. Of this, and all other particulars, Fletcher, whom I have sent home with papers, etc., will apprize you. I cannot find that he is any loss; being tolerably master of the Italian and modern Greek languages, which last I am also studying with a master, I can order and discourse more than enough for a reasonable man. Besides, the perpetual lamentations after beef and beer, the stupid bigotted contempt for every thing foreign, and insurmountable incapacity of acquiring even a few words of any language, rendered him, like all other English servants, an incumbrance. I do assure you, the plague of speaking for him, the comforts he required (more than myself by far), the pilaws (a Turkish dish of rice and meat), which he could not eat, the wines which he could not drink, the beds where he could not sleep, and the long list of calamities, such as stumbling horses, want of *tea!!!* etc., which assailed him, would have made a lasting source of laughter to a spectator, and

inconvenience to a master. After all, the man is honest enough, and, in Christendom, capable enough; but in Turkey, Lord forgive me, my Albanian soldiers, my Tartars and Janizary, worked for him and us too, as my friend Hobhouse can testify. It is probable I may steer homewards in spring; but, to enable me to do that, I must have remittances. My own funds would have lasted me very well, but I was obliged to assist a friend, who I know will pay me; but, in the mean time, I am out of pocket. At present, I do not care to venture a winter's voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of travelling; but I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us, to set our young men abroad for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us.

Here I see and have conversed with French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, etc. etc. etc.; and without losing sight of

my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others. Where I see the superiority of England (which, by the bye, we are a good deal mistaken about in many things), I am pleased, and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I might have staid smoked in your towns, or fogged in your country a century, without being sure of this, and without acquiring any thing more useful or amusing at home. I keep no journal, nor have I any intention of scribbling my travels. I have done with authorship; and if, in my last production, I have convinced the critics or the world I was something more than they took me for, I am satisfied; nor will I hazard *that reputation* by a future effort. It is true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave them for those who come after me; and, if deemed worth publishing, they may serve to prolong my memory when I myself shall cease to remember.

I have a famous Bavarian artist taking some views of Athens, etc. etc., for me. This will be better than scribbling, a disease I hope myself

cured of. I hope, on my return, to lead a quiet and recluse life, but God knows, and does best for us all; at least, so they say, and I have nothing to object, as, on the whole, I have no reason to complain of my lot. I am convinced, however, that men do more harm to themselves than ever the Devil could do to them. I trust this will find you well, and as happy as we can be; you will, at least, be pleased to hear I am so, and

Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER XXXII.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

Athens, February 28th, 1811.

DEAR MADAM,

As I have received a firman for Egypt, etc., I shall proceed to that quarter in the spring, and I beg you will state to Mr H** that it is necessary to further remittances. On the subject of Newstead, I answer as before, *no*. If it is necessary to sell, sell Rochdale. Fletcher will have arrived by this time with my letters to that purport. I will tell you fairly, I have, in the first place, no opinion of funded property; if, by any particular circumstances, I shall be led to adopt such a determination, I will, at all events, pass my life abroad, as my only tie to England is Newstead, and that once gone, neither interest

nor inclination lead me northward. Competence in your country is ample wealth in the east, such is the difference in the value of money and the abundance of the necessities of life: and I feel myself so much a citizen of the world, that the spot where I can enjoy a delicious climate, and every luxury, at a less expense than a common college life in England, will always be a country to me; and such are in fact the shores of the Archipelago. This then is the alternative—If I preserve Newstead, I return; if I sell it, I stay away. I have had no letters since yours of June, but I have written several times, and shall continue, as usual, on the same plan.

Believe me,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P.S.—I shall most likely see you in the course of the summer, but, of course, at such a distance, I cannot specify any particular month.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Honourable MRS BYRON.

Volage Frigate, at Sea, June 25th, 1811.

DEAR MOTHER,

THIS letter, which will be forwarded on our arrival at Portsmouth, probably about the 4th of July, is begun about twenty-three days after our departure from Malta. I have just been two years (to a day, on the 2d of July,) absent from England, and I return to it with much the same feelings which prevailed on my departure, viz. indifference: but within that apathy I certainly do not comprise yourself, as I will prove by every means in my power. You will be good enough to get my apartments ready at Newstead, but don't disturb yourself on any account, particularly mine, nor consider me in any other light than as

a visitor. I must only inform you that for a long time I have been restricted to an entire vegetable diet, neither fish nor flesh coming within my regimen; so I expect a powerful stock of potatoes, greens, and biscuit: I drink no wine. I have two servants, middle-aged men, and both Greeks. It is my intention to proceed first to town, to see Mr H**, and thence to Newstead, on my way to Rochdale. I have only to beg you will not forget my diet, which it is very necessary for me to observe. I am well in health, as I have generally been, with the exception of two agues, both of which I quickly got over. My plans will so much depend on circumstances, that I shall not venture to lay down an opinion on the subject. My prospects are not very promising, but I suppose we shall wrestle through life like our neighbours; indeed, by H.'s last advices, I have some apprehensions of finding Newstead dismantled by Messrs Brothers, etc., and he seems determined to force me into selling it, but he will be baffled. I don't suppose I shall be much pestered with visitors; but if I am, you must receive them, for I am determined to have nobody breaking in

upon my retirement; you know that I never was fond of society, and I am less so than before. I have brought you a shawl, and a quantity of attar of roses, but these I must smuggle, if possible. I trust to find my library in tolerable order.—Fletcher is no doubt arrived. I shall separate the mill from Mr B**'s farm, for his son is too gay a deceiver to inherit both, and place Fletcher in it, who has served me faithfully, and whose wife is a good woman; besides, it is necessary to sober young Mr B**, or he will people the parish with bastards. In a word, if he had seduced a dairy-maid he might have found something like an apology; but the girl is his equal, and in high life or low life reparation is made in such circumstances. But I shall not interfere further than (like Bonaparte) by dismembering Mr B.'s *kingdom*, and erecting part of it into a principality for field-marshal Fletcher! I hope you govern my little *empire* and its sad load of national debt with a wary hand. To drop my metaphor, I beg leave to subscribe myself

Yours ever,

B.

This letter was written to be sent from Portsmouth, but, on arriving there, the squadron was ordered to the Nore, from whence I shall forward it. This I have not done before, supposing you might be alarmed by the interval mentioned in the letter being longer than expected between our arrival in port and my appearance at Newstead.

B.

July 14th, 1811.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Honourable Mrs BYRON.

*Reddish's Hotel, July 23d, 1811.
St James's-street, London.*

MY DEAR MADAM,

I AM only detained by Mr H** to sign some copyhold papers, and will give you timely notice of my approach. It is with great reluctance I remain in town. I shall pay a short visit as we go on to Lancashire on Rochdale business. I shall attend to your directions of course, and am,

With great respect,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P. S. You will consider Newstead as your house, not mine; and me only as a visitor.

CONTINUATION OF MY CORRESPONDENCE
WITH LORD BYRON.

In order to facilitate in the following letters the understanding of some remarks made by Lord Byron relative to a young man of the name of Blackett, it is requisite to state that he was a poor shoemaker: so poor that he worked in a garret, and did not procure sufficient employment to make life tolerably comfortable; in spite of which he married, and had children. In his unoccupied hours he made verses as well as shoes. Some of these found their way into the hands of Mr Pratt, himself a successful writer, whose benevolence and enthusiasm always equalled, and sometimes outstripped, his judgment. He immediately saw latent genius in those essays of an uneducated man, sought him, became con-

firmed in the opinion he had formed, and, doubly excited by the miserable state in which he found him, resolved to do him all the service that his pen and influence could effect publicly and privately. He collected a volume of his writings, sufficient to form the foundation of a subscription, which soon became so ample as to lower him from his attics. Pratt then persuaded Mr Elliston, the actor, to be among his applauders and protectors. I remember hearing Mr Elliston speak of a dramatic production of Blackett's with infinite ardour, and of the author as a wonderful genius. I do not, however, think that he ever produced the piece. Other patrons and patronesses appeared, and it is a curious incident that one of the latter, then a perfect stranger to Lord Byron, should afterwards become his wife. That lady and her parents were very good to Blackett, invited him, as I was informed, to the country where their estates lie, and accommodated him with a cottage to reside in. The poor fellow's constitution, either originally weak, or undermined by the hardships of poverty, failed him at a very early period of life. After some

stay at the cottage, he was advised to go and breathe the air of his native place, though situated more to the north. There, for a short time, he comforted his mother, and was comforted by her, and by the benevolent attentions of the faculty. Upon his death, Mr Pratt collected all his additional compositions ; and, adopting the title which Mr SOUTHEY had given to the works of KIRKE WHITE, published the whole of his writings together as "The Remains of Joseph Blackett," by which another considerable collection was made, and formed into a fund for the support of Blackett's surviving daughter.

Genius, we well know, is not the exclusive inheritance of the affluent, but without a considerable degree of education it has not the means of displaying itself, especially in poetry, where the flowers of language are almost as essential as the visions of fancy. Rhetoric and grammar are not necessary in mechanics and mathematics, but they must be possessed by the poet, whose title to genius may be overturned by the confusion of metaphors and the incongruities of

tropes. I believe all the poets of low origin partook, more or less, of the advantages of education. The last of these was Kirke White, whose learning and piety, however, I always thought far superior to his poetical nerve. Blackett was deficient in common learning—I had more pleasure in observing the improvement of his condition than in the perusal of his writings; though, in spite of the ridicule of Lord Byron, and my Ionian friend, as Lord Byron calls Walter Wright, I saw, or was persuaded by Mr Pratt's warmth, to see some sparkling of genius in the effusions of this young man. It was upon this that Lord Byron and a young friend of his were sometimes playful in conversation, and in writing to me. "I see," says the latter, "that Blackett the son of Crispin and Apollo is dead. Looking into Boswell's life of Johnson the other day, I saw, 'We were talking about the famous Mr Wordsworth, the poetical Shoemaker.'—Now, I never before heard that there had been a Mr Wordsworth a poet, a shoemaker, or a famous man; and I dare say you have never heard of him. Thus it will be with Bloomfield and

Blackett — their names two years after their death will be found neither on the rolls of Curriers' Hall nor of Parnassus. Who would think that any body would be such a blockhead as to sin against an express proverb, ' Ne sutor ultra crepidam !'

But spare him, ye critics, his follies are past,
For the Cobbler is come, as he ought, to his *last*.

Which two lines, with a scratch under *last*, to show where the joke lies, I beg you will prevail on Miss Milbank to have inserted on the tomb of her departed Blackett." In my reply, I said, " With respect to Blackett, whatever you may think of his presumption in attempting to ascend Parnassus, you cannot blame him for descending from a garret to a drawing-room : for changing starvation and misery for good food and flattering attention ; an unwilling apothecary for physicians rivalling one another in solicitude and disinterested attendance ; which change, I can assure you, is nothing more than literal truth." This produced the following rejoinder : " You

seem to me to put Blackett's case quite in the right light—to be sure any one would rise if he could, and any one has a right to make the effort; but then any one, on the other hand, has a right to keep the aspirant down, if he thinks the man's pretensions ill founded. I do not laugh at Blackett, but at those who flattered him. He, poor fellow, was perfectly right, if he could find protectors, to gain them, either by verse-making or shoe-making. Indeed, he was right in trying the former, as by far the most easy and expeditious of the two. Were a regular bred author, a gentleman of education, to write like them, their verses would not be tolerated. But every one is in a stare of admiration that a cobbler or a tinker should be able to rhyme at all. We gaze at them, not at their poetry, which is like the crabs found in the heart of a rock :

'The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there.'

Some applaud the prodigy out of sheer bad taste;
they do not know that his nonsense is nonsense;

others out of pure humanity and goodness of heart. The first are such people as Pratt and Capel Lofft: the second, such critics as yourself, my dear Sir. But this is, as I said before, a piece of injustice to men of education, who may sweat, strain, and labour, and, when they have done their best, hear their own qualifications quoted against them:—The world says ‘Mr —— ought to have known better—I wonder a man of his education should fail so wretchedly.’ You must not bring G * * against me, nor a much greater man, Burns, because the one was a cobbler, and the other a ploughman: for, reading their verses we never think of the poet; no, we only are intent upon and admire the poetry, which would have delighted us had it been written by Dryden, or Gay, or any other great name. In the other case, we ought to content ourselves with saying, ‘There goes a wonderful cobbler.’ It is folly and falsehood to say, ‘Look at that poet, he was a cobbler once.’ It is very true that he was a cobbler once; but it is not true that he is a poet now. Shall I tell you, however, to what the reputation of these sort of men is owing? Doubtless it is

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to the vanity of those who choose to set up for patrons, and who, because men of sense and character would scorn their protection, look out for little sparklings of talent in the depth and darkness of cellars, and stalls, and, having popped upon something to their mind, stamp it with their own seal of merit to pass current with the world. You know a man of true genius will not suffer himself to be patronized ; but a patron is the life and soul and existence of your surprising fellows. The only legitimate patron is the respectable bookseller, and he will not take a cobbler's verses, unless they are brought to him by some Mæcenas who will promise to run all risks.»

LETTER XXXV.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Volage Frigate, at Sea, June 28th, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

AFTER two years' absence (to a day, on the 2d of July, before which we shall not arrive at Portsmouth,) I am retracing my way to England. I have, as you know, spent the greater part of that period in Turkey, except two months in Spain and Portugal, which were then accessible. I have seen every thing most remarkable in Turkey, particularly the Troad, Greece, Constantinople, and Albania, into which last region very few have penetrated so high as Hobhouse and myself. I don't know that I have done any thing to distinguish me from other voyagers, unless you will

reckon my swimming from Sestos to Abydos, on May 3d, 1810, a tolerable feat for a *modern*.

I am coming back with little prospect of pleasure at home, and with a body a little shaken by one or two smart fevers, but a spirit I hope yet unbroken. My affairs, it seems, are considerably involved, and much business must be done with lawyers, colliers, farmers, and creditors. Now this to a man who hates bustle as he hates a bishop, is a serious concern. But enough of my home department.

I find I have been scolding Cawthorn without a cause, as I found two parcels with two letters from you on my return to Malta. By these it appears you have not received a letter from Constantinople, addressed to Longman's, but it was of no consequence.

My Satire it seems is in a fourth edition, a success rather above the middling run, but not much for a production which, from its topics, must be temporary, and of course be successful at first,

or not at all. At this period, when I can think and act more coolly, I regret that I have written it, though I shall probably find it forgotten by all except those whom it has offended. My friend * * 's Miscellany has not succeeded, but he himself writes so good-humouredly on the subject, I don't know whether to laugh or cry with him. He met with your son at Cadiz, of whom he speaks highly.

Your's and Pratt's protégé, Blackett the cobbler, is dead, in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you : had it not been for his patrons he might now have been in very good plight, shoe- (not verse-) making : but you have made him immortal with a vengeance. I write this, supposing poetry, patronage, and strong waters to have been the death of him. If you are in town in or about the beginning of July, you will find me at Dorant's, in Albemarle-street, glad to see you. I have an imitation of *Horace's Art of Poetry* ready for Cawthorn, but don't let

that deter you, for I shan't inflict it upon you. You know I never read my rhymes to visitors. I shall quit town in a few days for Notts, and thence to Rochdale. I shall send this the moment we arrive in harbour, that is a week hence.

Yours ever sincerely,

BYRON.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstables, July 13th, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CALLED this morning at Reddish's Hotel, with the hope of hearing something of you, since which your letter, written at sea, has been delivered to me. On Monday I trust I shall have the pleasure of welcoming you in person back to England. I hope you will find more pleasure in it than you seem to promise yourself. I pity you indeed for the bustle that awaits you in the arrangement of your affairs. I wish to heaven you would allow me to recommend to you a gentleman whom I have long known; a man of the strictest honour; a man of business; and one of

the best accountants in the kingdom. He would, I am confident, save you a world of trouble and a world of money. I know how much he has done for others, who, but for him, would have been destroyed by the harpies of extortion. I will tell you more of him when we meet, unless you should think I have already taken sufficient liberty, in which case I should only beg you to forget it for the sake of my intention. I rejoice to hear that you are prepared for the press. I hope to have you in *prose* as well as verse by and by. You will find your Satire not forgotten by the public ; it is going fast through its fourth edition, and I cannot call that a *middling run*. Some letters have passed between Hobhouse and me. His account of my son was truly gratifying to me. He is a fortunate lad. I wish you had touched at Cadiz in your way home. George Byron and he, I find, are in correspondence.

Your ever attached and faithful

R. C. DALLAS.

Written in haste on account of an engagement.

On the 15th of July I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him at Reddish's Hotel in St James's-street. I thought his looks belied the report he had given me of his bodily health, and his countenance did not betoken melancholy, or displeasure at his return. He was very animated in the account of his travels, but assured me he had never had the least idea of writing them. He said he believed satire to be his *forte*, and to that he had adhered, having written, during his stay at different places abroad, a paraphrase of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, which would be a good finish to English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. He seemed to promise himself additional fame from it, and I undertook to superintend its publication, as I had done that of the Satire. I had chosen the hour ill for my visit, and we had hardly any time to converse uninterruptedly, he therefore engaged me to breakfast with him the next morning. In the mean time I looked over the paraphrase, which I had taken home with me, and I must say I was grievously disappointed. Not that the verse was bad, or the images of the Roman poet badly adapted to the times; but a

muse much inferior to his might have produced them in the smoky atmosphere of London, whereas he had been roaming under the cloudless skies of Greece, on sites where every step he took might have set such a fancy as his "in fine frenzies rolling." But the poem was his, and the affection he had acquired in my heart was undiminished.

The following lines are inserted as a fair specimen of it. It began thus :

" Who would not laugh, if LAWRENCE, hired to grace
His costly canvass with each flatter'd face,
Abused his art, till Nature with a blush
Saw Cits grow Centaurs underneath his brush?
Or should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail;
Or low D**** (as once the world has seen)
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen—
Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.
Believe me, MOSCHUS, like that picture seems
The book which, sillier than a sick man's dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artists know,
 May shoot a little with a lengthen'd bow;
 We claim this mutual mercy for our task,
 And grant in turn the pardon which we ask :
 But make not monsters spring from gentle dams—
 Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not lambs.

A labour'd long exordium sometimes tends
 (Like patriot speeches) but to paltry ends ;
 And nonsense in a lofty note goes down,
 As pertness passes with a legal gown :
 Thus many a bard describes in pompous strain
 The clear brook babbling through the goodly plain ;
 The groves of Granta and her Gothic halls,
 King's coll.—Cam's stream, stain'd windows, and old walls ;
 Or in advent'rous numbers neatly aims
 To paint a rainbow or—the river Thames.¹

You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may shine ;
 But daub a shipwreck like an alehouse sign :
 Why place a VASE, which dwindling to a Pot,
 You glide down Grub-street, fasting and forgot ?
 Laughed into Lethe by some quaint review
 Whose wit is never troublesome—till true.

¹ " Where pure description holds the place of sense."

In fine, to whatsoever you aspire,
Let it at least be simple and entire.
The greater portion of the rhyming tribe
(Give ear, my friend, for thou hast been a scribe)
Are led astray by some peculiar lure :
I labour to be brief—become obscure :
One feeds while following elegance too fast ;
Another soars—inflated with bombast :
Too low a third crawls on—afraid to fly,
He spins his subject to satiety ;
Absurdly varying, he at last engraves
Fish in the woods, and boars beneath the waves !

Unless your care's exact, your judgment nice,
The flight from folly leads but into vice :
None are complete, all wanting in some part,
Like certain tailors, limited in art—
For coat and waistcoat Slowshears is your man ;
But breeches claim another artisan :¹

¹ Mere common mortals were commonly content with one tailor and one bill ; but the more finished gentlemen found it impossible to confide their lower garments to the makers of their body clothes. I speak of the beginning of 1809 ; what reform may have since taken place I neither know nor desire to know.

Now this to me, I own, seems much the same
As Vulcan's feet to bear Apollo's frame ;
Or, with a fair complexion to expose
Black eyes, black ringlets, and a bottle nose !

Dear authors ! suit your topics to your strength,
And ponder well your subject and its length ;
Nor lift your load until you're quite aware
What weight your shoulders will or will not bear :
But lucid Order and Wit's siren voice
Await the poet skilful in his choice ;
With native eloquence he soars along,
Grace in his thoughts, and music in his song.—
Let judgment teach him wisely to combine
With future parts the now omitted line :
This shall the author choose, or that reject,
Precise in style, and cautious to select.

Nor slight applause will candid pens afford
The dext'rous coiner of a *wanting* word.
Then fear not, if 'tis needful, to produce
Some term unknown, or obsolete in use :
As PITT¹ has furnished us a word or two,
Which lexicographers declined to do ;

¹ Mr Pitt was liberal in his additions to our Parliamentary Tongue, as may be seen in many publications, particularly the Edinburgh Review.

So you indeed with care (but be content
To take this license rarely) may invent.

New words find credit in these latter days,
Adroitly grafted on a Gallic phrase ;
What CHAUCER, SPENCER did, we scarce refuse
To DRYDEN's, or to POPE's maturer muse.
If you can add a little, say, why not,
As well as WILLIAM PITT, and WALTER SCOTT?
Since they, by force of rhyme and force of lungs,
Enriched our island's ill-united tongues,
'Tis then—and shall be—lawful to present
Reforms in writing, as in Parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions, which in season please ;
And we and ours, alas! are due to fate,
And works and words but dwindle to a date—
Though, as a monarch nods, and commerce calls,
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals ;
Though, swamps subdued and marshes dried sustain
The heavy ploughshare, and the yellow grain ;
And rising ports along the busy shore
Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar ;
All, all must perish—but, surviving last,
The love of letters half preserves the past :

Thus future years dead volumes shall revive,
 And those shall sink which now appear to thrive;¹
 As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
 Our life and language must alike obey.
 The immortal wars which Gods and angels wage,
 Are they not shown in Milton's sacred page?
 His strain will teach what numbers best belong
 To themes celestial told in epic song.

The slow sad stanza will correctly paint
 The lover's anguish, or the friend's complaint;
 But which deserves the laurel—rhyme—or blank?
 Which holds on Helicon the higher rank?
 Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
 This point, as puzzling as a chancery suit.

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.
 You doubt—see DRYDEN, POPE, ST PATRICK'S DEAN.²

¹ Old ballads, old plays, and old women's stories, are at present in as much request as old wine or newspapers: in fact, this is the millennium of black-letter; thanks to our WEBBERS and SCOTTS!

² M'Flecknoe, much of the Dunciad, and all SWIFT's lampooning ballads.

Blank verse is now with one consent allied
 To tragedy, and rarely quits her side :
 Though mad Almanzor rhymed in DAYDEN's days,
 No sing-song hero rants in modern plays ;
 While modest comedy her verse forgoes,
 To jest and *pun*¹ in very middling prose :
 Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse,
 Or lose one point, because they wrote in verse ;
 But so THALIA ventures to appear—
 Poor Virgin ! damned some twenty times a-year.

* * * * *

'Tis hard to venture where our betters fail,
 Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale.
 And yet perchance 'tis wiser to prefer
 A hackney'd plot, than choose a new, and err.
 Yet copy not too closely, but record
 More justly thought for thought, than word for word ;
 Nor trace your prototype through narrow ways,
 But only follow where he merits praise.
 For you, young bard, whom luckless fate may lead
 To tremble on the nod of all who read,

¹ With all the vulgar applause and critical abhorrence of *puns*, they have ARISTOTLE on their side, who permits them to orators, and gives them consequence by a grave disquisition.

Ere your first score of cantos time unrolls,
Beware—for God's sake don't begin like *BOWLES* !¹

¹ About two years ago, a young man, named *TOWSEND*, was announced by Mr *CUMBERLAND* (in a review since deceased) as being engaged in an epic poem to be entitled "*Armageddon*." The plan and specimen promise much; but I hope neither to offend Mr T. or his friends, by recommending to his attention the lines of Horace to which these rhymes allude. If Mr T. succeeds in his undertaking, as there is reason to hope, how much will the world be indebted to Mr *CUMBERLAND* for bringing him before the public. But till that eventful day arrives, it may be doubted whether the premature display of his plan (sublime as the ideas confessedly are) has not, by raising expectation too high, or diminishing curiosity by developing his argument, rather incurred the hazard of injuring Mr T.'s future prospects. Mr *CUMBERLAND* (whose talents I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my praise) and Mr T. must not suppose me actuated by unworthy motives in this suggestion. I wish the author all the success he can wish himself, and shall be truly happy to see epic poetry weighed up from the bathos where it lies sunken with Southey, Cottle, Cowley, (Mrs or Abraham) Ogilvy, Wilkie, Page, and all the "dull of past and present days." Even if he is not a *Milton*, he may be better than a *Blackmore*; if not a *Homer*, an *Antimachus*. I should deem myself

«Awake a louder and a loftier strain»—
And pray—what follows from his boiling brain?
He sinks to SOUTHER's level in a trice,
Whose epic mountains never fail in mice.
Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire
The tempered warblings of his master lyre:
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
«Of man's first disobedience and the fruit»
He speaks, but as his subject swells along,
Earth, heav'n, and hades echo with the song.
Still to the midst of things he hastens on,
As if we witnessed all already done;

presumptuous, as a young man, in offering advice, were it not addressed to one still younger. Mr T. has the greatest difficulties to encounter; but in conquering them he will find employment—in having conquered them, his reward. I know too well «the scribbler's scoff, the critic's contumely,» and I am afraid time will teach Mr T. to know them better. Those who succeed and those who do not must bear this alike, and it is hard to say which have most of it. I trust that Mr TOWNSEND's share will be from *envy*; he will soon know mankind well enough not to attribute this expression to malice.

The above note was written before the author was apprized of Mr CUMBERLAND's death.

Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean
To raise the subject or adorn the scene,
Gives, as each page improves upon the sight,
Not smoke from brightness, but from darkness light,
And truth and fiction with such art compounds,
We know not where to fix their several bounds.

In not disparaging this poem, however, next day, I could not refrain from expressing some surprise that he had written nothing else; upon which he told me that he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries he had visited. "They are not worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you if you like." So came I by *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. He took it from a small trunk, with a number of verses. He said they had been read but by one person, who had found very little to commend and much to condemn: that he himself was of that opinion, and he was sure I should be so too. Such as it was, however, it was at my service: but he was urgent that "The Hints from Horace" should be immediately put in train, which I pro-

mised to have done. How much he was mistaken as to my opinion, the following letter shows. He was going next morning to Harrow for a few days, but I was so delighted with his poem that I could not refrain from writing to him that very evening.

LETTER XXXVII.

To LORD BYRON.

July 16th, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

You have written one of the most delightful poems I ever read. If I wrote this in flattery, I should deserve your contempt rather than your friendship. Remember, I depend upon your considering me superior to it. I have been so fascinated with Childe Harold, that I have not been able to lay it down. I would almost pledge my life on its advancing the reputation of your poetical powers, and of its gaining you great honour and regard, if you will do me the credit and favour of attending to my suggestions respecting some alterations and omissions which I think indispensable. Not a line do I mean to offer. I already know

your sentiment on that point—all shall be your own; but in having the magnanimity to sacrifice some favourite stanzas, you will perhaps have a little trouble, though indeed but a little, in connecting the parts. I shall instantly put the poem into my nephew's hands to copy it precisely, and I hope on Friday or Saturday morning to take my breakfast with you, as I did this morning. It is long since I spent two hours so agreeably—not only your kind expressions as to myself, but the marked temperance of your mind gave me extreme pleasure.

I am, with the warmest attachment,

My dear Lord,

Yours most faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

Attentive as he had hitherto been to my opinions and suggestions, and natural as it was that he should be swayed by such decided praise, I

was surprised to find that I could not at first obtain credit with Lord Byron for my judgment on Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. "It was any thing but poetry—it had been condemned by a good critic—had I not myself seen the sentences on the margins of the manuscript?" He dwelt upon the paraphrase of the Art of Poetry with pleasure, and the manuscript of that was given to Cawthorn, the publisher of the Satire, to be brought forth without delay. I did not, however, leave him so : before I quitted him I returned to the charge, and told him that I was so convinced of the merit of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, that, as he had given it to me, I should certainly publish it, if he would have the kindness to attend to some corrections and alterations.

He at length seemed impressed by my perseverance, and took the poem into consideration. He was at first unwilling to alter or omit any of the stanzas, but they could not be published as they stood. Besides several weak and ludicrous passages, unworthy of the work, there were some

of an offensive nature, which, on reflection, his own feelings convinced him could not with propriety be allowed to go into the world. These he undertook to curtail and soften, but he persisted in preserving his philosophical, free-thinking stanzas relative to death. I had much friendly, but unsuccessful contest with him on that point, and I was obliged to be satisfied with the hypothetical but most beautiful stanza—

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore, etc.

which in the course of our contention he sent me, to be inserted after the sceptical stanzas in the beginning of the Second Canto. He also sacrificed to me some harsh political reflections on the Government, and a ludicrous stanza or two which I thought injured the poem. I did all I could to raise his opinion of this composition, and I succeeded; but he varied much in his feelings about it, nor was he, as will appear, at his ease until the world decided on its merit. He said again and again that I was going to get him

into a scrape with his old enemies, and that none of them would rejoice more than the Edinburgh Reviewers at an opportunity to humble him. He said I must not put his name to it. I entreated him to leave it to me, and that I would answer for this poem silencing all his enemies.

The publication of it being determined upon, my first thought respecting a publisher was to give it to Cawthorn, as it appeared to me right that he should have it who had done so well with the poet's former work: but Cawthorn did not then rank high among the brethren of the trade. I found that this had been instilled into Lord Byron's ear since his return to England, probably at Harrow. I was sorry for it, for instead of looking for fashionable booksellers, he should have done as Pope did, make his bookseller the most fashionable one, and this he could easily have done. He thought more modestly of himself, and said he wished I would offer it to Miller, of Albemarle-street. "Cawthorn had *The Hints from Horace*—he always meant them for him, and the *Poems* had better be published by different booksellers." I could not accord in the

opinion, but I yielded of course to his wish. It was but a step ; I carried it up to Miller, and left it with him, enjoining him the strictest secrecy as to the author.—In a few days, by appointment, I called again to know his decision. He declined publishing it. He noticed all my objections, his critic had pointed them out ; but his chief objection he stated to be the manner in which Lord Elgin was treated in the poem. He was his bookseller and publisher. When I reported this to Lord Byron, his scruples and apprehensions of injuring his fame returned ; but I overcame them, and he gave me leave to publish with whom I pleased, requesting me only to keep in mind what he had said as to Cawthorn, and also the refusal of Longman's house to publish his Satire. Next to these I wished to oblige Mr Murray, who had then a shop opposite St Dunstan's church, in Fleet-street. Both he and his father before him had published for myself. He had expressed to me his regret that I did not carry him the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. But this was after its success—I think he would have refused it in its embryo state. After Lord Byron's arrival I had met him, and he said he

wished I would obtain some work of his for him. I now had it in my power, and I put Childe Harold's Pilgrimage into his hands, telling him that Lord Byron had made me a present of it, and that I expected that he would make a very liberal agreement with me for it. He took some days to consider, during which time he consulted his literary advisers, among whom, no doubt, was Mr Gifford, who was the editor of the Quarterly Review, belonging to him. That Mr Gifford gave a favourable opinion I afterwards learned from Mr Murray himself, but the objections I have stated stared him in the face, and he was kept in suspense between the desire of possessing a work of Lord Byron's and the fear of an unsuccessful speculation. We came to this conclusion; that he should print, at his expense, a handsome quarto edition, the profits of which I should share equally with him, and that the agreement for the copyright should depend upon the success of this edition. When I told this to Lord Byron he was highly pleased, but still doubted the copyright being worth my acceptance; promising, however, if the poem went through the edition, to

give me other poems to annex to Childe Harold. These preliminaries being settled, I persisted in my attacks on the objectionable parts of this delightful work, now formally become mine. He wrote an introductory stanza, for the second originally stood first, polished some lines, and became in general far more condescending and compliant than I ever flattered myself I should find him; which I attributed to his clearly perceiving how sincerely I loved him. Finding that I could gain nothing in respect to the sceptical stanzas, the conciliatory one I have already mentioned not having been written at that time, I drew up a regular *protest* against them, and enclosed it to him in a short letter just before he left town, which, though always intended to be soon, he did at last, very suddenly, in consequence of an express from Newstead Abbey, by which he was informed that his mother's life was despaired of, and urged to lose no time in coming to the Abbey. He instantly set off post with four horses, but, alas! she did not live to embrace him.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstables, July 29th, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

WITHIN is my formal *protest* against the sceptical stanzas of your poem. You have seen no symptoms of a puritan in me ; I have seen none of a scoffer in you.—You, I know, can endure my sincerity ; I should be sorry if I could not appreciate yours. You have the uncommon virtue of not being anxious to make others think as you do on religious topics ; I, less disinterested, have the greatest desire, not without great hope, that you may one day think as I do.

Ever faithfully yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

ENCLOSURE.

THE PROTEST OF R. C. DALLAS AGAINST CERTAIN SCEPTICAL STANZAS IN THE POEM ENTITLED CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Dissentient—

BECAUSE—Although among feeble and corrupt men religions may take their turn ; although Jupiter and Mahomet, and error after error may enter the brain of misguided mortals, it does not follow that there is not a true religion, or that the incense of the heart ascends in vain, or that the faith of a Christian is built on reeds.

Because—Although bound for a term to the earth, it is natural to hope, and rational to expect existence in another world ; since, if it be not so, the noblest attributes of God, justice and goodness, must be subtracted from our ideas of the great Creator ; and although our senses make us acquainted with the chemical decomposition of

our bodies, it does not follow that he who has power to create has not power to raise, or that he who had the will to give life and hope of immortality, has not the will to fulfil his virtual, not to say actual promise.

Because—Although a skull well affords a subject for moralizing; although in its worm-eaten, worm-disdained state, it is so far from being a temple worthy of a God, that it is unworthy of the creature whom it once served as the recess of wisdom and of wit; and although no saint, sage, or sophist can refit it, it does not follow that God's power is limited, or that what is sown in corruption may not be raised in incorruption, that what is sown a natural body may not be raised a spiritual body.

Because—The same authority, Socrates, cited to prove how unequal the human intellect is to fathom the designs of Omniscience and Omnipotence, is one of the strongest in favour of the immortality of the soul.

Because—Although there is good sense and a kind intention expressed in these words :—
“ I am no sneerer at thy phantasy,” “ Thou pitiest me; alas! I envy thee,”—and “ I ask thee not to prove a Saducee.” Yet the intention is counteracted by the sentiments avowed, and the example published, by which the young and the wavering may be detained in the wretchedness of doubt, or confirmed in the despair of unbelief.

Because—I think of the author of the poem as Pope did of Garth, of whom he said, “ Garth is a Christian, and does not know it.” Consequently, I think that he will, one day, be sorry for publishing such opinions.

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER XXXIX.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, Notts, August 12th, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

PEACE be with the dead! Regret cannot wake them. With a sigh to the departed, let us resume the dull business of life, in the certainty that we also shall have our repose. Besides her who gave me being, I have lost more than one who made that being tolerable.—The best friend of my friend Hobhouse, M**, a man of the first talents, and also not the worst of my narrow circle, has perished miserably in the muddy waves of the Cam, always fatal to genius :—my

poor school-fellow Wingfield, at Coimbra—with-
in a month; and whilst I had heard from *all three*,
but not seen *one*. M** wrote to me the very day
before his death, and though I feel for his fate, I
am still more anxious for Hobhouse, who, I very
much fear, will hardly retain his senses; his letters
to me since the event have been most incoherent.
But let this pass—we shall all one day pass along
with the rest—the world is too full of such things,
and our very sorrow is selfish.

I received a letter from you, which my late
occupations prevented me from duly noticing,
—I hope your friends and family will long hold
together.—I shall be glad to hear from you, on
business, on common-place, or any thing, or
nothing—but death—I am already too familiar
with the dead. It is strange that I look on the
skulls which stand beside me (—I have always
had *four* in my study—) without emotion, but
I cannot strip the features of those I have known
of their fleshy covering, even in idea, without a
hideous sensation; but the worms are less cere-

monious.—Surely the Romans did well when they burned the dead.—I shall be happy to hear from you, and am

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

LETTER XL.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstables, August 18th, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

ON my return home last night I received your letter, which renewed in my mind some of the most painful ideas which for many years accompanied me, or took place of all others; which, in spite of philosophy, and, yes my Lord, in spite of religion, rendered my life wretched; and which time, in bringing me nearer to eternity, has softened to such a degree that they are now far from being painful. But you deprecate the subject, and I will not enlarge upon it, though one I take some delight in. You have indeed had enough within a very short time to make you prefer any

other: yet I must not lose the opportunity of saying once more, what I imagine may have been said a thousand times before, that is, how cruel a present is a reflecting mind, if all existence terminates with life! I feel much for your friend Hobhouse. I supposed him embarked for Ireland, *en militaire*, at the time that I saw the account of Mr M**'s fate in the papers. Resignation, I must own, is a difficult virtue when the heart is deeply affected—at the same time it is the part of every man of sense to cultivate it, and to be indebted for it rather to his reason, or his religion, than to the influence of time. I condemn myself, perhaps, but the argument may be of service to strong and active minds. With respect to your friend Wingfield, it must be some consolation to you to have consecrated his memory in the stanzas you have since inserted in your poem; and if there should be a meeting hereafter, as alluded to by the half-hoping stanza which you have added, let me flatter myself, to please me, the pleasure with him will not be a little heightened by that memorial.

The funeral pile, the ashes preserved by the asbestos and inurned, are circumstances more pleasing to the imagination than a box, a hole, and worms; but when the vivifying principle has ceased to act, let me say, when the soul is separated from the chemical elements which constitute body, Reason says it is of little importance what becomes of them. Even in burning, we cannot save all the body from mixing with other natures: by the flames much is carried off into the atmosphere, and falls again to the earth to fertilize it, and sustain worms. Nay, in the entombed box perhaps the dust is at last more purely preserved; for though in the course of decomposition it gives a temporary existence to a loathsome creature, yet, in time, the riotous worm dies too, and gives back to the mass of dust the share of substance which it borrowed for its own form. I am afraid this language borders on the subject I meant to avoid. To something more like business then. I have seen Mr Murray again—he begs to have your name in the title-page of the poem, particularly if it is

printed in quarto. He says it will make a great difference in the circulation at first. I am clear your poetical fame runs no risk, and so far I am an advocate for your putting your name to it. With respect to certain passages, you have already had my protest; and though I think them considerably softened down by the additional stanza, yet is that stanza couched in hypothetical terms. Pray let me know your decision with respect to giving your name as soon as you can, as Mr Murray waits for it before he determines on the quarto or octavo form. I have been reading the remains of Kirke White. He does not, in my opinion, merit the very high praise you have bestowed upon him. I willingly, however, give him every merit but that of superior genius—he is moral, pious, industrious, a scholar, and possesses talents, but he is not a first-rate poet. Do you mean to come back soon to town? In the mean time I shall be happy to do any thing for you which does not need your own presence.

Believe me ever, my dear Lord,

Yours most faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER XLI.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead, August 21st, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter gives me credit for more acute feelings than I possess; for though I feel tolerably miserable, yet I am at the same time subject to a kind of hysterical merriment, or rather laughter without merriment, which I can neither account for nor conquer, and yet I do not feel relieved by it; but an indifferent person would think me in excellent spirits. "We must forget these things," and have recourse to our old selfish comforts, or rather comfortable selfishness. I do not think I shall return to London immediately, and shall therefore accept freely what is

offered courteously, your mediation between me and Murray. I don't think my name will answer the purpose, and you must be aware that my plaguy Satire will bring the North and South Grub-streets down upon the "Pilgrimage;"—but, nevertheless, if Murray makes a point of it, and you coincide with him, I will do it daringly; so let it be entitled, "by the Author of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." My remarks on the Romaic, etc. once intended to accompany the "Hints from Horace," shall go along with the other, as being indeed more appropriate; also the smaller poems now in my possession, with a few selected from those published in H**'s Miscellany. I have found amongst my poor mother's papers all my letters from the East, and one in particular of some length from Albania. From this, if necessary, I can work up a note or two on that subject. As I kept no journal, the letters written on the spot are the best. But of this anon, when we have definitively arranged. Has Murray shown the work to any one? He may—but I will have no traps for applause. Of course there are little things I would wish to

alter; and perhaps the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday, are as well left out. I much wish to avoid identifying Childe Harold's character with mine, and that in sooth is my second objection to my name appearing in the title-page. When you have made arrangements as to time, size, type, etc. favour me with a reply. I am giving you a universe of trouble, which thanks cannot atone for. I made a kind of prose apology for my scepticism at the head of the MS., which, on recollection, is so much more like an attack than a defence, that haply it might better be omitted. Perpend, pronounce. After all, I fear Murray will be in a scrape with the Orthodox; but I cannot help it, though I wish him well through it. As for me, "I have supped full of criticism," and I don't think that the "most dismal treatise" will stir and rouse my "fell of hair" till "Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane."

I shall continue to write at intervals, and hope you will pay me in kind. How does Pratt get on, or rather get off Joe Blackett's posthumous stock? You killed that poor man amongst you, in spite of your Ionian friend and myself, who would

have saved him from Pratt, poetry, present poverty, and posthumous oblivion. Cruel patronage! to ruin a man at his calling; but then he is a divine subject for subscription and biography; and Pratt, who makes the most of his dedications, has inscribed the volume to no less than five families of distinction.

I am sorry you don't like Harry White; with a great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and rhymes; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Lofft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade. You must excuse my flippancy, for I am writing I know not what, to escape from myself. Hobhouse is gone to Ireland: Mr D** has been here on his way to Harrowgate. You did not know M**; he was a man of the most astonishing powers, as he sufficiently proved at Cambridge, by carrying off more prizes and fellowships, against the

ablest candidates, than any other graduate on record ; but a most decided Atheist, indeed noxiously so, for he proclaimed his principles in all societies. I knew him well, and feel a loss not easily to be supplied to myself—to Hobhouse never. Let me hear from you, and believe me

Always yours,

BYRON.

LETTER XLII.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, August 25th, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

BEING fortunately enabled to frank, I do not spare scribbling, having sent you packets within the last ten days. I am passing solitary, and do not expect my agent to accompany me to Rochdale before the second week in September, a delay which perplexes me, as I wish the business over, and should at present welcome employment. I sent you exordiums, annotations, etc., for the forthcoming quarto, if quarto it is to be; and I also have written to Mr. Murray my objection to sending the MS. to Juvenal, but allowing him to show it to any others of the calling. Hob-

house is amongst the types already; so, between his prose and my verse, the world will be decently drawn upon for its paper-money and patience. Besides all this, my «Imitation of Horace» is gasping for the press at Cawthorn's, but I am hesitating as to the *how* and the *when*, the single or the double, the present or the future. You must excuse all this, for I have nothing to say in this lone mansion but of myself, and yet I would willingly talk or think of aught else. What are you about to do? Do you think of perching in Cumberland, as you opined when I was in the metropolis? If you mean to retire, why not occupy Miss ***'s «Cottage of Friendship,» late the seat of Cobbler Joe, for whose death you and others are answerable? His «Orphan Daughter» (pathetic Pratt!), will, certes, turn out a shoe-making Sappho. Have you no remorse? I think that elegant address to Miss Dallas should be inscribed on the cenotaph which Miss *** means to stitch to his memory. The newspapers seem much disappointed at his Majesty's not dying, or doing something better. I presume it is almost over. If Parliament meets

in October, I shall be in town to attend. I am also invited to Cambridge for the beginning of that month, but am first to jaunt to Rochdale. Now M * * is gone, and Hobhouse in Ireland, I have hardly one left there to bid me welcome, except my inviter. At three and twenty I am left alone, and what more can we be at seventy? It is true, I am young enough to begin again, but with whom can I retrace the laughing part of life? It is odd how few of my friends have died a quiet death; I mean in their beds. But a quiet life is of more consequence. Yet one loves squabbling and jostling better than yawning. This *last word* admonishes me to relieve you from

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER XLIII.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, Aug. 27th, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WAS so sincere in my note on the late C** M**, and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents, that the passage must stand for the very reason you bring against it.¹ To him all the men I ever knew were pigmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved W. better; he was the earliest and the dearest,

¹ I do not remember the objection I made; at that period I sometimes wrote my opinions of the notes and alterations he sent me, when I had not time to copy what I wrote.

and one of the few one could never repent of having loved: but, in ability—ah! you did not know M**!

“Childe Harold” may wait and welcome—books are never the worse for delay in the publication. So you have got our heir, George Anson Byron, and his sister, with you.

* * * * *

You may say what you please, but you are one of the *murderers* of Blackett, and yet you won't allow Harry White's genius. Setting aside his bigotry, he surely ranks next Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man, till his death rendered all notice useless. For my own part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance: his very prejudices were respectable. There is a sucking epic poet at Granta, a Mr Townsend, protégé of the late Cumberland. Did you ever hear of him and his

"Armageddon?" I think his plan (the man I don't know) borders on the sublime; though, perhaps, the anticipation of the "Last Day," (according to you Nazarenes) is a little too daring: at least, it looks like telling the Lord what he is to do, and might remind an ill-natured person of the line

"And fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

But I don't mean to cavil, only other folks will, and he may bring all the lambs of Jacob Behmen about his ears. However, I hope he will bring it to a conclusion, though Milton is in his way.

Write to me, I dote on gossip—and make a bow to Ju— and shake George by the hand for me; but, take care, for he has a sad sea paw.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P.S.—I would ask George here, but I don't know how to amuse him—all my horses were

sold when I left England, and I have not had time to replace them. Nevertheless, if he will come down and shoot in September, he will be very welcome; but he must bring a gun, for I gave away all mine to Ali Pacha, and other Turks. Dogs, a keeper, and plenty of game, with a very large manor, I have—a lake, a boat, house-room, and *neat wines*.

LETTER XLIV.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, September 4th, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM at present anxious, as Cawthorn seems to wish it, to have a small edition of the "Hints from Horace" published immediately; but the latin (the most difficult poem in the language) renders it necessary to be very particular not only in correcting the proofs with Horace open, but in adapting the parallel passages of the imitation in such places to the original as may enable the reader not to lose sight of the allusion. I don't know whether I ought to ask you to do this, but I am too far off to do it for myself; and if you can condescend to my school-boy erudi-

tion, you will oblige me by setting this thing going, though you will smile at the importance I attach to it.

Believe me, ever yours,

BYRON.

LETTER XLV.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstables, September 5th, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

I saw Murray yesterday—if he has adhered to his intention, you will receive a proof of “Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage” before this letter. I am delighted with its appearance. Allowing you to be susceptible of the pleasure of genuine praise, you would have had a fine treat could you have been in the room, with the ring of Gyges on your finger, while we were discussing the publication of the poem; not, perhaps, from what I or Mr Murray said, but from what he reported to have been said by *Aristarchus*, into whose hands the “Childe” had somehow fallen between the time

of Murray's absence and return; at least, so sayeth the latter. This happening unknown to you, and indeed, contrary to your intention, removes every idea of courting applause: but it is not a little gratifying to *me* to know that what struck me on the first perusal to be admirable, has also forcibly struck Mr Gifford. Of your Satire he spoke highly; but this poem he pronounces not only the best you have written, but equal to any of the present age, allowing however for its being unfinished, which he regrets. Murray assured me that he expressed himself very warmly. With the *fiat* of such a judge will not your Muse be kindled to the completion of a work that would, if completed, irrevocably fix your fame? In your short preface you talk of adding concluding Cantos, if encouraged by public approbation: this is no longer necessary, for if Gifford approve, who shall disapprove? In my last I begged you to devote some of your time to finishing this poem, which I am proud of having instigated you to give precedence before your "Horatian Hints." I may now repeat my request with tenfold weight. You have ample time, for this is

not the season for publishing, and it will be all the better for proceeding slowly through the press. How pleasantly then may you overtake yourself; and, with some little sacrifices of opinion, give the world a work that shall delight it, and at once set at defiance the swarm of waspish curs that take pleasure in barking at you. As for the subject, it will grow under your hands. Your letters to your mother will bring recollections not only for notes but for the verse. Greece is a never-failing stream—then the voyage home, the approach to England, the death (for the not identifying yourself with the travelling Childe is a wish not possible to realize) of friends, and particularly of your mother, before you saw her; lastly, the scenes on your return to the “vast and venerable pile,” with the Childe’s resolution of taking his part earnestly in that assembly where his birth, by giving him a place, calls upon him to devote his time and talents to the good of his country. My eagerness carries me perhaps too far. I would give any thing to see you shining at once as a poet and a legislator. With respect to the sacrifice of opinion, I must explain

myself—I am neither so absurd nor so indelicate as to express a wish that a man of understanding should profess aught that is not supported by his own convictions: but, not to proclaim loudly opinions by which general feelings are harrowed, and which cannot possibly be attended with any good to the proclaimer, on the contrary, most likely with much injury, is not only compatible with the best understanding, but is in some measure the result of it. Mr Murray thinks that your sceptical stanzas will injure the circulation of your work. I will not dissemble that I am *not* of his opinion—I suspect that it will rather sell the better for them: but I am of opinion, my dear Lord Byron, that they will hurt *you*; that they will prove new stumbling-blocks in your road of life. At three and twenty, oh! deign to court, what you may most honourably court, the general suffrage of your country. It is a pleasure that will travel with you through the long portion of life you have now before you. It is not subject to that satiety which so frequently attends most other pleasures. Live you must, and many many years, and that suffrage would

be nectar and ambrosia to your mind for all the time you live. To gain it you have little more to do than show that you wish it, and to abstain from outraging the sentiments, prepossessions, or, if you will, prejudice of those who form the generally estimable part of the community. *Your boyhood* has been marked with some eccentricities, but at three and twenty what may you not do? Your poem, when I first read it, and it is the same now, appeared to me an inspiration to draw forth a glorious finish. Yield a little to gain a great deal. What a foundation may you now lay for lasting fame, and love, and honour! What jewels to have in your grasp! I beseech you seize the opportunity. I am glad you have agreed to appear in the title page. It is impossible to remain an instant unknown as the author, or to separate the Pilgrim from the Traveller. This being the case, I am convinced that your name alone is far preferable to giving it under your description as "the Author of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" because, in the first place, your rank dignifies the page, whilst the execution of the work reflects no

common lustre on your rank ; and, in the next place, you avoid appearing to challenge your old foes, which you would be considered as doing, by announcing the author as their Satirist ; and certainly your best defiance of them in future will be never to notice either their censure or their praise. You will observe that the introductory stanza which you sent me is not printed ; Mr Murray had not received it when this sheet was printed as a specimen : it will be easily put into its place. As you read *the proofs*, you will perhaps find a line here and there which wants polishing, and a word which may be advantageously changed. If any strike me, I shall, without hesitation, point them out for your consideration. In page 7, four lines from the bottom,

« Yet deem *him* not from this *with* breast of steel,»

is not only rough to the ear, but the phrase appears to me inaccurate : the change of *him* to *ye*, and *with* to *his* might set it right. In the last line of the following stanza, page 8, you use the word *central* ; I doubt whether even poetical li-

cence will authorize your extending the idea of your proposed voyage to seas beyond the equator, when the poem no where shows that you had it in contemplation to cross, or even approach, within many degrees, the *summer tropic line*. I am not sure, however, that this is not hypercriticism, and it is almost a pity to alter so beautiful a line.¹ I believe I told you that my friend WALLER WRIGHT wrote an ode for the Duke of Gloucester's installation, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Some of the leading men of Granta have had it printed at the University Press. He has given me two copies, and begs I will make one of them acceptable to you, only observing that the motto was not of his choosing. I believe the sheet may be overweight for one frank; I shall therefore unsew it and put it under two covers, not doubting that you will think it worthy of re-stitching when you receive it. I gave Murray your note on M**, to be placed in the page with Wingfield. He must

¹ It is true the travellers did not cross the line; but before Lord Byron left England, India had been thought of.

have been a very extraordinary young man, and I am sincerely sorry for Hobhouse, for whom I have felt an increased regard ever since I heard of his intimacy with my son at Cadiz, and that they were mutually pleased. I lent his Miscellany the other day to Wright, who speaks highly of the poetical talent displayed in it. I will search again for the lofty genius you ascribe to Kirke White. I cannot help thinking I have allowed him all his merit.—I agree that there was much cant in his religion, sincere as he was. This is a pity, for religion has no greater enemy than cant. As to genius, surely he and Chatterton ought not to be named in the same day: but, as I said, I will look again. I do not know how Blackett's posthumous stock goes off.—I have not seen or heard from Pratt since you left town; be that, however, as it may, I still boldly deny being in any degree accessory to his murder.

George Byron left us in the beginning of the week.

I ever am, my dear Lord,

Yours most truly,

R. C. DALLAS.

P.S.—Casting my eyes again over the printed stanzas, something struck me to be amiss in the last line but one of page 6—

«Nor sought *a* friend to counsel or condole»—

From the context I think you must have written, or meant—I have not the MS.—

«Nor sought *he* friend,» etc.

otherwise grammar requires — «Or seeks a friend,» etc.

These are straws on the surface easily skimmed off.

LETTER XLVI.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 7th, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

As Gifford has been ever my "Magnus Apollo," any approbation such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than "all Bokara's vaunted gold, than all the gems of Samarkand." But I am sorry the MS. was shown to him in such a manner, and had written to Murray to say as much, before I was aware that it was too late.

Your objection to the expression "central line," I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full inten-

tion to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial.

The other errors you mention I must correct in the progress through the press. I feel honoured by the wish of such men that the poem should be continued, but to do that, I must return to Greece and Asia; I must have a warm sun and a blue sky; I cannot describe scenes so dear to me by a sea-coal fire. I had projected an additional canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again it would go on; but under existing circumstances and *sensations*, I have neither harp, "heart nor voice" to proceed. I feel that *you are all right* as to the metaphysical part, but I also feel that I am sincere, and that if I am only to write "*ad captandum vulgus*," I might as well edit a magazine at once, or spin canzonettas for Vauxhall.

* * * * *

My work must make its way as well as it can ; I know I have every thing against me, angry poets and prejudices ; but if the poem is a *poem*, it will surmount these obstacles, and if *not*, it deserves its fate. Your friend's Ode I have read—it is no great compliment to pronounce it far superior to S*'s on the same subject, or to the merits of the new Chancellor. It is evidently the production of a man of taste, and a poet, though I should not be willing to say it was fully equal to what might be expected from the author of "*Horæ Ionicæ*." I thank you for it, and that is more than I would do for any other Ode of the present day.

I am very sensible of your good wishes, and, indeed, I have need of them. My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency ; my circumstances are become involved ; my friends are dead or estranged, and my existence a dreary void. In M** I have lost my "guide, philosopher, and friend ;" in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey.

M** was indeed an extraordinary man ; it has not entered into the heart of a stranger to conceive such a man : there was the stamp of immortality in all he said or did ; and now what is he ? When we see such men pass away and be no more—men who seem created to display what the Creator *could make* his creatures gathered into corruption, before the maturity of minds that might have been the pride of posterity, what are we to conclude ? For my own part I am bewildered. To me he was much, to Hobhouse every thing.—My poor Hobhouse doted on M**. For me, I did not love quite so much as I honoured him ; I was indeed so sensible of his infinite superiority, that though I did not envy, I stood in awe of it. He, Hobhouse, D**, and myself, formed a coterie of our own at Cambridge and elsewhere. D** is a wit and man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do ; but not as Hobhouse has been affected. D**, who is not a scribbler, has always beaten us all in the war of words, and by his colloquial powers at once delighted and kept us in order. H. and myself always had the worst

of it with the other two ; and even M. yielded to the dashing vivacity of S* D** . But I am talking to you of men, or boys, as if you cared about such beings.

I expect mine agent down on the 14th to proceed to Lancashire, where, I hear from all quarters, that I have a very valuable property in coals, etc. I then intend to accept an invitation to Cambridge in October, and shall, perhaps, run up to town. I have four invitations, to Wales, Dorset, Cambridge, and Chester ; but I must be a man of business. I am quite alone, as these long letters sadly testify. I perceive, by referring to your letter, that the Ode is from the author ; make my thanks acceptable to him. His Muse is worthy a nobler theme. You will write, as usual, I hope. I wish you a good evening, and am,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER XLVII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, September 10th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I RATHER think in one of the opening stanzas of *Childe Harold* there is this line—

“ ’Tis said at times the sullen tear would start.”

Now, a line or two after, I have a repetition of the epithet “ *sullen reverie* ;” so (if it be so) let us have, “ *speechless reverie*,” or “ *silent reverie* ;” but, at all events, do away the recurrence.

Yours ever,

B——

Perhaps, as "reverie" implies *silence* of itself, wayward, downcast, gloomy, wrinkling, joyless, may be better epithets.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstables, September 13th, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WENT to town the day after I received yours of the 4th instant, to talk with Cawthorn on preparing your « Hints from Horace » for the press, but he had left town. I understand from the shopman that he is to be back soon, and I desired to be informed of his arrival, when I will lose no time in setting the « Hints » going. I did not return till late last night, when I found your *cargoes* of notes on my table. To these I will pay every attention, and also reply to the letter I received before I went to town: but I am anxious that you should know I have received the

notes before you set out for Lancashire, which I conceive will be almost immediately, from your mentioning the 14th as the day you expect your agent at Newstead. May you find your collieries mines of gold! Although I have no time to spare at this moment, I will not close my letter without telling you that I also saw Murray, and after he had *groaned* and *sighed* a little over "Childe Harold," and the buffets he might encounter, it was resolved to dress him as handsomely as possible, and to go about it directly. He has given directions to the printer to use a new type, and to print it in the same manner as the specimen you saw. Excuse an abrupt conclusion, and believe me ever,

Yours most truly,

R. C. DALLAS.

Pray inform me of your movements; I will wait till I hear of them before I write.

LETTER XLIX.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, September 15th, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

My agent will not be here for at least a week, and even afterwards my letters will be forwarded to Rochdale. I am sorry that Murray should *groan* on my account, tho' *that* is better than the anticipation of applause, of which men and books are generally disappointed.

The notes I sent are *merely matter* to be divided, arranged, and published *for notes* hereafter, in proper places ; at present I am too much occupied with earthly cares, to waste time or trouble upon rhyme or its modern indispensables, annotations.

Pray let me hear from you, when at leisure. I have written to abuse Murray for showing the MS. to Mr G.; who must certainly think it was done by my wish, though you know the contrary. Believe me,

Yours ever,

B——.

LETTER L.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, September 16th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I SEND YOU A *motto*—

L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais, ni les fatigues.

LE COSMOPOLITE.

If not too long, I think it will suit the book.
The passage is from a little French volume, a

great favourite with me, which I picked up in the Archipelago. I don't think it is well known in England; Moubron is the author; but it is a work sixty years old.

Good morning! I won't take up your time.

Yours ever,

BYRON.



LETTER LI.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, September 17th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN easily excuse your not writing, as you have, I hope, something better to do, and you must pardon my frequent invasions on your attention, because I have at this moment nothing to interpose between you and my epistles.

I cannot settle to any thing, and my days pass, with the exception of bodily exercise to some extent, with uniform indolence, and idle insipidity. I have been expecting, and still expect my agent, when I shall have enough to oc-

cupy my reflections in business of no very pleasant aspect. Before my journey to Rochdale, you shall have due notice where to address me. I believe at the post-office of that township. From Murray I received a second proof of the same pages, which I requested him to show you, that any thing which may have escaped my observation may be detected before the printer lays the corner-stone of an *errata* column.

I am now not quite alone, having an old acquaintance and school-fellow with me, so *old*, indeed, that we have nothing *new* to say on any subject, and yawn at each other in a sort of *quiet inquietude*. I hear nothing from Cawthorn, or Captain Hobhouse, and *their quarto*—Lord have mercy on mankind! We come on like Cerberus with our triple publications. As for *myself*, by *myself*, I must be satisfied with a comparison to *Janus*. I am not at all pleased with Murray for showing the MS.; and I am certain Gifford must see it in the same light that I do. His praise is nothing to the purpose: what could he say?

He could not spit in the face of one who had praised him in every possible way. I must own that I wish to have the impression removed from his mind, that I had any concern in such a paltry transaction. The more I think, the more it disquiets me; so I will say no more about it. It is bad enough to be a scribbler, without having recourse to such shifts to extort praise, or deprecate censure. It is anticipating, it is begging, kneeling, adulating—the devil! the devil! the devil! and all without my wish, and contrary to my express desire. I wish Murray had been tied to *Payne's* neck when he jumped into the Paddington Canal, and so tell him—*that* is the proper receptacle for publishers. You have thoughts of settling in the country, why not try Notts? I think there are places which would suit you in all points, and then you are nearer the metropolis. But of this anon.—I am,

Yours ever,

B——.

LETTER LII.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 17th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just discovered some pages of observations on the modern Greeks, written at Athens, by me, under the title of « Noctes Atticæ.» They will do to *cut up* into notes, and to be *cut up* afterwards, which is all that notes are generally good for. They were written at Athens, as you will see by the date.

Yours ever,

B.

LETTER LIII.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 21st, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE shown my respect for your suggestions by adopting them; but I have made many alterations in the first proof, over and above; as, for example :

• Oh Thou, in *Hellas* deemed of heavenly birth,

• etc. etc.»

« Since *shamed full oft* by *later lyres* on earth,

• Mine, etc.»

« Yet there *I've wandered* by the vaunted rill ;»

and so on. So I have got rid of Dr Lowth and drunk to boot, and very glad I am to say so. I

have also sullenised the line as heretofore, and in short have been quite conformable.¹

Pray write ; you shall hear when I remove to Lancs. I have brought you and my friend Juvenal Hodgson upon my back, on the score of revelation. You are fervent, but he is quite *glowing* ; and if he takes half the pains to save his own soul, which he volunteers to redeem mine, great will be his reward hereafter. I honour and thank you both, but am convinced by neither. Now for notes. Besides those I have sent, I shall send the observations on the Edinburgh Reviewer's remarks on the modern Greek, an Albanian song in the Albanian (*not Greek*) language, specimens of modern Greek from their New Testament, a comedy of Goldoni's translated, *one scene*, a prospectus of a friend's book, and perhaps a song or two, *all* in Romaic, besides their Pater Noster ; so there will be enough, if not too much, with what I have already sent.

¹ This is an answer to a letter, of which I had not time to make a copy.

LORD BYRON.

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Have you received the « Noctes Atticæ? » I sent also an annotation on Portugal. Hobhouse is also forthcoming.

Yours ever,

B.

LETTER LIV.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 23d, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

Lisboa is the Portuguese word, consequently the very best. *Ulissipont* is pedantic ; and, as I have *Hellas* and *Eros* not long before, there would be something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wish to avoid, since I shall have a perilous quantity of *modern* Greek in my notes, as specimens of the tongue ; therefore *Lisboa* may keep its place. You are right about the "Hints;" they must not precede the "Romaunt;" but Cawthorn will be savage if they don't; however, keep *them* back and *him* in good humour, if we can, but do not let him publish.

I have adopted, I believe, most of your suggestions, but « Lisboa » will be an exception to prove the rule. I have sent a quantity of notes, and shall continue; but pray let them be copied; no devil can read my hand. By the bye, I do not mean to exchange the 9th verse of the « Good Night. » I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind; and *Argus* we know to be a fable. The « Cosmopolite » was an acquisition abroad. I do not believe it is to be found in England. It is an amusing little volume, and full of French flippancy. I read, though I do not speak the language.

I *will* be angry with Murray. It was a book-selling, back-shop, Paternoster-row, paltry proceeding, and if the experiment had turned out as it deserved, I would have raised all Fleet-street, and borrowed the giant's staff from St Dunstan's church, to immolate the betrayer of trust. I have written to him as he never was written to before by an author, I'll be sworn, and I hope you will amplify my wrath, till it has an effect upon him. You tell me always you have

much to write—write it; but let us drop metaphysics—there we shall never agree. I am dull and drowsy, as usual, doing *nothing*, and even *that nothing* a fatigue. Adio! believe me,

Yours unfeignedly,

B.

LETTER LV.

TO LORD BYRON.

Brickstable, Sept. 24th, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE received the *Noctes Atticæ* and all the notes, which shall be arranged, and copied in due time. I have just received your letter of yesterday, with the three accompanying covers. The alterations of the lines I like. I give up *Lisboa* to you, that is, I withdraw my vote for Ullissipont, on knowing, which I did not before, that *Lisboa* is the Portuguese name. Your dog, too, I yield up to damnation, though I once had one of whose fidelity I had extraordinary proofs.

If I have not written *the much* with which I have threatened you, it has been owing not solely to my avocations, but partly to a consciousness of my subject being too weighty for me, and not adapted to a hasty discussion. A passage in your letter of the 7th of this month, beginning—"Are you aware that your religion is impious? etc." incited me to a determination, in spite of the indolence I begin to feel on argumentative topics, to call you a *purblind philosopher*, and to break a lance with you in defence of a cause on which I rest so much hope. I still dread that my feebleness may be laid to the account, and esteemed the feebleness of the cause itself.

By proposing to drop metaphysics, you cut down *the much* I meditated. I will not pursue them at present, though I think them the prime subjects of intellectual enjoyment. But, though I drop my point instead of couching my lance, I do not mean to say that I will not yet try my strength. Meanwhile, though neither Mr Hodgson's glow nor my fervour has wrought convic-

tion hitherto, this I am sure of, that you will not shut your mind against it, whenever your understanding begins to feel ground to rest upon. I compare such philosophers as you and Hume and Gibbon—(I have put you into company that you are not ashamed of)—to mariners wrecked at sea, buffeting the waves for life, and at last carried by a current towards land, where, meeting with rugged and perpendicular rocks, they decide that it is impossible to land, and though some of their companions point out a firm beach, exclaim,—“deluded things! there can be no beach, unless you melt down these tremendous rocks—no, our ship is wrecked, and to the bottom we must go—all we have to do is to swim on, till fate overwhelms us.” You do not deny the depravity of the human race—well, that is one step gained; it is allowing that we are cast away—it is figuratively our shipwreck. Behold us, then, all scattered upon the ocean, and *all* anxious to be saved—all, at least willing to be on *terra firma*; the Humes, the Gibbons, the Voltaires, as well as the Newtons, the Lockes, the Johnsons, etc.: the latter make for the

beach ; the former exhaust their strength about the rocks, and sink, declaring them insurmountable. The incarnation of a Deity ! vicarious atonement ! the innocent suffering for the guilty ! the seeming inconsistencies of the Old Testament, and the discrepancies of the New, etc. etc. ! are rocks which, I am free to own, are not easily melted down : but I am certain that they may be viewed from a point on the beach in less deterring forms, lifting their heads into the clouds indeed, yet adding sublimity to the prospect of the shores on which we have landed, and by no means impeding our progress upon it. In less metaphorical language, my Lord, it appears to me that free-thinkers are generally more eager to strengthen their objections than solicitous for conviction, and prefer wandering into proud inferences, to pursuing the evidences of facts ; so contrary to the example given to us in all judicial investigations, where testimony precedes reasoning, and is the ground of it. The corruption of human nature being self-evident, it is very natural to inquire the cause of that corruption, and as natural to hope that there may be a

remedy for it. The cause and the remedy have been stated. How are we to ascertain the truth of them? Not by arguing mathematically, but by first examining the proofs adduced, and if they are satisfactory, to use our reasoning powers, as far as they will go, to clear away the difficulties which may attend them. This is the only mode of investigating with any hope of conviction. It is, to return to my metaphor, the beach on which we may find a footing, and be able to look around us; on which I trust I shall one day or other see you taking your stand. I have done; and pray observe, that I have kept my word; I have not entered on metaphysics, or the subject of Revelation. I have merely stated the erroneous proceeding of free-thinking philosophy; and, on the other hand, the natural and rational proceeding of the mind in the inquiry after truth: the conviction must, and I am confident will, be the operation of your own mind.

And now to return to Hellas, Eros, and the Muses. Cawthorn's business detains him in

the north, and I will manage to detain the "Hints" first from, and then in the press. The Romaunt *shall* come forth first. In the next sheet of it we shall arrive at Cintra—how I do wish that you would consider it as we go along, before it is irrevocably consigned to the Fates!—But I am precipitate; I will make my comments when the stanza is before me, which it is not at present either in print or MS. I am delighted with the generating of the notes, some of which I have read with great pleasure.

I meant to go to town to-day, but the weather has kept me at home—to-morrow I go, and shall be in town the rest of the week: if you are still at Newstead, direct for me at Cawthorn's.

That you are *dull* and *drowsy* is owing to your *doing nothing*. To be able to do nothing is the misfortune of fortune, unless the mind tasks itself with a certain degree of labour and activity, and then there is no greater blessing than leisure. Do something, I beseech you; and if you will not write verse, write to improve your hand-writing,

for in your notes your penmanship *deteriorates*. I *this instant*, Wednesday, two o'clock, as I am about to conclude this letter, receive a folio sheet, arriving as it were at the moment to make me retract the observation. You have written it so fair, and so legibly, that I have read it through without bungling more than three times.

Poor Lord E**! But I will not only give him up to your Muse, but give you back some other plunderers of Grecian relics, whom you have struck out of your pages. Does not this deserve some little gratitude on your part?

Ever truly yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER LVI.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, September 26th, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,

IN a stanza towards the end of canto 1st, there
is in the concluding line,

« Some bitter bubbles up, and e'en on roses *stings*. »

I have altered it as follows :—

« Full from the heart of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings. »

If you will point out the stanzas on Cintra

which you wish recast, I will send you mine answer. Be good enough to address your letters here, and they will either be forwarded or saved till my return. My agent comes to-morrow, and we shall set out immediately.

The press must not proceed of course without my seeing the proofs, as I have much to do. Pray do you think any alterations should be made in the stanzas on VATHEK? I should be sorry to make any improper allusion, as I merely wish to adduce an example of wasted wealth, and the reflection which arose in surveying the most desolate mansion in the most beautiful spot I ever beheld.

Pray keep Cawthorn back; he was not to begin till November, and even that will be two months too soon. I am so sorry my hand is unintelligible; but I can neither deny your accusation, nor remove the cause of it.—It is a sad scrawl, certes.—A perilous quantity of annotation hath been sent; I think almost *enough*, with the specimens of Romaic I mean to annex.

I will have nothing to say to your metaphysics, and allegories of rocks and beaches; we shall all go to the bottom together, so "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow, etc." I am as comfortable in my creed as others, inasmuch as it is better to sleep than to be awake.

I have heard nothing of Murray; I hope he is ashamed of himself. He sent me a vastly complimentary epistle, with a request to alter the two, and finish another canto. I sent him as civil an answer as if I had been engaged to translate by the sheet, declined altering any thing in sentiment, but offered to tag rhymes, and mend them as long as he liked.

I will write from Rochdale when I arrive, if my affairs allow me; but I shall be so busy and savage all the time with the whole set, that my letters will, perhaps, be as pettish as myself. If so, lay the blame on coals and coal-heavers. Very probably I may proceed to town by way of Newstead on my return from Lancs. I mean to be at Cambridge in November, so that, at all

events, we shall be nearer. I will not apologize for the trouble I have given and do give you, though I ought to do so; but I have worn out my politest periods, and can only say that I am very much obliged to you.

Believe me,

Yours always,

BYRON.

Lord Byron at this period made his journey into Lancashire, and some little time elapsed before I took advantage of his disposition to oblige me relative to the stanzas on the Convention at Cintra. He had always talked of war *en philosophe*, and took pleasure in observing the faults of military leaders, nor was he inclined to allow them even their merit, Buonaparte excepted. In these stanzas he had not only satirized the Convention, but introduced the names of the generals ludicrously. I therefore urged him warmly to omit them, and the more, as the Duke of Wel-

lington was then acquiring fresh laurels in the Peninsula. I began to make a copy of the letter which I wrote to him on the subject, but something happened to prevent my finishing it; I insert what I kept.

LETTER LVII.

TO LORD BYRON.

London, October 3d, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE alteration of "some bitter stings," shall be made previous to the stanza going to press. You say, if I will point out the stanzas on Cintra I wish recast, you will send me your answer; we are now come to them, and I fear your answer. What language shall I adopt to persuade your Muse not to commit self-murder, or at least slash herself unnecessarily? She has not even the excuse of *Honorius* for the penance she imposes on herself, and must suffer. Politically speaking, indeed, in every sense, great deeds should be allowed to efface slight errors. The Cintra con-

vention will, no doubt, be recorded; but shall a Byron's Muse spirt ink upon a hero? You admit that Wellesley has effaced his share in it, yet you will not let it be effaced. Were you to visit Tusculum, would it be a subject for a stanza that Cicero, or some one of his family, was marked with a vetch? But you may think that Sir Harry and Sir Hew have done nothing to efface the Cintra folly: still the subject is beneath your pen. It had its run among newspaper epigrammatists, and your pen cannot raise it to the dignity of the poem into which you introduce it. Let any judge read the 25th stanza, and say if it be worthy of the pen that wrote the poem. The same of the 26th, 27th, and 28th. The name of Byng, too, is grown sadly stale in allusion.

«And folks in office at the mention sweat.»

Sweat!—I beseech you, dear Lord, to let the exquisite stanza which follows the 29th¹ succeed the 23d², etc. etc.

¹ Printed as the 27th stanza.

² These references are to my MS. copy of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

LETTER LVIII.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, October 10th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

Stanzas 24, 26, 29, though *crossed* must *stand*, with their *alterations*. The other *three* are cut out to meet your wishes.¹ We must, however, have a repetition of the proof, which is the first. I will write soon.

Yours ever,

B.

P. S. Yesterday I returned from Lancs.

¹ As the genius of Lord Byron has placed his fame so far above the possibility of being injured by the production of an occasional inferior stanza, and as the succeed-

ing glories of the Peninsular campaigns have completely thrown into shade the events alluded to, there can be no impropriety in now publishing, as literary curiosities, the three stanzas which were then properly omitted. The following are the six stanzas as they originally stood. Those appearing below, as 24, 26, 29, appeared in the poem, in an altered state, numbered there as 24, 25, 26, of the first canto. The stanzas marked below 25, 27, and 28, were those omitted :

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened !

Oh, dome displeasing unto British eye !

With diadem hight Foolscap, lo ! a fiend,

A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,

There sits in parchment robe arrayed, and by

His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,

Where blazoned glares a name spelt Wellesley :

And sundry signatures adown the roll,

Whereat the urchin points and laughs with all his soul.

XXV.

In golden characters, right well designed,

First on the list appeareth one « Junot ; »

Then certain other glorious names we find ;

(Which rhyme compelleth me to place below)

Dull victors! baffled by a vanquished foe,
 Wheedled by conynge tongues of laurels due,
Stand, worthy of each other, in a row
 Sirs Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew
Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of tother tew.

XXVI.

Convention is the dwarfy demon styled
 That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome :
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
 And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
For well I wot, when first the news did come,
 That Vimiera's field by Gaul was lost ;
For paragraph ne paper scarce had room,
 Such pæans teemed for our triumphant host,
In Courier, Chronicle, and eke in Morning Post.

XXVII.

But when Convention sent his handy work,
 Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar ;
Mayor, aldermen, laid down th' uplifted fork ;
 The bench of Bishops half forgot to snore ;
Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore
 To question aught, once more with transport leapt,
And bit his dey'lish quill agen, and swore

With foe such treaty never should be kept.
 Then burst the blatant ' beast, and roared and raged,
 and—slept!!!

XXVIII.

Thus unto heaven appealed the people; heaven,
 Which loves the lieges of our gracious King,
 Decreed that ere our generals were forgiven,
 Inquiry should be held about the thing.
 But mercy cloaked the babes beneath her wing;
 And as they spared our foes so spared we them.
 (Where was the pity of our sires for Byng?)*
 Yet knaves, not idiots, should the law condemn.
 Then live ye, triumph gallant knights! and bless your
 judges' phlegm.

* « Blatant beast » a figure for the mob; I think first used by Smollett in his *Adventures of an Atom*. Horace has the « *Bellua multorum capitum*. » In England, fortunately enough, the illustrious mobility have not even one.

² By this query it is not meant that our foolish Generals should have been shot, but that Byng might have been spared; though the one suffered and the others escaped, probably for *Candide's* reason, « *pour encourager les autres*. »

XXIX.

But ever since that martial synod met,
 Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention sweat,
 And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim!
 Will not our own and fellow nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame
 By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming
 year?

LETTER LIX.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

Newstead Abbey, October 11th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE returned from Lancs, and ascertained that my property there may be made very valuable, but various circumstances very much circumscribe my exertions at present. I shall be in town on business in the beginning of November, and perhaps at Cambridge before the end of this month: but of my movements you shall be regularly apprized. Your objections I have in part done away by alterations, which I hope will suffice; and I have sent two or three additional stanzas for both « *Fyttes*. » I have been again shocked with a *death*, and have lost one very dear

to me in happier times; but « I have almost forgot the taste of grief,» and « supped full of horrors» till I have become callous, nor have I a tear left for an event which five years ago would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families; I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility. Instead of tiring yourself with *my* concerns, I should be glad to hear *your* plans of retirement. I suppose you would not like to be wholly shut out of society; now I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where *you* would meet with men of information and inde-

pendance; and where I have friends to whom I should be proud to introduce you. There are, besides, a coffee-room, assemblies, etc. etc., which bring people together. My mother had a house there some years, and I am well acquainted with the economy of Southwell, the name of this little commonwealth. Lastly, you will not be very remote from me; and though I am the very worst companion for young people in the world, this objection would not apply to *you*, whom I could see frequently. Your expenses too would be such as best suit your inclinations, more or less, as you thought proper; but very little would be requisite to enable you to enter into all the gaieties of a country life. You could be as quiet or bustling as you liked, and certainly as well situated as on the lakes of Cumberland, unless you have a particular wish to be *picturesque*.

Pray is your Ionian friend in town? You have promised me an introduction.—You mention having consulted some friends on the MSS.—Is not this contrary to our usual way? In-

struct Mr Murray not to allow his shopman to call the work « Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage»!!!!!! as he has done to some of my astonished friends, who wrote to inquire after my *sanity* on the occasion, as well they might. I have heard nothing of Murray, whom I scolded heartily.—Must I write more notes?—Are there not enough?—Cawthorn must be kept back with the « Hints.»—I hope he is getting on with Hobhouse's quarto.

Good evening.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER LX.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

October 14th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

STANZA 9th, for Canto 2d, somewhat altered,
to avoid a recurrence in a former stanza.

STANZA 9.

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain:—
'Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead,
When busy Memory flashes o'er my brain?
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant breast:
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
Be as it may
Whate'er beside Futurity's behest;
or,—Howe'er may be
For me 'twere bliss enough to see thy spirit blest!

I think it proper to state to you, that this stanza alludes to an event which has taken place since my arrival here, and not to the death of any *male* friend.

Yours,

B.

LETTER LXI.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, October 16th, 1811.

I AM on the wing for Cambridge. Thence, after a short stay, to London. Will you be good enough to keep an account of all the MSS. you receive, for fear of omission? Have you adopted the three altered stanzas of the latest proof? I can do nothing more with them.—I am glad you like the new ones.—Of the last, and of the *trio*, I sent you a new edition—to-day a *fresh note*. The lines of the second sheet I fear must stand; I will give you reasons when we meet.

Believe me,

Yours ever,

BYRON.

LETTER LXII.

TO LORD BYRON.

London, October 17th, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOUR letter of the 11th made such an impression upon me, that I felt as if I had a volume to say upon it; yet, it is but too true, that the sensibility which vents itself in many words, carries with it the appearance of affectation, and hardly pleases in real life. The few sentences of your letter relative to the death of friends, and to your feelings, excited in my mind no common degree of sympathy; but I must be content to express it in a common way, and briefly.

Death has, indeed, begun to draw your atten-

tion very early. I hardly knew what it was, or thought of it, till I went, at the age of five and twenty, to reside in the West Indies, and there he began to show himself to me frequently. My friends, young and old, were carried to the grave with a rapidity that astonished me, and I was myself in a manner snatched out of his grasp. This, and the other sad concomitants of a West Indian existence, determined me to adopt, at whatever loss, any alternative by which I might plant my family in England. Here I have grown old without seeing much of him near me, though, when he has approached me, it has been in his most dreadful form. I am led to these recollections from comparing your experience at three and twenty with mine long after that age. Your losses, and in a country where health and life have more stable foundations than in torrid climates, have been extraordinary ; and that too within the limit, I believe, of one or two years. I thank you for your confidential communication at the bottom of the stanza, which so much delighted me. How truly do I wish that the being to whom that verse now belongs had lived, and

lived yours ! What your obligations to her would have been in that case is inconceivable ; and, as it is, what a gratification would it be to me to believe, that in her death she has left you indebted to her ; to believe that these lines

“ Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant breast.—

are not merely the glow of a poetic imagination, nor the fleeting inspiration of sorrow ; but a well-founded hope, leading to the persuasion that there is another and a better world. .

Your reflections on the forlorn state of your existence are very painful, and very strongly expressed. I confess I am at a loss how to preach comfort. It would be very easy for me to resort to common-places, and refer you to study and the enjoyment of the intellect ; but I know too well that happiness must find its abode in the heart, and not in the head. Voltaire, who you know is no apostle with me, expresses this pleasingly :

« Est-il donc vrai, grands Dieux ! il ne faut plus que j'aime !
La foule des beaux arts, dont je veux tour à tour
Remplir le vide de moi-même,
N'est point encore assez pour remplacer l'amour. »

He evidently means *love*, emphatically so called ; but kind affections of every nature are sources of happiness, and more lasting ones than that violent flame, which, like the pure air of the chemist, when separated from common air, intoxicates, and accelerates the term of its existence. Those affections are the only remedy I see for you. The more you lose, the more should you strive to repair your losses. At your age, the door of friendship cannot be shut ; but man, and woman too, is imperfect :—you must make allowances, and, though human nature is in a sad state, there are many worthy of your regard. I am certain you may yet go through life surrounded by friends,—real friends, not—

« —Flatterers of the festal hour,
The heartless parasites of present cheer. »

I am truly sorry for the wretchedness you are

suffering, and the more because I am certain of your not having any pathetic cant in your character. But while I think you have reason to be unhappy, I confide in the strength of your understanding to get the better of the evils of life, and to enter upon a new pursuit of happiness. You see the volume will come, but, believe me, it comes from the heart.

I thank you most kindly for that part of your letter which relates to my purposed retirement into the country. You judge rightly that I should not wish to be entirely out of society, but my bent on this head is more on account of my family than myself; for I could live alone, that is, alone with them. I often avoid company; but it has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life to see them coveted in society. Your account of Southwell delights me, and the being within reach of the metropolis would of itself outweigh the charm of the *picturesque*, though a charm, and a great one, it has. The being within a ride of you, however, is the decisive attraction. I will, then, from this time keep Southwell in

view for my retreat, and at a future day we will take our flight. I am going to dine with the Ionian to-day. He and Mrs Wright carried me off suddenly last night to the Haymarket to see Mathews, who performs no more in London this winter; for which I am sorry, as I am meditating another ordeal at the Lyceum, in which he might have been of use to me. Mr Wright feels himself honoured in your desire of being personally acquainted with him, and I shall be proud of being the introducer of such friends. You think, no doubt, that I have communicated your poem to him, and you would not do me justice if you thought otherwise. He is the most intimate friend I have, though many years younger than myself. We accord very generally in our opinions, and we do not differ as to "Childe Harold." I meant to say something more about the progress of the poem, etc.; but I must postpone it. May peace and happiness await you.

I am ever,

My dear Lord,

Yours most truly,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER LXIII.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

Cambridge, October 25th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I SEND you a conclusion to the *whole*. In a stanza towards the end of Canto 1st, in the line,

« Oh known the earliest and *beloved* the most,

I shall alter the epithet to « *esteemed* the most.» The present stanzas are for the end of Canto 2d. In the beginning of the week I shall be at No. 8, my old lodgings, in St James's-street, where I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you.

Yours ever,

B.

LETTER LXIV.

To R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

8, *St James's-street*,
29th October, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I ARRIVED in town last night, and shall be very
glad to see you when convenient.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

LETTER LXV.

TO LORD BYRON.

October 30th, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM very unfortunate in not having it in my power to come to you immediately; and I consider myself as doubly so from my engagements being of such a nature as to prevent my meeting you before the beginning of next week, when I shall be happy to see you; meanwhile I send you the three first sheets fairly printed for your ultimate inspection. Consider what I said as to the letter or figure of reference in the text to the notes: the press is yet standing. After this, the more speedy the better, that the Poem may precede the "Hints from Horace," for the reasons I gave you.

Look at page 16: I have made a pencil mark opposite "vainly pave," and "nose and ee;" and at page 19, opposite "how," which rhymes weakly. On perusing your concluding stanzas I perceived that I had fallen into an error by combining your confidential communication respecting another stanza with the 5th, which is a most beautiful one: compare the concluding stanzas with that to see if there is any incongruity.

I write in great haste. Believe me ever,

Yours very truly,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER LXVI.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

8, *St James's-street*, October 31st, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE already taken up so much of your time that there needs no excuse on your part, but a great many on mine, for the present interruption. I have altered the passages according to your wish. With this note I send a few stanzas on a subject which has lately occupied much of my thoughts. They refer to the death of one to whose name you are a *stranger*, and, consequently, cannot be interested. I mean them to complete the present volume. They relate to the same person whom I have mentioned in canto 2d, and at the conclusion of the poem.

I by no means intend to identify myself with *Harold*, but to *deny* all connexion with him. If in parts I may be thought to have drawn from myself, believe me it is but in parts, and I shall not own even to that. As to the "*Monastic dome*," etc., I thought those circumstances would suit him as well as any other, and I could describe what I had seen better than I could invent. I would not be such a fellow as I have made my hero for the world.

Yours ever,

B.

I saw Lord Byron soon after I received this letter, and was frequently with him. Towards the end of November, he went to Cambridge for a short time. It was during his absence that the following letter was written; but he returned, and received it in town.

LETTER LXVII.

TO LORD BYRON.

November 29th, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WISH to direct your attention to several passages in the accompanying proofs, in which a minute critic might perhaps find something to carp at.

In stanza 24, the moon is called « a reflected sphere.» I do not know that this is admissible even to a poet. The sphere is *not reflected*, but reflects. The *participle present* would settle the sense, though I should prefer the adjective, *reflective*.

A similar objection appears to me, but I may be wrong, to "the track oft trod." To the idea of *treading*, feet and firm footing seem so necessary, that I doubt whether it is in the power of a trope to transfer it to *water*. It is in the 27th stanza.

In the next, the 28th, if Fenelon has not made me forget Homer, I think there is ground for a classical demurrer. Ulysses and Telemachus were individually well received by the immortal lady; but you will recollect that *she* herself says to the latter—"No mortal approaches my shores with impunity." You say, "still a haven smiles." Though no advocate for an unvarying sweetness of measure, my ear rebels against this line, in stanza 39—

"Born beneath some remote inglorious star."

The stanza is remarkably beautiful, both for thought and versification, that line excepted, the idea of which is appropriate and good, but its want of melody checks the reader's pleasure just

as it is coming to its height. I wish you would make it a little smoother. You find I have given over teasing you about your *sad* stanzas, and, to be consistent in my reluctant submission, I shall say nothing of the similar errors in the accompanying proofs; but I am more than ever bent on dedicating a *volume of truth* to you, and shall set about it forthwith. The more I read, the more I am delighted; but, observe, I do not agree with you in your opinion of the sex: the stanzas are very agreeable: the previous ones of the voyage from Cadiz through the straits to Calypso's Island are very fine: the 25th and 26th are exquisite. I will send for the proofs on Monday. I am,

Most truly yours,

R. C. DALLAS.

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LETTER LXVIII.

To R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE only this scrubby paper to write on—excuse it. I am certain that I sent some more notes on Spain and Portugal, particularly one on the latter. Pray rummage, and don't mind my *politics*. I believe I leave town next week. Are you better? I hope so.

Yours ever,

B.

LETTER LXIX.

TO LORD BYRON.

December 14th, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

You sent but few notes for the first Canto—there are a good many for the second. The only liberty I took with them was, if you will allow me to use the expression, to *dove-tail* two of them, which, though connected in the sense, and relative to the reference in the Poem, were disunited as they stood in your MS. I have omitted the passage respecting the Portuguese, which fell with the alteration you made in the stanzas relative to Cintra, and the insertion of which would overturn what your kindness had allowed me to obtain from you on that point. I have no objection to your politics, my dear Lord, as, in the first place, I do not much give my mind to po-

litics; and, in the next, I cannot but have observed that you view politics, as well as some other subjects, through the optics of philosophy. But the note, or rather passage, I allude to is so discouraging to the cause of our country, that it could not fail to damp the ardour of your readers. Let me intreat you not to recall the sacrifice of it; at least, let it not appear in this volume, in which I am more anxious than I can express for your fame, both as a poet and as a philosopher. Except this, in which I thought myself warranted, I have not interfered with the subjects of the notes—yes, the word “fiction” I turned as you have seen, conceiving it to have been no fiction to YOUNG. But when I did it, I determined not to send it to the press till it had met your eye. Indeed you know that even when a single word has struck me as better changed, my way has been to state my thought to you.

The Pilgrimage is concluded, and the notes to Canto second and the shorter Poems are all placed in order. I am making the references, and to-day they will be ready for the printer. As

there is not the slightest alteration in any of these notes, I shall not think it necessary to send them to you till you see them in the proofs. You have yet to see a revise of the last proofs, and a proof of the conclusion of the Poem. My nephew tells me you are going out of town in a few days. I should have been glad to have indulged in passing an hour or two occasionally with you, but regret is fruitless. I hope to have that pleasure when Parliament meets. Before you go, pray let me have your *Preface*. I will send you the proofs as formerly.

All the notes relative to Greece and its modern literature I have placed together, referring them to this line,

« Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth! »

Stanza 72, l. 1.

and all being written at Athens, they form an excellent conclusion, under the head of NOCTES ATTICÆ.

I ever am, my dear Lord,

Yours faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

LETTER LXX.

TO R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

December 17th, 1811.

WE will have the MSS. and Extracts printed in an Appendix. I leave to you to determine whether the lighter pieces in rhyme had better be printed before or after the Romaic.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

END OF VOL. II.

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LORD BYRON.

PRINTED BY JULES DIDOT, SENIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY, RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI, N° 6.

CORRESPONDENCE
OF
LORD BYRON,

WITH A FRIEND,

INCLUDING HIS LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER, WRITTEN FROM PORTUGAL,
SPAIN, GREECE, AND THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN,
IN 1809, 1810 AND 1811.

ALSO

Recollections of the Poet.

BY THE LATE R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

THE WHOLE FORMING

An Original Memoir of Lord Byron's Life,

FROM 1808 TO 1814.

AND

A CONTINUATION AND PRELIMINARY STATEMENT OF THE PROCEEDINGS
BY WHICH THE LETTERS WERE SUPPRESSED IN ENGLAND,
AT THE SUIT OF LORD BYRON'S EXECUTORS.

BY THE REV. A. R. C. DALLAS.

VOL. III.

Paris:

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI,
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18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1825.

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CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LORD BYRON.

I CONSIDER my correspondence with Lord Byron as ending here: for, though I have other letters from him, and have written more to him, they do not possess the character of a correspondence, being written for some occasion, and leading no further. As I was now near him, for he was at this time seldom absent from town, personal communications naturally superseded writing,

and except a few queries addressed to him on the proofs, his work went smoothly on through the press during the months of January and February, without further solicitation on my part, till we came to the shorter poems, when I urged him to omit the one entitled « Euthanasia,» which he was kind enough to consent to do, but which, I must add, he had not resolution enough to persist in suppressing, and it was inserted in the succeeding editions.

Lord Byron had excited in my heart a warm affection; I felt too some pride in the part I took in combating his errors, as well as in being instrumental to his reputation, and I anxiously wished to see a real change of mind effected in him. Though I could not flatter myself that I had made any successful invasion on his philosophical opinions, and was almost hopeless on the subject, I was still very desirous to keep as much as possible of his freethinking in a latent state, being as solicitous that he should acquire the esteem and affection of men, as I was eager in my anticipation

of the admiration and fame that awaited his genius. It was with this view I wished, and sometimes prevailed upon him to suppress some passages in his compositions: and it was with this view that I often spoke to him of the superior and substantial fame, the way to which lay before him through the House of Lords, expressing my hope of one day seeing him an active and eloquent statesman. He was alive to this ambition, and I looked accordingly for great enjoyment in the session of 1812, now approaching.

In spite of these prospects—in spite of genius—in spite of youth—Lord Byron often gave way to a depression of spirits, which was more the result of his peculiar position than of any gloomy tendency received from nature. The fact is, he was out of his sphere, and he felt it. By the death of his cousin William, who was killed at a siege in the Mediterranean, he unexpectedly became presumptive heir to his grand-uncle, and not long after succeeded to the barony, at a very early period of his minority. His immediate prede-

cessor had long given up society, and, after his fatal duel with Mr Chaworth, had never appeared either at court or in parliament, but shut himself up in Newstead Abbey, the monastic mansion of an estate bestowed upon one of his ancestors by Henry VIII at the suppression of the religious houses; or, if compelled to go to London on business, he travelled with the utmost privacy, taking the feigned name of Waters. From him, therefore, no connexion could spring. His brother, the admiral, was a man very highly respected: but he too, after distinguishing his courage and ability, had been unfortunate in his professional career, and equally avoided society. The elder son of the admiral was an officer of the Guards, who, after the death of his first wife, Lady Conyers, (by whom he had only one daughter), married Miss Gordon, of Gight, a lady related to a noble family in Scotland, of whom Lord Byron was born, and whom his lordship took a pleasure in stating to be a descendant of King James II of Scotland, through his daughter the princess Jane Stuart, who married the Marquis of Huntly. But

neither did she bring connexion. At the death of her husband, she found her finances in an impoverished state, and he consequently by no means associated in a manner suitable to the situation of a son who was one day to take a seat among the Peers of Great Britain. Captain George Anson Byron, whom I have mentioned in the introduction, the brother of her husband, had, a little before she became a widow, obtained the command of a frigate stationed in the East Indies, where, while engaged in a particular service, he received a blow which caused a lingering disorder and his death.¹

¹ I cannot resist the impulse I feel to introduce here the memorial of him, which was published in most of the public papers and journals at the time of his death.

* George Anson Byron was a captain in the British navy, and second son of the late admiral, the Honourable John Byron, by whom he was introduced very early into the service, in which, having had several opportunities of exerting personal bravery, and professional skill, he at-

This was the greatest loss Lord Byron, however unconscious of it, ever sustained. His uncle

tained a great degree of glory. In the war with France, previous to its revolution, he commanded the *Proserpine*, of 28 guns, in which he engaged the *Sphinx*, a French frigate, assisted by an armed ship, and some time after the *Alcmene*, another French frigate, both of which severally struck to his superior conduct and gallantry. In the course of the war he was appointed to the command of the *Andromache*, of 32 guns. He was present at Lord Howe's relief of Gibraltar, and at Lord Rodney's victory over Count de Grasse, to the action of which he was considerably instrumental ; for, as it was publicly stated at the time, being stationed to cruise off the Diamond Rock, near Martinico, he kept the strictest watch upon the enemy, by sailing into the very mouth of their harbour, and gave the admiral such immediate notice of their motions, that the British squadron, then lying off St Lucia, were enabled to intercept and bring them to battle. In consequence of that important victory, he was selected by Lord Rodney to carry home Lord Cranstoun, with the account of it. In the dispatches, BYRON's services were publicly and honourably noticed, and he had the gratification of being personally well received by his Majesty.

« Desirous of serving in the East Indies, and applying

George not only stood high in his profession, but was generally beloved and personally well

for a ship going to that quarter of the globe, he was appointed to the command of the *Phoenix*, of 36 guns, and sailed with a small squadron under the Hon. William Cornwallis, early in the year 1789. Ever active, he sought the first occasion of being serviceable in the war against Tippoo Saib, and at the very outset intercepted the Sultan's transports, loaded with military stores. After this he distinguished himself by landing some of his cannon, and leading a party of his men to assist in reducing one of the enemy's fortresses on the coast of Malabar. Unfortunately he fell a victim to his alacrity in that war.

• When General Abercrombie was on his march towards Seringapatam, the ship which Byron commanded lay off the mouth of a river, on which his assistance was required to convey a part of the army, and it was necessary that he should have an interview with the general. At the time that the interview was to take place, it blew fresh, and there was a heavy sea on the bar of the river; but the service required expedition, and danger disappeared before his eagerness. A sea broke upon the boat, and upset it: in rising through the waves the gunwale struck

connected. Had he returned from India with health, he would have made amends for the failure

him twice violently upon the breast, and when he was taken up, it was not supposed that he could survive the shock he had sustained. He was, however, for a time restored to life, but he was no more to be restored to his country. The faculty did what could be done to preserve him, and then ordered him to England, rather hoping than believing that he could escape so far with life.

« In England he lived above twelve months; during which he suffered the misery of witnessing the dissolution of a beautiful, amiable, and beloved wife, who died at Bath, on the 26th of February, 1793, at the age of twenty-nine years; upon which he fled with his children to Dawlish, and there closed his eyes upon them, just three months and a fortnight after they had lost their mother.

« In his public character he was brave, active, and skilful; and by his death his Majesty lost an excellent and loyal officer. In his private character, he was devout without ostentation, fond of his family, constant in friendship, generous and humane. The memory of many who read this will bear testimony to the justice of the praise; the memory of him who writes it will, as long as that memory lasts, frequently recall his virtues, and dwell with pleasure on his friendship.»

resulting from the supineness or faults of other parts of the family; and his nephew would have grown up in society that would have given a different turn to his feelings. The Earl of Carlisle and his family would have acted a different part. They received his sister kindly as a relation, and there could be no reason why their arms should not have been open to him also, had he not been altogether unknown to them personally, or had not some suspicion of impropriety in the mode of his being brought up attached to him or his mother. Be this as it may, certain it is, his relations never thought of him nor cared for him; and he was left both at school and at college to the mercy of the stream into which circumstances had thrown him. Dissipation was the natural consequence, and imprudences were followed by enmity, which took pains to blacken his character. His Satire had, in some degree, repelled the attacks that had been made upon him, but he was still beheld with a surly awe by his detractors; and that poem, though many were extolled in it, brought him no friends. He felt himself ALONE.—The town was now full; but in its con-

course he had no intimates whom he esteemed, or wished to see. The parliament was assembled, where he was far from being dead to the ambition of taking a distinguished part; there he was, if it may be said, still more *alone*.

In addition to this, his affairs were involved, and he was in the hands of a lawyer, a man of business. To these combined circumstances, more than either to nature, or sensibility on the loss of a mistress, I imputed the depressed state of mind in which I sometimes found him. At those times he expressed great antipathy to the world, and the strongest misanthropic feelings, particularly against women. He did not even see his sister, to whom he afterwards became so attached. He inveighed more particularly against England and Englishmen; talked of selling Newstead, and of going to reside at Naxos, in the Grecian Archipelago; to adopt the eastern costume and customs, and to pass his time in studying the Oriental languages and literature. He had put himself upon a diet, which other men would have called starving, and to which some

would have attributed his depression. It consisted of thin plain biscuits, not more than two, and often one, with a cup of tea, taken about one o'clock at noon, which he assured me was generally all the nourishment he took in the four-and-twenty hours. But he declared that, far from sinking his spirits, he felt himself lighter and livelier for it; and that it had given him a greater command over himself in every other respect. This great abstemiousness is hardly credible, nor can I imagine it a literal fact, though doubtless much less food is required to keep the body in perfect health than is usually taken. He had a habit of perpetually chewing mastic, which probably assisted his determination to persevere in this meagre regimen; but I have no doubt that his principal auxiliary was an utter abhorrence of corpulence, which he conceived to be equally unsightly and injurious to the intellect; and it was his opinion that great eaters were generally passionate and stupid.

As the printing of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* drew towards a conclusion, his doubt of its suc-

cess and consequences was renewed; he was occasionally agitated at the thought, and more than once talked of suppressing it. But while this was passing in his mind, the poem had begun to work its way by report, and the critical junta were prepared, probably through Mr Gifford, for something extraordinary. I now met more visitors, new faces, and some fashionable men at his lodgings; among others, Mr Rogers, and even Lord H. himself. Soon after the meeting of parliament, a bill was introduced into the House of Lords, in consequence of riots in Nottinghamshire, for the prevention of those riots, in which the chief object of the rioters was the destruction of the manufacturing frames throughout the country, so as to compel a call for manual labour. Lord Byron's estate lying in that county, he felt it incumbent on him to take a part in the debate upon the bill, and he resolved to make it the occasion of his first speech in the House. But this Nottingham frame-breaking bill, as it was called, was also interesting to the Recorder of Nottingham, Lord Holland, who took the lead in opposing it. Lord Byron's interest in the county, and

his intention respecting the bill, were made known to Mr Rogers, who, I understood, communicated it to Lord Holland, and soon after made them acquainted. In his Satire, Mr Rogers ranked, among the eulogized, next to Gifford; and Lord Holland, among the lashed, was just not on a par with Jeffrey. The introduction took place at Lord Byron's lodgings, in St James's-street. I happened to be there at the time, and I thought it a curious event. Lord Byron evidently had an awkward feeling on the occasion, from a conscious recollection, which did not seem to be participated by his visitors. Lord Holland's age, experience, and other acquired distinctions, certainly, in point of form, demanded that the visit should have been paid at his house. This, I am confident, Lord Byron at that time would not have done; though he was greatly pleased that the introduction took place, and afterwards waived all ceremony. It would be useless to seek a motive for Lord Holland's condescension, unless it could be shown that it was to overcome evil with good. Whether that was in his mind or not, the new acquaintance improving into

friendship, or something like it, had a great influence in deciding the fate of a new edition of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which the publisher, Cawthorn, was now actively preparing, to accompany the publication of the *Hints from Horace*, that was still creeping on in the press.

Meanwhile, the poem that was to be the foundation of Lord Byron's fame, and of the events of his future days, retarded nearly a month longer than was proposed, was now promised to the public for the end of February. The debate on the Nottingham frame-breaking bill was appointed for the 27th of the same month. It was an extraordinary crisis in his life. He had before him the characters of a poet and of an orator to fix and to maintain. For the former, he depended still upon his *Satires*, more than upon *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, which he contemplated with considerable dread; and, for the latter, he not only meditated but wrote an oration, being afraid to trust his feelings, in the assembly he was to address, with an extemporaneous effusion at first. He occasionally spoke parts of it when we

were alone, but his delivery changed my opinion of his power as to eloquence, and checked my hope of his success in parliament. He altered the natural tone of his voice, which was sweet and round, into a formal drawl, and he prepared his features for a part—it was a youth declaiming a task. This was the more perceptible, as in common conversation he was remarkably easy and natural; it was a fault contracted in the studied delivery of speeches from memory, which has been lately so much attended to in the education of boys. It may wear off and yield to the force of real knowledge and activity; but it does not promise well, and they who fall into it are seldom prominent characters in stations where eloquence is required. By the delay of the printer, Lord Byron's maiden speech preceded the appearance of his poem. It produced a considerable effect in the House of Lords, and he received many compliments from the opposition peers. When he left the great chamber, I went and met him in the passage; he was glowing with success, and much agitated. I had an umbrella in my right hand, not expecting that he would put out

his to me—in my haste to take it when offered, I had advanced my left hand—"What," said he, "give your friend your left hand on such an occasion?" I showed the cause, and immediately changing the umbrella to the other hand, I gave him my right hand, which he shook and pressed warmly. He was greatly elated, and repeated some of the compliments which had been paid him, and mentioned two or three of the Peers who had desired to be introduced to him. He concluded with saying, that he had, by his speech, given me the best advertisement for *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

I really believe that I was more anxious than its author about the reception of the poem, the progress of which I had been superintending with great pleasure for some months, and by that anxiety I was led into a precipitate compliance with the solicitations of the printers of the last edition of the *Satire*, who were proprietors and editors of a literary journal, to favour them with an early review of the poem. I not only wrote

it, but gave it to them in the beginning of February, telling that the work would be out in the middle of that month, but at the same time charging them to take care not to print it before the poem was published. The first of March arrived—the poem did not appear—the review did—I was vexed—it had the appearance of an eulogium prematurely hurried before the public by a friend, if not by the author himself. I was uneasy, lest it should strike Lord Byron in this light, and it was very likely that some good-natured friend or other would expedite his notice of the review. It fortunately happened that the 1st of the month fell on a Sunday, and that Lord Byron spent it at Harrow, if I recollect rightly, with his old tutor Dr Drury, and did not return to St James's-street till Monday evening. On Tuesday I got a copy of the Pilgrimage and hastened with it to him. Lord Valentia had been beforehand in carrying him the review. "I shall be set down for the writer of it," cried he. I told him the fact as it stood. The flattering excitement to which I had yielded, and the examination

of the volume I then put into his hand, dispersed all unpleasant feeling on the occasion, and I assured him that I would take an opportunity of making it publicly known that I had done it without his knowledge. But this was unnecessary, for the publisher of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage had already spread it sufficiently, as I had informed him of it, and far from any harm resulting, it proved no bad advertisement of the publication, which was ready for every inquirer, as fast as the binder could put up the sheets into boards. The blunder passed unobserved, eclipsed by the dazzling brilliancy of the object which had caused it. The attention of the public was universally fixed upon the poem, and in a very few days the whole impression was disposed of. It was not till he had this convincing proof, that Lord Byron had confidence of its success. On the day he received the first copy in boards, he talked of my making an agreement at once with the publisher, if he would offer a hundred or a hundred and fifty guineas for the copyright. I declared I would not; and in three days after,

the publisher talked of being able perhaps to make an offer of three if not four hundred pounds, for he had not a doubt *now* of the sale, and that the edition would go off in less than three months. It went off in three days.

The rapidity of the sale of the poem, its reception, and the elation of the author's feelings, were unparalleled; but before I continue my account of it, I cannot refrain here from making some mention of Newstead Abbey, as it was at this juncture he again began to speak to me freely of his affairs. In spite of the pledge he had given me never to consent to the disposal of it, he occasionally spoke of the sale as necessary to clear him of embarrassments, and of being urged to it by his agent. I never failed to oppose it; but he did not like to dwell upon it, and would get rid of the subject by coinciding with me. I thought his elation at the success of his poem a favourable juncture to take more liberty on so delicate a point, and to avoid the pain of talking, I wrote him the following letter:—

“ You cannot but see that the interest I take in all that concerns you comes from my heart, and I will not ask forgiveness for what I am conscious merits a kind reception. Though not acquainted with the precise state of your affairs, nor with those who have been employed in the management of them, I venture to say, in spite of your seeming to think otherwise, that there can be no occasion for the desperate remedies which have been suggested to you. It is an ungracious thing to suspect, but from my ignorance of the individuals by whom your business is conducted, my suspicion can only attach generally to that corrupt state of nature in which self-interest is too apt to absorb all other considerations. Every motion of an agent, every word spoken or written by a lawyer, are so many conductors of the fortunes of their employers into their coffers; consequently every advice from such persons is open to suspicion, and ought to be thoroughly examined before it is adopted. But who is to examine it? I would say *yourself*, did I not think your pursuits, your mind, your very attainments have by no means qualified you for the task. But there are

men, and lawyers too, to be found of disinterested minds, and pure hands, to whom it would not be difficult to save you the mortification of parting with a property so honourable in the annals of your house. For God's sake mistrust him who suggested it, and, if you are inclined to listen to it, mistrust yourself—pause and take counsel before you act.

“Your affairs should be thoroughly submitted to such a man or men as I have mentioned—that is, all the accounts of your minority, and all the transactions relative to your property, with every voucher, should be produced to them, and examined by them. Through them every thing equitable and honourable would be done, and a portion of your income appropriated to the disencumbering of your estates. I am persuaded that you may be extricated from your difficulties without the harsh alternative proposed. You mentioned the subject of your affairs to me on your arrival in England, but you appeared afterwards to wish it dropped; I have, however, frequently wished what, in consequence of your

recent communication, I have now again expressed. Think of it, I beseech you."

I felt much anxiety at the thought of Newstead Abbey going out of the family—certainly not merely because my nephew was his heir presumptive, though a very natural motive; but I am chevaleresque enough to think the alienation of an estate so acquired, and so long possessed, a species of sacrilege. The following is part of a letter which I wrote home the next day (March 12th, 1812,) after I had seen him. Being written at the time, it is the best continuation of my narrative:—

"The intelligence which Charles brought you of the unparalleled sale of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage must have given you great pleasure, though I think it will be more than counterbalanced by the pain of the subject on which I wrote yesterday to Lord Byron. I still hope it will be avoided, nor, till he talked of it, did I in fact credit that he had the power of disposing of that estate. I was apprehensive that I had gone too far in interfering

in his private affairs; but, quite the contrary, he took my letter in very kind part, though, after a few observations, he dropped the subject. On parting with Charles, we drove to St James's-street, where I staid with him till near six o'clock, and had a good deal of pleasant conversation. I found the enclosed on his table directed to me. On opening it I was surprised at what he writes to me in it;¹ and still more on finding the contents to be a copy of verses to him, with a letter beginning—'Dear Childe Harold,' expressing the greatest admiration, and advising him to be happy. Neither the letter nor the verses are badly written, and the lady concludes with assuring him, that though she should be glad to be acquainted with him, she can feel no other emotion for him than admiration and regard, as her heart is already engaged to another. I looked at him seriously, and said, that none of *my* family

¹ "I wish you to answer me *sincerely* if the enclosed letter is not from *one of your family*?"

Yours,

B.

would ever write an anonymous letter. I said, that you had all given your opinion *openly*, and I had shown him that opinion. 'You are right, you are right,' he said. 'I am sure it is not any of your family, but I really know nobody who I think care half so much about me as you do, and from many parts of the letter, it is no wonder I should suspect that it came from Mrs Dallas, who I know is a good friend of mine.' He is persuaded, he says, that it is written by somebody acquainted with us. I cannot think so—she says she should like to know if he has received her letter, and requests him to leave a note at Hookham's for Mr Sidney Allison. He says he will not answer it.»

I have found another of my letters immediately following this, from which I shall make such extracts as relate to Lord Byron or the poem. «I called on Mr Murray this morning, who told me that *the whole* edition was gone off. He begged me to arrange with Lord Byron for putting the poem to press again, which is to be done in the handsomest manner, in octavo. He showed me letters

from several of the most celebrated critics, and told me that Mr Gifford spoke with the highest admiration of the second Canto, which he had not seen before; the first he had seen in manuscript. From him I went to St James's-street, where I found Lord Byron loaded with letters from critics, poets, authors, and various pretenders to fame of different walks, all lavish of their raptures. In putting them into my hands he said—'I ought not to show such fine compliments, but I keep nothing from you.' Among his raptured admirers I was not a little surprised to find an elegant copy of verses to him from Mr Fitzgerald, the very first person celebrated in his Satire, of which he reminds him in a short prefatory note, adding, in a pleasing and amiable manner, that it was impossible to harbour any resentment against the poet of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. It is impossible to tell you half the applause either as to quantity or quality bestowed upon him directly and indirectly. The letter from Lord Holland places him on a par with Walter Scott. But to come to myself:—After speaking of the sale, and settling the new edition,

I said, 'How can I possibly think of this rapid sale, and the profits likely to ensue, without recollecting'—'What?' 'Think what a sum your work may produce.' 'I shall be rejoiced, and wish it doubled and trebled; but do not talk to me of money. I never will receive money for my writings.' 'I ought not to differ in an opinion which puts hundreds into my purse, but others'—He put out his hand to me, shook mine, said he was very glad, and turned the conversation. The sentiment is noble, but pushed too far. It is not only in this, but in other points, I have remarked a superior spirit in this young man, and which, but for its native vigour, would have been cast away. I am happy to say that I think his successes, and the notice that has been taken of him, have already had upon his mind the cheering effect I hoped and foresaw, and I trust all the gloom of his youth will be dissipated for the rest of his life. He was very cheerful to-day. What a pleasing reflection is it to me that when, on his arrival in England, he put this poem into my hand, I saw its merits, and urged him to publish it. There are two copies binding ele-

gantly and alike: this I mentioned to him, and said, one was for him, 'and the other,' said he, 'for Mrs Dallas: let me have the pleasure of writing her name in it.'»

When I afterwards brought him the copies, he did write the name, and I had the pleasure of finding him ready to send one also to his sister. I handed him another copy to write her name in it, and I was truly delighted to read the following effusion, which I copied before I sent the volume off.

« To Augusta, my dearest sister, and my best friend, who has ever loved me much better than I deserved, this volume is presented by her *father's* son, and most affectionate brother,

« B.»

« *March 14th, 1812.*»

He was now the universal talk of the town: his speech and his poem had not only raised his fame to an extraordinary height, but had dis-

posed all minds to bestow upon him the most favourable reception, to disbelieve his own black account of himself, and to forget that he had been a most bitter satirist. Crowds of eminent persons courted an introduction, and some volunteered their cards. This was the trying moment of virtue, and no wonder it was shaken, for never was there such a sudden transition from neglect to courtship; glory darted thick upon him from all sides; from the Prince Regent and his admirable daughter, to the bookseller and his shopman; from Walter Scott to ****; from Jeffrey to the nameless critics of the Satirist, Scourge, etc. He was the wonder of greybeards, and the show of fashionable parties. At one of these, he happened to go early when there were very few persons assembled; the Regent went in soon after; Lord Byron was at some distance from him in the room. On being informed who he was, His Royal Highness sent a gentleman to him to desire that he would be presented. The presentation of course took place, the Regent expressed his admiration of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, and continued a conversation, which so fascinated

the Poet, that had it not been for an accidental deferring of the next levee, he bade fair to become a visitor at Carlton House, if not a complete courtier.

I called on him on the morning for which the levee had been appointed, and found him in a full-dress court suit of clothes, with his fine black hair in powder, which by no means suited his countenance. I was surprised, as he had not told me that he should go to Court; and it seemed to me as if he thought it necessary to apologize for his intention, by his observing that he could not in decency but do it, as the Regent had done him the honour to say that he hoped to see him soon at Carlton House. In spite of his assumed philosophical contempt of royalty, and of his decided junction with the opposition, he had not been able to withstand the powerful operation of royal praise, which however continued to influence him only till flattery of a more congenial kind diverted him from the enjoyment of that which for a moment he had been disposed to receive. The levee had been suddenly put off,

and he had dressed before he was informed of the alteration which had taken place. It was the first and last time he was ever so dressed, at least for a British Court. A newly-made friend of his

* * * * *

Lord Byron was more than half prepared to yield to this influence, and the harsh verses that proceeded from his pen were, I believe, composed more to humour his new friend's passions than his own: certain it is he gave up all idea of appearing at Court, and fell into the habit of speaking disrespectfully of the Prince.

But his poem flew to every part of the kingdom, indeed, of the world; his fame hourly increased, and he all at once found himself "translated to the spheres," and complimented by all with an elevated character, possessing youthful brilliancy, alas! without the stamen necessary to support it.

Among the testimonies of the high feeling

which the blaze of his genius produced, I admired and selected a letter to him from Dr Clarke, which I have an additional pleasure in inserting here, as it does not appear in the doctor's correspondence lately given to the public.

Trumpington, Wednesday Morning.

DEAR LORD BYRON,

FROM the eagerness which I felt to make known my opinions of your poem before others had expressed *any* upon the subject, I waited upon you to deliver my hasty, although hearty, commendation. If it be worthy your acceptance, take it once more, in a more deliberate form! Upon my arrival in town I found that Mathias entirely coincided with me: "Surely," said I to him, "Lord Byron, at this time of life, cannot have experienced such keen anguish as those exquisite allusions to what older men *may* have felt seem to denote." This was his answer: "*I fear he has—he could not else have written such a poem.*" This

morning I read the second Canto with all the attention it so highly merits, in the peace and stillness of my study; and I am ready to confess I was never so much affected by any poem, passionately fond of poetry as I have been from my earliest youth. When, after the 9th stanza, you introduce the first line of the 10th,

Here let me sit upon the mossy stone,

the thought and the expression are so truly Petrarch's, that I would ask you whether you ever read

Poi quando 'l vero sgombra
Quel dolce error, pur lì medesimo assido
Me freddo, pietra morta in pietra viva,
In guisa d'uom che pensi, e pianga e scriva.

Thus rendered by Mr Wilmot, the only person capable of making Petrarch speak English—

But when rude truth destroys
The loved illusion of the dreamed sweats,

*I sit me down on the cold rugged stone,
Less cold, less dead than I, and think and weep alone.*

The eighth stanza, "*Yet if as holiest men,*" etc., has never been surpassed. In the 23d, the sentiment is at variance with Dryden,

Strange cozenage ! *none* would live past years again.

And it is perhaps an instance wherein, for the first time, I found not within my own breast an echo to your thought, for I would not "*be once more a boy ;*" but the generality of men will agree with you, and wish to tread life's path again.

In the 12th stanza of the same Canto, you might really add a very curious note to these lines,

Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains—

by stating this fact.—When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in

moving it, great part of the superstructure with one of the triglyphs, was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe out of his mouth, dropped a tear, and, in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri—*τίλος!* I was present at the time.

Once more I thank you for the gratification you have afforded me.

Believe me,

Ever yours

Most truly,

E. D. CLARKE.

A gratifying compliment was paid him on the appearance of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, by the order given by the Princess Charlotte for its being magnificently bound. It was displayed for some days in Eber's shop, in Bond-street. The

binding was green morocco, with superfine gilt tooling on the exterior. Lord Byron was highly gratified when I described it to him.

Though flattery had now deeply inoculated him with its poison, he was at first unwilling to own its effects even to himself, and to me he declared that he did not relish society, and was resolved never to mix with it.

He made no resistance, however, to its invitations; and, in a very short time, he not only willingly obeyed the summons of fashion, but became a votary. One evening, seeing his carriage at his door in St James's-street, I knocked and found him at home. He was engaged to a party, but it was not time to go, and I sat nearly an hour with him. He had been reading *Childe Harold*, and continued to read some passages of it aloud; he enjoyed it, and I enjoyed it doubly. On putting it down, he talked of the parties he had been at, and of those to which he was invited, and confessed an alteration in his mind: "I own," said he, "I begin to like them."

Holland house, on which so much of the point of his Satire had been directed, being now one of his most flattering resorts, it was no longer difficult to persuade him to suppress his satirical writings. The fifth edition of **ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS** was now ready to issue from the press; the **HINTS OF HORACE** was far advanced; and the **CURSE OF MINERVA** was in preparation. He had not listened to me fully, but he had begun not only to be easy at the delay of the printing of these poems, but to desire it, as if he had it already in contemplation to be guided by the reception of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*: yet, even after this was clear, he continued the delay; but he did not immediately decide upon the suppression of them till some of his new friends requested it. Upon this, the bookseller who was to publish them, Cawthorn, was apprised of the author's intention, and desired to commit the whole of the new edition of **ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS** to the flames; and the carrying this into execution was entrusted entirely to him.

The expenses of the edition being defrayed, as

well as those attending the other poems that were also stopped in the press, and the bookseller having reaped all the profits of the four preceding editions, he had literally no right to complain on this subject; but, as far as respects the right attached to expectations raised, he had perhaps cause to think himself ill-used. He had undertaken to publish what had been refused by other publishers, had risked making enemies, and had not neglected the publication entrusted to him. He ought to have had the advantages attending the circulation of the author's other works. I wished it, and proposed it. Lord Byron had been directed to Miller, as the publisher in fashion, and from motives I have already stated, Cawthorn was deprived of a patronage which he reasonably expected. He naturally felt sore, but endeavoured to submit with a good grace. The suppression of the Satire was gratifying to Lord Byron's new friends, but it had the effect of raising the value of the copies that could be obtained. An Irish edition was circulated unadvertised, but it did not appear to renew animosity. He was completely forgiven as the venomous satirist, and

embraced as the successful poet of the *Pilgrimage*. I must not omit to say that he had some occasional doubts, or rather moments of assumed modesty, as to the merit of his new poem, in spite of its success.—“I may place a great deal of it,” said he, “to being a Lord.” And again—“I have made them afraid of me.” There may be something in both these remarks, as they regard the celerity of his fame, and the readiness of the “all hail” that was given to him; but the impression made by *Childe Harold* on reiterated perusals, and the nerve of his succeeding works, leave not a moment’s doubt of his success being indeed the just meed of his genius.

I was now to see Lord Byron in a new point of view. The town was full of company, as usual in the spring. Besides the speech he had made on the Frame-Breaking Bill, he again attracted notice on the Catholic question, which was agitated warmly by the Peers in the beginning of April. His name was in every mouth, and his poem in every hand. He converted criticism to adulation, and admiration to love. His stanzas abounded

with passages which impressed on the heart of his readers pity for the miserable feelings of a youth who could express so admirably what he felt; and this pity, uniting with the delight proceeding from his poetry, generated a general affection of which he knew not the value; for, while the real fruits of happiness clustered around him, he neglected them, and became absorbed in gratifications that could only tend to injure the reputation he had gained. He profess- edly despised the society of women; yet female adulation became the most captivating charm to his heart. He had not admitted the ladies of his own family to any degree of intimacy—his aunt and his cousins, were kept at a distance, and even his sister had hitherto shared the like fate. Among the admirers who had paid their tribute in prose or verse to the Muse of the Pilgrimage, I have already mentioned one who asked for an acknowledgment of the receipt of her letter. He had treated that letter lightly, and said he would not answer it. He was not able to keep his resolution, and on finding his correspondent to be distinguished for eccentric notions, he became so

enraptured, so intoxicated, that his time and thoughts were almost entirely devoted to reading her letters and answering them. One morning he was so absorbed in the composition of a letter to her, that he barely noticed me as I entered the room. I said, pray go on, and sat down at one side of the table at which he was writing, where I looked over a newspaper for some time. Finding that he did not conclude, I looked at him, and was astonished at the complete abstraction of his mind, and at the emanation of his sentiments on his countenance. He had a peculiar smile on his lips, his eyes beamed the pleasure he felt from what was passing from his imagination to his paper; he looked at me and then at his writing; but I am persuaded he did not see me, and that the thoughts with which he teemed prevented his discerning any thing about him. I said, "I see you are deeply engaged." His ear was as little open to sound as his eye to vision. I got up, on which he said, "Pray, sit." I answered that I would return: this roused him a little, and he said, "I wish you would." I do not think he knew what passed, or observed my

quitting him. This scene gave me great pain; I began to fear that his fame would be dearly bought. Previous to the appearance of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage his mind had gained some important conquests over his senses, and I also thought he had barred his heart against the grosser attacks of the passion of vanity. If these avenues of destruction to the soul were again to be thrown open by the publication of the poem, it were better that it never had been published. I called upon him the next day, when I found him in his usual good humour. He told me to whom he had been writing, and said he hoped I never thought him rude. I took my usual liberty with him, and honestly warned him against his new dangers. While I was with him the lady's *page* brought him a new letter. He was a fair-faced delicate boy of thirteen or fourteen years old, whom one might have taken for the lady herself. He was dressed in a scarlet hussar jacket and pantaloons, trimmed in front in much the same manner with silver buttons and silver twisted lace, with which the narrow slit cuffs of his jacket were also embroidered. He had light hair curl-

ing about his face, and held a feathered fancy hat in his hand, which completed the scenic appearance of this urchin Pandarus. I could not but suspect at the time that it was a disguise; if so, he never disclosed it to me, and as he had hitherto had no reserve with me, the thought vanished with the object of it, and I do not precisely recollect the mode of his exit. I wished it otherwise, but wishing was in vain.

Lord Byron passed the spring and summer of 1812 intoxicated with success, attentions of every kind, and fame. In the month of April he again promised me the letters to his mother, as a pledge that he would not part with Newstead; but early in the autumn he told me that he was urged by his man of business, and that Newstead *must* be sold. This lawyer appears to have had an undue sway over him. Newstead was brought to the hammer at Garraway's. I attended the auction. Newstead was not sold, only 90,000*l.* being offered for it. What I remember that day affected me considerably. The auctioneer was questioned respecting the title: he answered that, « the title

was a grant from Henry VIII. to an ancestor of Lord Byron's, and that the estate had ever since regularly descended in the family." I rejoiced to think it had escaped that day; but my pleasure did not last long. From Garraway's I went to St James's-street, where he told me that he had made a private agreement for it with Mr Claughton for the sum of 140,000*l.* I saw the agreement; but some time after it turned out that the purchaser could not complete the purchase, and forfeited, I think, 20,000*l.*, the estate remaining Lord Byron's. It has been since sold, I know not for what sum, as I was abroad at the time, and my correspondence with Lord Byron had ceased. It is a legal maxim, that "the law abhors a perpetuity." I have nothing to say against opening the landed property of the kingdom to purchasers who may be more worthy of it than the sellers; but there are two considerations which cannot but affect the mind of a thinking man. It disgraces ancestry, and it robs posterity. A property bestowed, like Newstead, for deeds of valour and loyalty, is a sacred gift, and the inheritor that turns it into money commits a kind

of sacrilege. He may have a legal, but he has no moral, no honourable right to divert the transmission of it from the blood that gained it. I cannot but think that the reviewer in the Edinburgh Review, who speaks of Newstead, has overshot his aim in ornamenting the abbey with the bright reflections of its possessor's genius. In a poet, imagination requires the alliance of soul : without both no man can be a whole poet. Lord Byron should have eat his daily biscuit with his cup of tea to preserve Newstead. The reviewer's remarks arose from a perusal of the account given of it by Walpole. I will here insert the account and the critique :—

“As I returned,” says Walpole, “I saw Newstead and Althorpe; I like both. The former is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house : the hall entire; the refectory entire; the cloister untouched; with the ancient cistern of the convent, and their arms on it: it is a private chapel, quite perfect. The park, which is still charming,

has not been so much unprofaned. The present Lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks; five thousand pounds of which have been cut near the house. In recompense, he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for damage done to the navy; and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that look like plough-boys dressed in old family liveries for a public day. In the hall is a very good collection of pictures, all animals; the refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons; the vaulted roof remaining, but the windows have new dresses making for them by a Venetian tailor.»

On this the reviewer remarks:—

«This is a careless but happy description of one of the noblest mansions in England; and it will *now* be read with a far deeper interest than when it was written. Walpole saw the SEAT of the BYRONS, old, majestic, and venerable: but he saw nothing of that magic beauty which Fame sheds over the habitations of Genius, and which

for a few months, and where he wrote his first dedication (a poetical one) of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

In the beginning of the year 1813, he seemed to be a little recovered from his intoxication. He lived in a house in Bennet-street, St James's, where I saw him almost every day, by his own desire, and his kindness and attentions seemed uninterrupted. I confess, I suspected that the independence of my opinions had had some effect upon his mind. I have the copy of a letter by me written to him in the autumn of 1812, when he was going to the country-house he had taken, as I have just mentioned, and which I will insert here as another proof of that independence.

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,

You talked of going out of town in a few days; pray remember to leave St Simon's works for me. I will call again, but you may be gone: if so I shall be glad to hear from you. Wherever you are I most sincerely wish you happy; but let me,

with my old sincerity, add that I am confident you are not at present in the road of happiness. Do not hate me for this, for be assured that no man, nor *woman* either, more sincerely wishes you the enjoyment of every good than does

Your truly obliged and faithful

R. C. DALLAS.

Brickstables, August 19th, 1812.

He again became satiated with praise and pleasure, and turned his mind to composition: I was highly gratified, allowing it even to be flattery, at his acknowledgment of being pleased with the novels I had written, and I was still more flattered when he proposed to me to write one jointly. I thought the proposal made on a transient thought, and was rather surprised, when I next saw him, to receive from him two folio sheets of paper, accompanied with these words: "Now do you go on." On opening the paper I read "Letter I., Darrel to G. Y." and found it to be the com-

mencement of a novel. I was charmed to find his intention real; but my pleasure, which continued through the perusal, forsook me when I reflected on the impossibility of my adopting either the style or the objects he had in view, as he dwelled upon them.¹ I told him I saw that he meant to laugh at me; but I kept the manuscript, though at the time I had no intention of using it. However, in writing another novel, I was tempted to build a very different structure upon it than was originally planned, and it stands the first letter in my novel of Sir Francis Darrel.

I again enjoyed his friendship and his company with a pleasure sweet to my memory, and not easily expressed. He was in the habit of reading his poems to me as he wrote them. In the spring of this year, 1813, he read me the *Giaour*; he assured me that the verses containing the simile of the scorpion were imagined in his sleep,

¹ The letter, exactly as he wrote it, will appear at the end of this volume.

except the last four lines. At this time I thought him a good deal depressed in spirits, and I lamented that he had abandoned every idea of being a statesman. He talked of going abroad again, and requested me to keep in mind that he had a presentiment that he should never return. He now renewed a promise which he had made me of concluding *Childe Harold*, and giving it to me, and requested me to print all his works after his death. I considered all this as the effects of depression—his genius had but begun the long and lofty flight it was about to take, and he was soon awakened to the charm of occasional augmentations of fame. It was some time before he determined on publishing the *Giaour*; I believe not till Mr Gifford sent him a message, calling on him not to give up his time to slight compositions, as he had genius to send him to the latest posterity with Milton and Spenser. Meanwhile he had written the *Bride of Abydos*. Towards the end of the year his publisher wrote him a letter, offering a thousand guineas for these two poems, which he did not accept, but suffered him to publish them. He was so pleased with the flat-

tery at the shop, that he forgot his dignity, and
 once he even said to me, that money levelled dis-
 tinction * * * * *

* * * * *

The American government had this year sent a special embassy to the court of Petersburg. Mr Gallatin was the ambassador, and my nephew George Mifflin Dallas was his secretary. When the business in Russia was finished they came to England. My nephew had brought over with him an American poem—American literature rated very low. The Edinburgh Review says: “The Americans have none—no native literature, we mean. It is all imported. They had a Franklin indeed, and may afford to live half a century on his fame. There is, or was, a Mr Dwight, who wrote some poems; and his baptismal name was Timothy. There is also a small account of Virginia by Jefferson, and an epic by Joel Barlow—and some pieces of pleasantry by Mr Irving. But why should the Americans write books, when a six weeks’ passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales

and hogsheds?"¹—Much cannot be said for the liberality of this criticism. Some names, it is true, have been doomed by the spirit of ridicule to mockery; Lord Byron himself exclaims against both baptismal and surname—

Oh! Amos Cottle!—Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking-trump of future fame!

So, when it suited his satire, he split the southern smooth monosyllable of Brougham into the northern rough dissyllable of Brough-am:

Beware lest blundering Brough-am spoil the sale,
Turn beef to bannocks—cauliflowers to kail.

Yet we know that very unsonorous names have, by greatness of mind, by talents and by virtues, been exalted to the highest pitch of admiration.—Pitt, and Fox, and Petty, owe their grandeur to the men who have borne them. Tom Spratt and Tom Tickell were English poets and celebrated characters. Had Mr Dwight written the *Seasons*,

¹ Edinburgh Review, No. LXI, p. 144, Dec. 1818.

he would have been a far-famed poet, in spite of his name being Timothy. The reasoning is equally unintelligible when the reviewer decides it to be sufficient for the Americans to import sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogsheds. Might not the Americans as reasonably ask why the lawyers of Edinburgh should write reviews, when three days bring them, in the tongue they write in, all the criticism of England in brown paper packages?—Poetical genius is a heavenly spark, with which it pleases the Almighty to gift some men. It has shone forth in the other quarters of the globe: if it be bestowed on an American, the ability of importing English and Scotch poems is no good reason why it should be smothered.—The poem which my nephew brought to England was one of those pieces of pleasantry by an American gentleman.¹ It was a burlesque of a favourite fine poem of one of our most celebrated poets, and, as a specimen of a

¹ The gentleman to whom it was attributed is now said not to be the author of it. It was not denied at the time the Americans in London ascribed it to him.

promising nature, it was reprinted in London. With this motive, only the ingenuity of the writer was considered. It could not be thought more injurious to the real bard than Cotton's burlesque to Virgil; nor could the American hostility to a gallant British commander be suspected of giving a moment's pain—at least I did not think so.

I believe that the nature of this American poem was known to the proprietor of the Quarterly Review, so far as it was a burlesque on the Lay of the Last Minstrel. I know it; was yet was he as a publisher so anxious to get it, that he engaged Lord Byron to use his utmost influence with me to obtain it for him. The following is the letter his Lordship wrote to me on the occasion:

Dec. 18th, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

If you wish to do me the greatest favour possible, which I am soliciting for another, you will let Mr Murray (who is in despair about it) have

the publication of the S. F. if not absolutely impracticable. By so doing you will return *good* for evil; and, in the true gospel spirit, "heap coals of fire upon his head"—pray do. I am sure he will now *deal* liberally by you, and I see him so anxious on this subject, that I quite feel for him, and so will you. You shall have it all your own way. I have really no other motive whatever but to assist Murray, and certainly *not* to injure you. This will not only be a *triumph* to yourself, but will set all right between you and him, and I hope be of eventual service to both. Pray pardon my importunity, and, if you can, comply with it.

Ever most truly yours,

BYRON.

P. S. You can easily dispose of Cawthorn, if he has already arranged with you; don't be *embarrassed* about that. I will settle it, or ensure your doing so.

The following was my answer :—

Worton House, Dec. 19th, 1813.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WOULD not hesitate a moment to lay aside the kind of resentment I feel against Mr Murray, for the pleasure of complying with the desire you so strongly express, if it were in my power; but judge of the impracticability, when I assure you, that a considerable portion of the poem is in the printer's hands, and that the publication will soon make its appearance. It has indeed been *morally* impossible for me to do it for some time. I think I need not protest very eagerly to be believed when I say, that I should be happy to do what you would esteem a favour. I wish for no triumph over Murray. The post of this morning brought me a letter from him. I shall probably answer it at my leisure some way or other. I wish you a good night, and ever am,

My dear Lord,

Your attached and faithful

R. C. DALLAS.

In less than a fortnight, the current of satisfaction, arising from praise which had run thus high and thus strong in favour of his publisher, ebbed with equal rapidity, and so low that, in addition to the loss of this coveted American poem, the publication of his Lordship's future works had nearly gone into a different channel. On the 28th of December I called in the morning on Lord Byron, whom I found composing "The Corsair." He had been working upon it but a few days, and he read me the portion he had written. After some observations he said, "I have a great mind—I will." He then added that he should finish it soon, and asked me to accept of the copyright. I was much surprised. He had, before he was aware of the value of his works, declared that he never would take money for them, and that I should have the whole advantage of all he wrote. This declaration became morally void when the question was about thousands, instead of a few hundreds; and I perfectly agree with the admired and admirable Author of Waverley, that "the wise and good accept not gifts which are made in heat of blood,

and which may be after repented of.”¹—I felt this on the sale of *Childe Harold*, and observed it to him. The copyright of the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos* remained undisposed of, though the poems were selling rapidly, nor had I the slightest notion that he would ever again give me a copyright. But as he continued in the resolution of not appropriating the sale of his works to his own use, I did not scruple to accept that of the *Cor-sair*, and I thanked him. He asked me to call and hear the portions read as he wrote them. I went every morning, and was astonished at the rapidity of his composition. He gave me the poem complete on new-year’s day, 1814, saying, that my acceptance of it gave him great pleasure, and that I was fully at liberty to publish it with any bookseller I pleased, independent of the profit. I was highly delighted with this confidential renewal of kindness, and he seemed pleased that I felt it so. I must however own, that I found kindness to me was not the sole motive of the gift. I asked him if he wished me

¹ *Monastery*, vol. iii, c. 7.

to publish it through his publisher? "Not at all," said he; "do exactly as you please: he has had the assurance to give me his advice as to writing, and to tell me that I should out-write myself.—I would rather you would publish it by some other bookseller."—The circumstance having lowered the pride of wealth, a submissive letter was written, containing some flattery, and, in spite of an awkward apology, Lord Byron was appeased. He requested me to let the publisher of the former poems have the copyright, to which I of course agreed.

While the *Corsair* was in the press, Lord Byron dedicated it to Mr Moore, and at the end of the poem he added "Stanzas on a Lady weeping." These were printed without my knowledge. They no sooner appeared, acknowledged by his name in the title-page, than he was violently assailed in the leading newspapers, in verse and in prose; his life, his sentiments, his works, the suppressed Satire, with the names of his new friends at length, was reprinted in great portions in the *Courier*, *Post*, and other papers. Among other

things, an attempt was made to mortify him, by assertions of his receiving large sums of money for his writings. He was extremely galled; and indeed the daily continued attempts to *écraser* him were enough to gall him. There was no cessation of the fire opened upon him. I was exceedingly hurt; but he had brought it upon himself, after having by his genius conquered all his enemies. He did not relish the *écraser* system when it was turned upon himself; and he derived no aid from those who had got him into the scrape. In the goading it occasioned he wrote to me. This was his letter:—

Feb. 17th, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE Courier of this evening accuses me of having "received and pocketed" large sums for my works. I have never yet received nor wished to receive a farthing for any. Mr Murray offered a thousand for the *Giaour* and *Bride of Abydos*, which I said was too much, and that if he could afford it at the end of six months, I would then direct how it might be disposed of; but neither

then, nor at any other period, have I ever availed myself of the profits on my own account. For the republication of the Satire I refused 400 guineas; and for the previous editions I never asked nor received a *sous*, nor for any writing whatever. I do not wish you to do any thing disagreeable to yourself; there never was nor shall be any conditions nor stipulations with regard to any accommodation that I could afford you : and, on your part, I can see nothing derogatory in receiving the copyright. It was only assistance afforded to a worthy man, by one not quite so worthy.

Mr Murray is going to contradict this; ¹ but your *name* will not be mentioned: for your own part, you are a free agent, and are to do as you please. I only hope that now, as always, you will think that I wish to take no unfair advantage of the accidental opportunity which circumstances permitted me of being of use to you.

Ever yours most truly,

BYRON.

¹ The statement of the Courier, etc.

P. S. It is a cruel and bitter thing on all parties to be obliged to notice this; but the statement is made in such a manner as requires it to be done away with, founded as it is on utter falsehood.

On receiving this letter, I immediately wrote one to be published in the morning papers; but I had hardly finished writing it when I received another from him, as follows.

Feb. 18th, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,

SINCE I wrote to you last night, it is determined that Murray shall say nothing (and certainly I shall not), but allow them to rail on, and lie to the uttermost.—Do *not* you, therefore, think of involving yourself in the squabble by any statement, but let it rest.

Ever yours,

B.

In the first of these letters it is very evident that

Lord Byron wished me to interfere, though he was too delicate to ask it; and, in the second letter, nothing can be clearer than that he was hurt at the determination which had been taken, that his publisher should say nothing. I therefore resolved to publish the letter I had written, but at the same time to have his concurrence. I therefore took it to town, and read it to him. He was greatly pleased, but urged me to do nothing disagreeable to my feelings. I assured him that it was, on the contrary, extremely, agreeable to them; and I immediately carried it to the proprietor of the *Morning Post*, with whom I was acquainted. I sent copies to the *Morning Chronicle*, and other papers, and I had the satisfaction of finding the persecution discontinued.

The following is the letter :—

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,

I have seen the paragraph in an evening paper,

in which Lord Byron is *accused* of "receiving and pocketing" large sums for his works. I believe no one who knows him has the slightest suspicion of this kind; but the assertion being public, I think it a justice I owe to Lord Byron to contradict it publicly. I address this letter to you for that purpose, and I am happy that it gives me an opportunity at this moment to make some observations which I have for several days been anxious to do publicly, but from which I have been restrained by an apprehension that I should be suspected of being prompted by his lordship.

I take upon me to affirm that Lord Byron never received a shilling for any of his works. To my certain knowledge the profits of the *Satire* were left entirely to the publisher of it. The gift of the copyright of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* I have already publicly acknowledged in the dedication of the new edition of my novels; and I now add my acknowledgment for that of the *Corsair*, not only for the profitable part of it, but for the delicate and delightful manner of bestowing it while yet unpublished. With respect to

his two other poems, the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos*, Mr Murray, the publisher of them, can truly attest that no part of the sale of them has ever touched his hands, or been disposed of for his use. Having said thus much as to facts, I cannot but express my surprise, that it should ever be deemed a matter of reproach that he should appropriate the pecuniary returns of his works. Neither rank nor fortune seems to me to place any man above this; for what difference does it make in honour and noble feelings, whether a copyright be bestowed, or its value employed in beneficent purposes. I differ with my Lord Byron on this subject, as well as some others; and he has constantly, both by word and action, shown his aversion to receiving money for his productions.

The pen in my hand, and affection and grateful feelings in my heart, I cannot refrain from touching upon a subject of a painful nature, delicate as it is, and fearful as I am that I shall be unable to manage it with a propriety of which it is susceptible, but of which the execution is not

easy. One reflection encourages me, for if magnanimity be the attendant of rank (and all that I have published proves such a prepossession in my mind), then have I the less to fear from *the most illustrious*, in undertaking to throw into its proper point of view a circumstance which has been completely misrepresented or misunderstood.

I do not purpose to defend the publication of the two stanzas at the end of *The Corsair*, which has given rise to such a torrent of abuse, and of the insertion of which I was not aware till it was published : but most surely they have been placed in a light which never entered the mind of the author, and in which men of dispassionate minds cannot see them. It is absurd to talk seriously of their ever being meant to disunite the parent and child, or to libel the sovereign. It is very easy to descant upon such assumed enormities; but the assumption of them, if not a loyal error, is an atrocious crime. Lord Byron never contemplated the horrors that have been attributed to him. The lines alluded to were an impromptu, upon a single well-known fact ; I mean the failure

in the endeavour to form an administration in the year 1812, according to the wishes of the author's friends; on which it was reported that tears were shed by an illustrious female. The very words in the context show the verses to be confined to that one circumstance, for they are in the singular number, *disgrace*, *fault*. What disgrace?—what fault? Those (says the verse) of not saving a sinking realm (and let the date be remembered, March 18¹²), by taking the writer's friends to support it. Never was there a more simple political sentiment expressed in rhyme. If this be libel, if this be the undermining of filial affection, where shall we find a term for the language often heard in both Houses of Parliament?

While I hope that I have said enough to show the hasty misrepresentation of the lines in question, I must take care not to be misunderstood myself. The little part I take in conversing on politics, is well known among my friends to differ completely from the political sentiments which dictated these verses; but knowing their

author, better than most who pretend to judge of him, and with motives of affection, veneration, and admiration, I am shocked to think that the hasty collecting of a few scattered poems, to be placed at the end of a volume, should have raised such a clamour.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

R. C. DALLAS.

I was delighted, and Lord Byron was pleased, with the effect of my public Letter. I passed a very pleasant morning with him a day or two after it appeared, and he read me several letters he had received upon it. Some days after this, he received a letter from a friend, offering to write in his defence, to which he returned the following answer:—

February 28, 1814.

MY DEAR W——.

I have but a few moments to write to you.

Silence is the only answer to the things you mention; nor should I regard that man as my friend, who said a word more on the subject. I care little for attacks, but I will not submit to *defences*; and I do hope and trust that *you* have never entertained a serious thought of engaging in so foolish a controversy. Dallas's letter was to his credit merely as to facts which he had a right to state; *I* neither have nor shall take the least *public* notice, nor permit any one else to do so. If I discover the writer, then I may act in a different manner; but it will not be in writing.

An expression in your letter has induced me to write this to you, to intreat you not to interfere in any way in such a business,—it is now nearly over, and depend upon it *they* are much more chagrined by my silence than they could be by the best defence in the world. I do not know any thing that would vex me more than any further reply to these things.

Ever yours, in haste,

B.

The Corsair had an immediate and rapid sale;—as soon as it was printed, the publisher sent it to Mr E. at Sunning Hill, a gentleman of fortune and of talent, who patronized his review, informing him at the same time that he had sold thirteen thousand copies of the poem on the first day.

In the original manuscript of the Corsair, the chief female character was called "Francesca," in whose person he meant to delineate one of his acquaintance; but before the poem went to the press he changed the name to "Medora."

Through the winter and during the spring of 1814, he maintained an open and friendly intercourse with me;—I saw him very frequently.—Upon one occasion, as I admired his reply to a love-letter from some one with whom he had no acquaintance, he permitted me to copy it before he dispatched it; and it is so characteristic of him, that I cannot refrain from inserting it here.

March 31st, 1814.

If my silence "has hurt your pride or your

feelings," to use your own expressions, I am very sorry for it—be assured that such effect was far from my intention. Business, and some little bustle attendant on changing my residence, prevented me from thanking you for your letter, so soon as I ought to have done; if my thanks do not displease you now, pray accept them. I could not feel otherwise than obliged by the desire of a stranger to make my acquaintance. I am not unacquainted with your name, nor your beauty; and I have heard much of your talents, but I am not the person whom you would like either as a lover or a friend. I did not, and do not suspect you (to use your own words once more) of "any design of making love to me." I know myself well enough to acquit any one who does *not* know me, and still more those who *do*, of any such intention; I am not of a nature to be *loved*, and, so far luckily for myself, I have no wish to be so. In saying this, I do not mean to affect any particular stoicism, and may possibly, at one time or other, have been liable to those "follies" for which you sarcastically tell me I have now "*no time*;" but these and every

thing else are to me at present objects of indifference, and that is a good deal to say at six and twenty. You tell me, that you wished to know me because you "liked my writings." I think you must be aware that a writer is, in general, very different from his productions, and always disappoints those who expect to find in him qualities more agreeable than those of others. I shall certainly not be lessened in my vanity as a scribbler, by the reflection that a work of mine has given you pleasure,—and to preserve the impression in its favour, I will not risk your good opinion by inflicting my acquaintance upon you.

Very truly,

Your obliged servant,

B.

In May he began his poem of Lara. On the 19th I called upon him, when he read the beginning of it to me. I immediately said that was a continuation of the Corsair.

He was now so frank and kind, that I again ventured to talk to him of Newstead Abbey, which brought to his mind his promise of the pledge; and on June 10, 1814, after reading the continuation of *Lara*, he renewed the resolution of never parting with the abbey. In confirmation of which, he gave me all the letters he had written to his mother, from the time of his forming the resolution to go abroad, till his return to England, in July, 1811. The one he originally meant as a pledge for the preservation of Newstead, is that of the 6th of March, 1809.¹ In giving them to me, he said they might one day be looked upon as curiosities, and that they were mine to do as I pleased with.

I remained of opinion that *Lara* was the Corsair disguised, or rather that Conrad was *Lara* returned, after having embraced the life of a Corsair, in consequence of his crime. He had not determined the catastrophe when I left him. I wrote and urged it;—this was my letter on the subject :—

¹ Letter XVII.

“The beauties of your new poem equal, some of them perhaps excel, what we have enjoyed in your preceding tales. With respect to the narrative, the interest, as far as you have read, is completely sustained ; yet to render *Lara* ultimately as interesting as *Conrad*, he ought, I think, to be developed of his mystery in the conclusion of the poem. Sequels to tales have seldom been favourites, and I see you are disposed to avoid one in *Lara* ; but such a sequel as you would make with what you have begun, could not fail of success. Slay him in your proposed battle, and let Kalad’s lamentation over his body discover in him the Corsair, and, in his page, the wretched Gulnare. For all *this gloom*, pray give us after this a happy tale.”

He chose to leave it to the reader’s determination ; but I think it is easy to be traced in the scene under the line where *Lara*, mortally wounded, is attended by Kalad.

“ His dying tones are in that other tongue,
To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.

They spoke of other scenes, but what—is known
 To Kaled, whom their meaning reached alone ;
 And he replied, though faintly to their sound,
 While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round :
 They seemed even there—that twain—unto the last
 To half forget the present in the past ;
 To share between themselves some separate fate,
 Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.*

Canto II. Stanza 18.

In the next stanza, also, he speaks of remembered scenes. In the 21st stanza, the sex of Kaled is revealed. In the 22d, the reader is led to conclude that Kaled was Gulnare, though

* ——— that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold.*

Lara was finished on the 24th of June 1814. He read it over to me; and while I was with him that day, he made me a present of four proof prints taken from Westall's picture of him. He also gave me the small engraving which was taken from the portrait painted by Phillips. These portraits combine all that depends upon the pencil to transmit of personal resemblance, and

all of mind that it can catch—for posterity or the stranger. The effect of utterance, and the living grace of motion, must still be left to the imagination of those who have not had opportunities of observing them; but the power with which no pencil is endowed is displayed by the pen of Byron himself, and to this must these pictures be indebted for the completion of their effect. I have seen him again and again in both the views given by the artists. That of Mr Phillips is simply the portrait of a gentleman: it is very like, but the sentiment which appears to me to predominate in it is haughtiness. If I judge aright, I am not the less of opinion, that there is no error attributable to the pencil by which the sentiment was marked. I have seen Lord Byron assume it on some occasions, and I have no doubt that the feeling which produced it was a fluctuation from his natural easy flexible look to one of intended dignity. Whether there be more of dignity or of haughtiness in the countenance, as there expressed, I mean not to contend: it strikes me as I have mentioned. But it is Westall's picture that I contemplate, at times with calm delight, and at

times with rapture. It is the picture of emanating genius—of Byron's genius—it needs not utterance; it possesses the living grace of thought, of intellect, of spirit, and is like a sun beaming its powerful rays to warm and vivify the imaginations and the hearts of mankind. From the free and unlimited egress he permitted me to his apartments, I saw him in every point of view. I have been with him when he was composing some of the additional stanzas of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*; and many lines of the *Corsair* and of *Lara* were composed in my presence. At his Chambers in Albany, there was a long table covered with books standing before the fireplace; at the one end of it stood his own easy chair, and a small round table at his hand; at the other end of the table was another easy chair, on which I have sat for hours reading or contemplating him; and I have seen him in the very position represented in Mr Westall's picture. I have already said that he gave me four of the earliest impressions of the print taken from it. It brings him completely to my mind. I have been in the habit of contemplating it with great affection,

though sometimes mixed with a sorrow for those opinions on which I found it impossible to accord with him, and for those acts which incurred the disapprobation of the good and the wise; but never did I look upon it with such sorrow as on the day I heard that he was no more.

I have little more to add. Peace with France being concluded in the year 1814, I resolved on going to Paris, and thence to the South; but as I did not immediately leave England, and Lord Byron returning to town, I had an opportunity of seeing him again. I sat some time with him on the 4th of October, and then took my leave of him; and here I think our intercourse may be said to terminate. Whilst I was at Bordeaux, his marriage took place. Napoleon's successful entry into Paris hurried me back to England; and on my arrival in London, I saw both Lord and Lady Byron, at their house in Piccadilly.

I think that, for some years, I possessed more of his affection than those who, after the establishment of his fame, were proud to call him friend.

This opinion is formed not only from the recollected pleasure I enjoyed, but from his own opinions in conversation long after he had entered the vortex of gaiety and flattery; and from what he read to me from a book in which he was in the habit of drawing characters, a book that was not to be published till the living generation had passed away. That book suggested to me these volumes; nor did I keep my intention a secret from him. In the year 1819, I informed him that my posthumous volume was made up, and said,

“I look into it occasionally with much pleasure, and I enjoy the thought of being in company with your spirit when it is opened on earth, towards the end of the nineteenth century, and of finding you pleased, even in the high sphere you may then, if you would but will it now, occupy, which it is possible you might not be, were you to see it opened by the world in your present sphere. I do not know whether you are able to say as much for your book, for if you do live hereafter, and I have not the slightest doubt

but you will, I suspect that you will have company about you at the opening of it which may rather afford occasion of remorse than of pleasure, however gracious and forgiving you may find immortal spirits. Of you I have written precisely as I think, and as I have found you; and, though I have inserted some things which I would not give to the present generation, the whole, as it stands, is a just portrait of you during the time you have honoured me with your intimacy and friendship, for I drop the pencil when the curtain dropped between us, and the picture is to me an engaging one."

If his affection, his confidence, nay, I will boldly say, his preference on difficult occasions, were but flattery, or an illusion lasting for years, the remembrance of it is too agreeable to be parted with at the closing years of my life, especially as that remembrance is accompanied with a recollection of my anxiety and my efforts to exalt him as high in wisdom, as nature and education had raised him on the standard of genius. But it was no illusion; and at the very

moment of his quitting his country for ever, I received one more proof of his remembrance and his confidence. I had returned to the continent. Whatever was the cause of the breach between him and his lady, it appears to have been irreparable, and it attracted public notice and animadversion. All the odium fell on him, and his old enemies were glad of another opportunity of assailing him. Tale succeeded tale, and he was painted hideously, in prose and verse, and tittle-tattle. Publicly and privately he was annoyed and goaded, in such a manner that he resolved to go abroad. On taking this resolution, he sent a note to my son, who was then in London, requesting to see him. He immediately waited upon him. Lord Byron said to him, he was afraid that I thought he had slighted me; told him of his intention to go to Switzerland and Italy, and invited him to accompany him. My son expressed a wish to consult me, which Lord Byron said was right. This invitation doubly pleased me; it showed that I still possessed a place in his memory and regard, and I saw in it advantages for my son in travelling which he might not other-

wise enjoy; but, upon reflection, I was not sorry that, owing to the delay of my answer, the proposal fell to the ground.

Lord Byron left England on the—of 1816, and I trace him personally no farther. I continued to read his new poems with great pleasure as they appeared, till he published the first two cantos of *Don Juan*, which I read with a sorrow that admiration could not compensate. His muse—his British muse, had disdained licentiousness and the pruriency of petty wits; but with petty wits he had now begun to amalgamate his pure and lofty genius. Yet he did not long continue to alloy his golden ore with the filthy dross of impure metal: whatever errors he fell into, whatever sins lie at his door, he cleansed his lyre of obscene stains as he proceeded in that wonderful and extraordinary medley, in which we at once feel the poet and see the man. No eulogy will reach his towering height in the former character; no eulogy, dictated by friendship, and merited for claims truth can avow, will, I fear, cover the—I have no word, I will use none—

that has been fastened upon him in the latter. The fact is, that he was, like most men, a mixed character; and that, on either side, mediocrity was out of his nature. If his pen was sometimes virulent and impious, his heart was always benevolent, and his sentiments sometimes pious. Nay, he would have been pious—he would have been a christian, had he not fallen into the hands of atheists and scoffers.

* * * * *

There was something of a pride in him which carried him beyond the common sphere of thought and feeling, and the excess of this characteristic pride bore away, like a whirlwind, even the justest feelings of our nature, but it could not root them entirely from his heart. In vain did he defy his country, and hold his countrymen in scorn—the choice he made of the motto for Childe Harold evinces that patriotism had taken root in his mind. The visions of an Utopia in his untravelled fancy deprived reality of its charm; but when he awakened to the state of the world, what

said he? "I have seen the most celebrated countries in the world, and have learned to prefer and to love my own." In vain too was he led into the defiance of the sacred writings. There are passages in his letters, and in his works, which show that religion was, though latent, in his soul. Could he cite the following lines, and resist the force of them? It is true, he marks them for the beauty of the verse, but no less for the sublimity of the conceptions; and I cannot but hope that, had he lived, he would have proved another instance of Genius bowing to the power of Truth.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, wandering, weary travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here—so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dies—and so dissolves—in supernatural light.

DRYDEN, *quoted in the Liberal.*

When I planned this book, it was my intention to conclude it with remarks on the genius and writings of Lord Byron. Alas! I have suffered time to make a progress unfriendly to the subject to which I had attached so great an interest. Had Providence vouchsafed me the happiness of recording of him from my own knowledge the renovation of his mind and character, which has been an unvaried object of my prayers, my delight would have supplied me with energy, and with spirits to continue my narrative and my observations. His genius and his writings have already been widely and multifariously envied and acknowledged; but they will no doubt be treated of in a concentered manner by an abler pen than mine, and I therefore the more willingly relinquish this task. Of his course of life subsequent to his leaving England, I will not write upon hearsay—however he may have spent some portion of the time, the last part of it cannot but redound to his honour and his fame as a man, and he seemed to me building in Greece a magnificent road for his return to his own coun-

try. Had he lived and succeeded, one single word of contrition would have wiped away all offences, and the hearts and arms of his countrymen would have opened to receive him on his arrival. They would have drawn him in a triumphal car from the coast to the metropolis.



CONTINUATION

OF

MR DALLAS'S RECOLLECTIONS,

BY THE REV. A. R. C, DALLAS.

THIS work had proceeded thus far, when it pleased God to stop the pen of the writer, and bid to cease the current of recollections which had set it in motion. Mr Dallas had been attacked, in the month of July,¹ with an inflammatory fever, for which copious bleeding was necessary:

¹ See Preliminary Statement.

he recovered indeed from the immediate disease, but the debility occasioned by the remedy was too great for his constitution to overcome, and he gradually sank under its effects. On the 21st of October, 1824, he expired. On his death-bed, and with a near view of eternity before him, which was brightened by the firm hope of its being passed in the presence of his reconciled Maker, he confided to the writer of the following pages the task of closing these Recollections, and imparted to him his feelings and opinions upon the matter which should compose this concluding chapter.

While executing this sacred commission, I intreat the reader to remember that it is not the same person who writes; and not only that the writer is different, but to call to mind that it is a son who takes up the mantle which a father has cast down in leaving this world. Whoever has perused the foregoing pages, cannot but feel that the author has borne a part in the circumstances which are related of so honourable a nature, that a son may be well authorised to speak in other

terms than those which the person himself might use. And if, in any thing I may say, it should be thought that I have overstepped the reasonable licence which may be granted to the feelings of so near and dear a connexion, I trust that whatever may be counted as excess, will be pardoned in consideration of the fresh and powerful impulse which cannot but be given by the sense of so recent an event.

The character of Lord Byron, as it stands depicted in the preceding pages, will appear in a different light from that in which the public have recently been led to regard it. Piquant anecdotes, and scandalous chronicles, may serve to amuse for a time the unthinking ; but their real tendency is to pander to the worst feelings of our nature, by dragging into light the corruptions which disgrace humanity. It is not difficult to form an estimate of what Lord Byron might have been, by attending to the causes which made him what he was.

To reason from hearsay, and form opinions

upon the unauthenticated annals of common conversation, can never bring us to truth, nor give to our judgments sufficient certainty for practical purposes. It will therefore be useless to attempt to estimate Lord Byron's original character from the events commonly related of his early life; nor to take into consideration the defects of his education, and the misfortunes of his boyhood. We have no authorized data upon which to conduct such an inquiry. But the pages of *this* book do contain authorized data. They contain opinions, and feelings, and facts, established by his own hand, although circumstances withhold from the British public the original records. These data will show us what he was, immediately before and immediately after the public development of his poetical powers had thrown him into a vortex which *decided* his character, whatever it might have been previously.

There might have been some difficulty in finding so reasonable a ground-work upon which to form an opinion of what he had continued to be in his subsequent progress through life; and the

fairest inference would have been that which his own later productions afford, had not a work been published purporting to be the record of *Conversations held with Lord Byron at Pisa, in the years 1821 and 1822*. This book appeared on the very day on which my father's remains were consigned to the grave, and I cannot be too thankful that he was spared the pain which he would have felt in reading it.

The perusal of this book rewards the reader, as he was rewarded who opened Pandora's box. It fills the mind with an unvaried train of miserable reflections; but there is one consolation at the end. As by a mathematical axiom the lesser is contained in the greater, so the comparatively smaller crime of falsehood is necessarily within the capability of one so depraved as Lord Byron appears in this book; and by the same argument, the man whose mind could be in such a state as to suppose that he was doing "the world" and "the memory of Lord Byron" a service, by thus laying bare the degradation to which a master-mind was reduced, must surely be unable to

restrain the tendency to exaggeration which would heighten the incredibility of what is already beyond belief. This opinion concerning the reporter of Lord Byron's conversations is in some degree confirmed, by the simplicity which he displays in stating, that when Lord Byron was applied to for some authentic particulars of his life, his lordship asked the reporter himself, "Why *he* did not write some, as he believed that *he knew more of him than any one else?*" This was after three or four months' acquaintance! ¹

¹ There are several things mentioned in this book of Conversations which prove, to say the least, that Lord Byron's memory was not correct, if what is reported of him be true. On one occasion his Lordship is stated to have said that his mother's death was one of the reasons of his return from Turkey, and this is repeated more strongly in another place. His mother's death did not take place until several weeks after his arrival in London, and he had not the slightest expectation of it when it happened. Lord Byron is also stated to have said, that after an absence of three years, he returned to London, and that the second canto of *Childe Harold* was just then published. The fact is, that he was absent two years, to a day, which

In my own case, after reading the book to which I allude, this solitary consolation on account of Lord Byron was accompanied by a feeling of great satisfaction on account of my father; for, if its contents be not only the truth, but the whole truth, Lord Byron afforded the highest testimony of his respect for my father's character, which in his unhappy situation he could possibly give. In such company, and conversing upon such subjects, he forbore to mention his name, although referring to matters upon which, the reader will have seen, it would have been natural to have spoken of him. I am willing to attribute this silence to the circumstance that, in Lord Byron's mind, my father's name must have been connected with the remembrance of all he had done, and said, and written, to turn him into the better path; and his Lordship could not have borne to recal that train of thought, after he had

he remarked himself in a very strong manner, returning in July, 1811, and that the first and second cantos of *Childe Harold* were published together eight months after, in March, 1812, in the manner related in this work.

decidedly chosen the worse. That my father's earnest exertions had been applied to this end, will sufficiently appear from the foregoing part of this work; and, perhaps, I shall be pardoned for inserting here the body of a letter which he wrote to Lord Byron at a much later period, to prove that he still retained that object in view. The letter is that alluded to in the last chapter, when, stating that he informed Lord Byron of his intention to leave a posthumous account of him, he extracted a short passage from it. The whole letter, which might not so well have been made public by the writer himself, cannot be considered as improperly published by his son.

It was dated the 10th of November 1819, and after some introductory remarks upon the cessation of his correspondence with Lord Byron, it proceeds as follows:—

“I am almost out of life, and I shall speak to you with the freedom of a spirit already arrived beyond the grave: what I now write you may suppose addressed to you in a dream, or by my

ghost, which I believe will be greatly inclined to haunt you, and render you even supernatural service.

“I take it for granted, my Lord, that when you excluded me from your friendship, you also banished me from your thoughts, and forgot the occurrences of our intimacy. I will, therefore, bring one circumstance to your recollection, as it is introductory to the subject of this letter. One day when I called upon you at your apartments in the Albany, you took up a book in which you had been writing, and having read a few short passages, you said that you intended to fill it with the characters of those then around you, and with present anecdotes, to be published in the succeeding century, and not before; and you enjoyed, by anticipation, the effect that would be produced on the fifth and sixth generations of those to whom you should give niches in your posthumous volume. I have often thought of this fancy of yours, and imagined the wits, the belles, and the beaux, the dupes of our sex, and the artful and frail ones of the other, figuring at

the beginning of the twentieth century in the costume of the early part of the nineteenth. I remember well that, after one or two slight sketches, you concluded with, 'This morning Mr Dallas was here, etc. etc.' You went on no farther, but the smile with which you shut your book gave me to understand that the colours you had used for my portrait were not of a dismal hue, and I was inclined enough at the time to digest the flattery, as I was conscious that I deserved your kindness, and believed that you felt so too. But, however that may be, whether the words were a mere flattering impromptu or not, whatever character you may have doomed me to figure in, a hundred years hence, you certainly have not done me justice in this age: it will not, therefore, appear extraordinary if I should not have depended altogether for my character on the smile with which you put your volume down.

"Lest you should suspect some inconsistency in this, and that although I began by assuring you that I did not mean to complain, my letter has been imagined for no other purpose; I will

pause here, to declare to you solemnly that the affection I have felt for you, that the affection I do feel for you, is the motive by which I am at present actuated; and that but for the desire I feel to be of some service to you, you never would have heard from me again while I remained in this life. Were not this the case, this letter would deserve to be considered as an impertinence, and I would scorn to write it. I would give the world to retrieve you; to place you again upon that summit which you reached, I may say on which you alighted, in the spring of 1812. It may be a more arduous attempt, but I see no impossibility; nay, to place you much higher than ever. You are yet but little beyond the dawn of life; it is downright affectation—it is, I was going to say, folly, to talk of grey hairs and age at twenty-nine. This is free language, my Lord, but not more than you formerly allowed me, and my increased age and nearer view of eternity confirm the privilege. As a *Poet* you have indeed wonderfully filled up the years you have attained—as a man you are in your infancy. Like a child you fall and dirt yourself, and your last

fall has soiled you more than all the rest. I would to heaven you had not written your last unaccountable work,¹ and which, did it not here and there bear internal incontestible evidence, I would suffer no man to call yours. Forgive my warmth—I would rather consider you as a child slipping into mire, that may be washed away, than as a man

Stept in so far, that should he wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Your absence, and the distance of your abode, leave your name at the mercy of every tatler and scribbler, who, even without being personal enemies, attack character for the mere pleasure of defamation, or for gain; and the life you are said to lead, and I grieve to say the work you have published, leave you no defenders. However you may stand with the world, I cannot but believe that at your age you may shake off all that clogs you in the career for which you were born. The very determination to resume it would be an

¹ The first Cantos of Don Juan.

irresistible claim to new attention from the world; and unshaken perseverance would effect all that you could wish. Imagination has had an ample range. No genius ever attained its meed so rapidly, or more completely; but manhood is the period for reality and action. Will you be content to throw it away for Italian skies and the reputation of eccentricity? May God grant me power to stir up in your mind the resolution of living the next twenty years in England, engaged in those pursuits to which Providence seems more directly to call every man who by birth is entitled to take a share in the legislation of his country. But what do I say? I believe that I ought first to wish you to take a serious view of the subjects on which legislation turns. Much has been argued in favour of adopting and adhering to a party—I have never been convinced of this—but I am digressing. At all events, I beseech you to think of reinstating yourself in your own country. Preparatory to this, an idea has come into my mind, which it is time for me to state to you; to do which I must return to the seemingly querulous style from which I have

digressed. Well then, my Lord, I did some time ago think of your treatment of me with pain; and reflection, without lessening my attachment, showed me that you had acted towards me very ungenerously, and, indeed, very unjustly—you ought to have made more of me. I say this the more freely now, because I have lived till it is become indifferent to me. It is true that I benefited not inconsiderably by some of your works; but it was not in the nature of money to satisfy or repay me. I felt the pecuniary benefit as I ought, and was not slow in acknowledging it as I ought. The six or seven hundred pounds paid by the purchaser of *Childe Harold* for the copyright was, in my mind, nothing in comparison with the honour that was due to me for discerning the genius that lay buried in the *Pilgrimage*, and for exciting you to the publication of it, in spite of the damp which had been thrown upon it in the course of its composition, and in spite of your own reluctance and almost determination to suppress it; nothing in comparison with the kindness that was due to me for the part I took in keeping back your *Hints from Horace*, and the

new edition of the *Satire*, till the moment I impressed conviction on your mind that your fame and the choice of your future career in life depended upon the suppression of these, and on the publication of *Childe Harold*. I made an effort to render you sensible that I was not dead to that better claim, but it was unsuccessful; and though you continued your personal kindness whenever we met, you raised in my mind a jealousy which I was perhaps too proud, if not too mean-spirited, to betray. The result of the feeling, however, was, that I borrowed from you the hint of a posthumous volume, for after awhile I did not much care for the present, and I have indulged meditations on you and on myself for the amusement and judgment of future generations, but with this advantage over you, that I am convinced that I shall participate in whatever effect they produce; and without this conviction I cannot conceive how the slightest value can be attached to posthumous fame. This is a topic on which I feel an inclination to dwell, but I will conquer the impulse, for my letter is already advanced beyond the limits I proposed. My Lord,

my posthumous volume is made up—I look into it occasionally with much pleasure, and I enjoy the thought of being, when it is opened, in the year 1900, in company with your spirit, and of finding you pleased, even in the high sphere you may, if you will, then occupy, which it is possible you would not be, were you to see it now opened to the public in your present sphere. I do not know, my Lord, whether you are able to say as much for your book, for if you do live hereafter, and I have not the slightest doubt but you will, I suspect that you will have company about you at the opening of it, which may rather afford occasion of remorse than of pleasure, however gracious and forgiving you may find immortal spirits. Of you I have written precisely as I think, and as I have found you; and though I have inserted some things which I would not give to the present generation, the whole, as it stands, is a just portrait of you during the time I knew you; for I drop the pencil where you dropped the curtain between us, and the picture is to me an engaging one. I contemplate it together with some parts of your works, and I cannot help breaking forth

into the exclamation of 'And is this man to be lost!' You, perhaps, echo, in a tone of displeasure, 'Lost!'—Yes, lost.—Nay, unclench your hand—remember it is my ghost that is addressing you; not the being of flesh and blood whom you may dash from you at your will, as you have done. The man whose place is in the highest council of the first nation in the world, who possesses powers to delight and to serve his country, if he dissipates years between an Italian country-house and opera-box, and murders his genius in attempts to rival a Rochester or a Cleland,—for I will not, to flatter you, say a Boccaccio or a La Fontaine, who wrote at periods when, and in countries where, indecency was wit—*that man is lost*. Gracious Heaven! on what lofty ground you stood in the month of March, 1812! The world was before you, not as it was to Adam, driven in tears from Paradise to seek a place of rest, but presenting an elysium, to every part of which its crowded and various inhabitants vied in their welcome of you. 'Crowds of eminent persons,' says my posthumous volume, 'courted an introduction, and some volunteered their cards. This was the trying

moment of virtue, and no wonder if that were shaken, for never was there so sudden a transition from neglect to courtship. Glory darted thick upon him from all sides; from the Prince Regent, and his admirable daughter, to the bookseller and his shopman; from Walter Scott to——; from Jeffrey to the nameless critics of the *Satirist* and *Scourge*; he was the wonder of wits, and the show of fashion.' I will not pursue the reverse; but I must repeat, 'And is this man to be lost!' My head is full of you, and whether you allow me the merit or not, my heart tells me that I was chiefly instrumental, by my conduct, in 1812, in saving you from perpetuating the enmity of the world, or rather in forcing you, against your will, into its admiration and love; and that I once afterwards considerably retarded your rapid retrograde motion from the envied station which genius merits, but which even genius cannot preserve without prudence. These recollections have actuated me, it may be imprudently, to write you this letter, to endeavour to impel you to reflect seriously upon what you ought to be, and to beseech you to take steps to render your

manhood solidly and lastingly glorious. Will you once more make use of me? I cannot believe that there is an insurmountable bar to your return to your proper station in life,—a station which, let me be bold enough to say, you have no right to quit. All that I have heard concerning you is but vague talk. The breach with Lady Byron was evidently the ground of your leaving England; and I presume the causes of that breach are what operate upon your spirit in keeping you abroad. In recollecting my principles, you will naturally imagine that the first thing that would occur to my mind in preparing the way for your return, is an endeavour to close that breach—but I am not sufficiently acquainted with her to judge of the force of her opposition. At any rate, I would make the blame rest at her door, if reconciliation is not obtainable; I would be morally right; and this it is in your power to be, on whichever side the wrong at first lay, by a manly severity to yourself, and by declaring your resolution to forgive, and to banish from your thought for ever all that could interrupt a cordial reconciliation. This step, should it not produce a de-

sirable effect on the mind of Lady Byron, would infallibly lead to the esteem of the world. Is it too much for me to hope that I might, by a letter to her, and by a public account of you, and of your intended pursuits in England, make such a general impression, as once more to fix the eyes of your country upon you with sentiments of new admiration and regard, and usher you again to a glory of a nature superior to all you ever enjoyed. It has, I own, again and again come into my mind, to model my intended posthumous work for present publication, so as to have that effect: could I but prevail upon you to follow it up by a return to England, with a resolution to lead a philosophical life, and to turn the great powers of your mind to pursuits worthy of them; and, among those, to a candid search after that religious Truth which often, as imagination sobers, becomes more obvious to the ordinary vision of Reason. Once more, my dear Lord Byron, forgive, or, rather, let me say, reward, my warmth by listening again to the affection which prompts me to express my desire of serving you. I do not expect the glory of making a religious conver-

of you. I have still a hope that you will yourself have that glory, if your life be spared to the usual length—but my present anxiety is to see you restored to your station in this world, after trials that should induce you to look seriously into futurity.”

Such was the affectionate interest with which the author of this letter continued to regard Lord Byron! But it was too late; he had hardened his heart, and blunted his perception of the real value of such a friend. This was the last communication that ever took place between them, although an accidental circumstance afforded the assurance that this letter had reached its destination.

To return to the original character of Lord Byron. Whoever has read these pages attentively, cannot fail to have perceived, that in his Lordship's early character there were the seeds of all the evil which has blossomed and borne fruit with such luxuriance in his later years. Nor will it be attempted here, to show that in any

part of his life he was without those seeds; but I think that a candid observer will also be ready to acknowledge, after reading this work, that there was an opposing principle of good acting in his mind, with a strength which produced opinions that were afterwards entirely altered. The coterie into which he unfortunately fell at Cambridge familiarized him with all the sceptical arguments of human pride. And his acquaintance with an unhappy atheist—who was suddenly summoned before his outraged Maker, while bathing in the streams of the Cam, was rendered a severe trial, by the brilliancy of the talent which he possessed, and which imparted a false splendour to the principles which he did not scruple to avow. Yet, when Lord Byron speaks of this man, as being an atheist, he considers it offensive;—when he remarks on the work of Mr Townsend, who had attempted in the sketch of an intended poem to give an idea of the last judgment, he considered his idea as *too daring*;—in opening his heart to his mother he shows that he believed that *God knew, and did all things*

for the best;—after having seen mankind in many nations and characters, he unrestrainedly conveys his opinion, that human nature is every where corrupt and despicable. These points are the more valuable, because they flowed naturally and undesignedly from the heart; while, on the contrary, his sceptical opinions were expressed only when the subject was before him, and as it were by way of apology.

When, in this period of his life, there is any thing like argument upon this subject advanced by him in his correspondence, it is miserably weak and confused. The death of his atheistical friend bewildered him: he thought there was the stamp of immortality in all this person said and did—that he seemed a man created to display what the Creator could make—and yet, such as he was, he had been gathered into corruption, before the maturity of a mind that might have been the pride of posterity. And this bewildered him! If his opinion of his friend were a just one, ought not this reasoning rather to have pro-

duced the conviction, that a such *a mind* could not be gathered into the corruption which awaited the perishable body? Accordingly, Lord Byron's inference did not lead him to produce this death as a support to the doctrine of annihilation; but his mind being tinctured previously with that doctrine, he confesses that it bewildered him.

When about to publish *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, containing sceptical opinions, the *decided* expression of which he was then induced to withdraw, he wrote a note to accompany them, which has been inserted in this work. Its main object is to declare, that his was not sneering, but desponding scepticism—and he grounds his opinions upon the most unlogical deduction that could be formed: that, because he had found many people abuse and disgrace the religion they professed, that therefore religion was not true. This is like saying, that because a gamester squanders his guineas for his own destruction, they are therefore not gold, nor applicable for good pur-

poses. Weak as this was, he called it *an apology* for his scepticism.

It cannot be said that, up to this period, Lord Byron was decidedly an unbeliever; but, on the contrary, I think it may be said, that there was a capability in his mind for the reception of Divine Truth,—that he had not closed his eyes to the light, which therefore forced its way in with sufficient power to maintain some contest with the darkness of intellectual pride; and this opinion is strengthened, by observing the effects of that lingering light, in the colouring which it gave to vice and virtue in his mind. His conduct had been immoral and dissipated; but he knew it to be such, and acknowledged it in its true colours. He regretted the indulgence of his passions as producing criminal acts, and bringing him under their government. He expressed these feelings;—he did more, he strove against them. He scrupled not publicly to declare his detestation of the immorality which renders the pages of Mr Moore inadmissible into decent society;

idol ever received more abject or degrading worship from a bigotted votary.

The circumstances which have been detailed in this work respecting the publication of *Childe Harold*, prove sufficiently how decided and how lamentable a turn they gave to a character which, though wavering and inconsistent for want of the guide I have referred to, had not yet passed all the avenues which might take him from the broad way that leadeth to destruction, into the narrow path of life. But Lord Byron's unresisting surrender to the first temptation of intrigue, from which all its accompanying horrors could not affright him, seems to have banished for ever from his heart the Divine influence, which could alone defend him against the strength of his passions and the weakness of his nature to resist them; and it is truly astonishing to find the very great rapidity with which he was involved in all the trammels of fashionable vice.

With proportionable celerity his opinions of moral conduct were changed; his power of esti-

mating virtue at any thing like its true value ceased; and his mind became spiritually darkened to a degree as great perhaps as has ever been known to take place from the results of one step. Witness the course of his life at this time, as detailed in the *Conversations* lately published, to which I have before alluded. Witness the fact of his being capable of detailing such a course of life in familiar conversation to one almost a stranger.

What must have been the change in that man who could at one time write these lines,—

Grieved to condemn, the muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust;
Pure is the flame that o'er her altar burns,
From grosser incense with disgust she turns;
Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee mend thy line, and sin no more—

and at another become the author of *Don Juan*, where grosser, more licentious, more degrading images are produced, than could have been ex-

pected to have found their way into any mind desirous merely of preserving a decent character in society;—than could have been looked for from any tongue not habituated to the conversation of the most abandoned of the lowest order of society? What must have been the change in him who, from animadverting severely upon the licentiousness of a village intrigue, could glory in the complication of crimes which give zest to fashionable adultery; and even in the excess of his glorying could forego his title to be called a *man of honour* or a *gentleman*, for which the merest coxcomb of the world will commonly restrain himself within some bounds after he has overstepped the narrower limits of religious restraint? For who can venture to call Lord Byron either one or the other after reading the unrestrained disclosures he is said, in his published *Conversations*, to have made, “without any injunctions to secrecy?” Who could have imagined that the same man who had observed upon the offensiveness of the expression of another’s irreligious principles, should ever be capable of offending the world with such awfully fearless impiety as is

contained in the latter Cantos of *Don Juan*, and boldly advanced in *Cain*? Who can read, in his own hand-writing, the opinion that a sublime and well intentioned anticipation of the Last Judgment is too daring, and puts him in mind of the line—

« And fools rush in where angels fear to tread, »

and conceive that the same hand wrote his *Vision of Judgment*?

Yet such a change did take place, as any one may be convinced of, who will take the trouble to read the present work, and the Conversations to which I have alluded, and compare them together. For, let it be observed, that the few pages in the latter publication which refer to Lord Byron's religious opinions, state only his old weak reasoning, founded upon the disunion of professing christians; some faint, and, I may say, childish wishes; and a *disowning* of the principles of Mr Shelley's school. So also that solitary reference to a preparation for death, when death stood

visibly by his bed-side ready to receive him, which is related by his servant,¹ and upon which I have known a charitable hope to be hung, amounts to just as much—an *assertion*. It can only be the most puerile ignorance of the nature of religion, which can receive assertion for proof in such a matter. The very essence of real religion is to let itself be seen in the life, when it is really sown in the heart; and a man who appeals to his assertions to establish his religious character, may be his own dupe, but can never dupe any but such as are like him—just as the lunatic in Bedlam may call himself a king, and believe it; but it is only those who are as mad as himself who will think themselves his subjects. There is no possibility of hermetically sealing up religion in the heart; if it be there, it cannot be confined,—it must extend its influence over the principle of thought, of word, and of action.

When we see wonderful and rapid changes

¹ Lord Byron is stated to have said to his servant, "I am not afraid of dying—I am more fit to die than people think."

take place in the physical world, we naturally seek for the cause; and it cannot but be useful to trace the cause of so visible a change in the moral world, as that which appears upon the comparison I have pointed out. It will not, I think, be too much to say, that it took place immediately that the resistance against evil ceased in Lord Byron's mind. Temptation certainly came upon him in an overpowering manner; and the very first temptation was perhaps the worst; yet he yielded to it almost immediately. I refer to the circumstance recorded in these pages, which took place little more than a week after the first appearance of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, when he received an extraordinary anonymous letter, which led immediately to the most disgraceful *liaison* of which he has not scrupled to boast. There was something so disgusting in the forwardness of the person who wrote, as well as deterring in the enormity of the criminal excesses of which this letter was the beginning, that he should have been roused against such a temptation at the first glance. But the sudden gust of public applause had just blown

upon him, and having raised him in its whirlwind above the earth, he had already begun to deify himself in his own imagination; and this incense came to him as the first offered upon his altar. He was intoxicated with its fumes; and, closing his mind against the light that had so long crept in at crevices, and endeavoured to shine through every transparent part, he called the darkness light, and the bitter sweet, and said «Peace, when there was no peace.»

As long as Lord Byron continued to resist his temptations to evil, and to refrain from exposing publicly his tendency to infidelity, so long he valued the friendship of the author of the foregoing chapters, who failed not to seize every opportunity of supporting the struggle within him, in the earnest hope that the good might ultimately be successful. The contents of this book may give some idea of the nature and constancy of that friendship, and cannot fail of being highly honourable to its author, as well as of reflecting credit on Lord Byron, who, on so many occasions, gave way to its influence. But it is a strong proof of

the short-sightedness of man's judgment, that upon the most remarkable occasion on which this influence was excited, by inducing him to publish *Childe Harold* instead of the *Hints from Horace*, though the best intentions guided the opinion, it was made the step by which Lord Byron was lost; and he who, in a literary point of view, had justly prided himself upon having withheld so extraordinary a mind from encumbering its future efforts with the dead weight of a work which might have altogether prevented its subsequent buoyancy, and who was alive to the glory of having discerned the neglected merit of the real poem, and of having spread out the wings which took such an eagle flight—having lived to see the rebellious presumption which that towering flight occasioned, and to anticipate the destruction that must follow the audacity, died deeply regretting that he had, even though unconsciously, ever borne such a part in producing so lamentable a loss. One of the last charges which he gave me upon his death-bed, but a few days before he died, and with the full anticipation of his end, was, not to let this work go forth into the world with-

out stating his sincere feeling of sorrow that ever he had been instrumental in bringing forward *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* to the public, since the publication of it had produced such disastrous effects to one whom he had loved so affectionately, and from whom he had hoped so much good—effects which the literary satisfaction the poem may afford to all the men of taste in the present and future generations, can never, in the slightest degree, compensate.

In obeying this solemn charge I should have concluded these remarks, had I not found, in looking over the manuscript of the work upon this subject, which was first intended to have been left to posterity as a posthumous offering, and which was written about the year 1819, a passage which appears to me to form a fitter conclusion to this chapter, and which, therefore, I copy from the author's writing:—

“ I have suffered Time to make a progress unfriendly to the subject to which I had attached so great an interest. Had Providence vouchsafed

me the happiness of recording of Lord Byron, from my own knowledge, the renovation of his mind and character, which was the object of my last letter to him, my delight would have supplied me with energy and spirits to continue my narrative, and my observations. Of his course of life subsequent I will not write upon hearsay; but I cannot refrain from expressing my grief, disappointment, and wonder, at the direction which was given to it by the impulse of his brilliant success as a Poet. It seemed not only to confirm him in his infidelity, but to set him loose from social ties, and render him indifferent to every other praise than that of poetical genius. I am not singular in the cooling of his friendship, if it be not derogatory to call by that name any transient feeling he may have expressed; and his intended posthumous volume will, probably, show this, if he has not, in consequence of what I said to him in my last letter, altered or abandoned it. In the dedications of his poems there is no sincerity; he had neither respect nor regard for the persons to whom they are addressed; and Lord Holland, Rogers, Davies, and Hobhouse, if

earthly knowledge becomes intuitive on retrospection, will see on what grounds I say this, and nod the recognition, and I trust forgiveness of heavenly spirits, if heavenly their's become, to the wondering Poet with whose works their names are swimming down the stream of Time. He and they shall have *my* nod too on the occasion, if, let me humbly add, my prayers shall have availed me beyond the grave."

APPENDIX.

THE REMAINDER

OF

MR DALLAS'S RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

Life of Lord Byron,

NOT ALREADY PRINTED WITH THE CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

AT the end of the year 1807, some of my family observed in the newspapers extracts from Lord Byron's Juvenile Poems, which he had published under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. I ordered the

volume, which I received on the 27th of December. I read it with great pleasure; and, if it is not saying too much for my own judgment, discerned in it marks of the genius which has been since so universally acknowledged. Though sensible of some personal gratification from this proof of superior talents breaking forth in the nephew of my friend and brother, it did not enter my mind to make it the occasion of seeking the author, till I was urged to compliment him upon his publication, which I did in the first letter, dated January 6th, 1808.—(See vol. i. p. 5.)

II.

Lord Byron conveyed to me in a flattering manner the pleasure which he had received from this letter, as far as it contained a tribute to his muse; but declared that he must in candour decline such praise as he did not deserve, and that therefore, with respect to his virtue, he could not accept of my applause.—(See Letter II. vol. i. p. 11.)

III.

This communication, while it highly gratified me, was calculated to excite a strong desire to know more of the character and feelings of a young man who evinced so much genius, and who gave such an account of the results of a life which had not yet occupied twenty years. I immediately expressed my feelings in the letter dated January 21, 1808.—(See Letter III. vol. i. p. 15.)

IV.

By the return of the post which took this letter to him, I received a reply, professing to give a more particular account of his studies, opinions, and feelings, written in a playful style, and containing rather flippant observations made for the sake of antitheses, than serious remarks intended to convey information.—(See Letter IV. p. 18.) The letter may be considered as characteristic of his prose style in general, possessing the germ of his satire without the bitterness of its maturity,

and the pruriency of his wit uncorrected by the hand of experience. Though written in so light and unserious a tone as prevents the possibility of charging him gravely with the opinions he expresses, still the bent of his mind is perceptible in it; a bent which led him to profess that such were the sentiments of the *wicked* George Lord Byron.

V.

The work which Lord Byron put into my hands consisted of a number of loose printed sheets in quarto, and was entitled *THE BRITISH BARDS, A SATIRE*. It contained the original ground-work of his well known poem, such as he had written it at Newstead, where he had caused it to be printed at a country press; and various corrections and annotations appeared upon the margin in his own hand. Some of these are exceedingly curious, as tending to throw a light upon the workings of his mind at that early period of his career. To the poem, as it then stood, he added

a hundred and ten lines in its first progress through the press; and made several alterations, some upon my suggestion, and others upon his own. I wrote to him the letter dated January 24, 1809, immediately upon reading it over.— (See Letter V. p. 25.)

In his answer to this letter Lord Byron declined adopting the enclosed lines spoken of at p. 27, because they were not his own, quoting at the same time what Lady Wortley Montague said to Pope, “No touching,—for the good will be given to you, and the bad attributed to me.”

VI.

The couplet to which I referred as having been given by his Muse to his noble relation, was one of panegyric upon Lord Carlisle. It is curious that this couplet must have been composed in the short interval between his printing the poem at Newstead and his arrival in town, perhaps under the same feelings which induced him to

write to Lord Carlisle, and at the same time. The lines do not appear in the print, but are inserted afterwards in Lord Byron's hand-writing.

Immediately upon receiving my letter, he forwarded four lines to substitute for this couplet.—(See his Letter VI. vol. i. p. 33.)

He said that this alteration would answer the purposes of concealment ; but it was other feelings than the desire of concealment which induced him afterwards to alter the last two lines into

No muse will cheer with renovating smile
The paralytic puling of Carlisle ;

—and to indulge the malice of his Muse adding these—

The puny school-boy, and his early lay,
We pardon, if his follies pass away.
Who, who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse ?

What heterogeneous honours deck the peer,
 Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer!
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone might damn our sinking stage;
 But managers, for once, cried hold, enough!
 Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff.

Yet at the $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{fiat} \\ \text{judgment} \\ \text{nausea} \end{array} \right\}$ let his lordship laugh,

And case his volumes in congenial calf.
 Yes! doff that covering where morocco shines,
 « And hang a calf-skin on those recreant » lines.

This passage, together with the two notes which accompanied it in the publication of the Poem, and in which Lord Byron endeavoured, as much as possible, to envenom his ridicule, he sent to me, in the course of the printing, for insertion, as being necessary, according to him, to complete the poetical character of Lord Carlisle. Six lines upon the same subject, which he also sent me to be inserted, he afterwards consented to relinquish

¹ I have here given the exact copy of the original manuscript which is before me.

at my earnest entreaty, which, however, was unavailing to procure the sacrifice of any other lines relating to this point. Under present circumstances they are become curious, and there can hardly be any objection to my inserting them here. They were intended to follow the first four lines upon the subject, and the whole passage would have stood thus—

Lords too are bards—such things at times befall,
And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all ;
Yet did not taste or reason sway the times,
Ah, who would take their titles with their rhymes.
In these, our times, with daily wonders big,
A lettered peer is like a lettered pig ;
Both know their alphabet ; but who, from thence,
Infers that peers or pigs have manly sense ?
Still less that such should woo the graceful nine !
Parnassus was not made for lords and swine.
Roscommon ! Sheffield, etc. etc.

Besides the alteration of the panegyric couplet upon Lord Carlisle, he readily acquiesced in my suggestions of placing Crabbe amongst the genuine sons of Apollo, and sent me these lines ;

beginning "There be."—(See Letter VI. vol. i. p. 33.)

VII.

Upon taking the Satire to my publishers, Messrs Longman and Co., they declined publishing it in consequence of its asperity, a circumstance to which he afterwards adverted in very strong language, making it the only condition with which he accompanied his gift to me of the copyright of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, that it should not be published by that house. I then gave it to Mr Cawthorn, who undertook the publication.

In reading Lord Byron's Satire, and in tracing the progress of the alterations which he made in it as it proceeded, it is impossible not to perceive that his feelings rather than his judgment guided his pen; and sometimes he seems indifferent whether it should convey praise or blame. The influence of his altered feelings towards his noble

relation has been already shown; and an instance likewise occurred where he, on the contrary, substituted approbation for censure, though not of so strong a nature as in the former case. Towards the end of the Poem, where he, inconsiderately enough, compares the poetical talent of the two Universities, in the first printed copy that he brought from Newstead the passage stood thus :

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert in puns?
Shall these approach the Muse? ah, no! she flies,
And even spurns the great Seatonian prize :
Though printers condescend the press to soil
With odes by Smythe, and epic songs by Hoyle—
Hoyle, whose learn'd page, if still upheld by whist,
Required no sacred theme to bid us list.—
Ye who in Granta's honours would surpass,
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.
Yet hold—as when by Heaven's supreme behest,
If found, ten righteous had preserved the rest
In Sodom's fated town, for Granta's name
Let Hodgson's genius plead, and save her fame.

But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
 The partial muse delighted loves to lave;
 On her green banks a greener wreath is wove,
 To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove,
 Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
 And modern Britons justly praise their sires.

Previously, however, to giving the copy to me, he had altered the fifth line with his pen, making the couplet to stand thus :

Though printers condescend the press to soil
 With rhyme by Hoare, and epic blank by Hoyle !

and then he had drawn his pen through the four lines, beginning

Yet hold, as when by Heaven's supreme behest,

and had written the following in their place.

Oh dark asylum of a Vandal race !
 At once the boast of learning and disgrace;
 So sunk in dulness, and so lost in shame,
 That Smythe and Hodgson scarce redeem thy fame.

I confess I was surprised to find the name of Smythe, uncoupled from its press-soiling companion, to be so suddenly ranked with that of Hodgson in such high praise. When, however, the fifth edition, which was suppressed, was afterwards preparing for publication, he again altered the last two lines to—

So lost to Phœbus that not Hodgson's verse
Can make thee better, or poor Hewson's worse.

In another instance, his feeling towards me induced him carefully to cover over with a paper eight lines, in which he had severely satirized a gentleman with whom he knew that I was in habits of intimacy, and to erase a note which belonged to them.

It is not difficult to observe the working of Lord Byron's mind in another alteration which he made. In the part where he speaks of Bowles, he makes a reference to Pope's deformity of person. The passage was originally printed in the country, thus:—

Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
Stick to thy sonnets, man! at least they'll sell;
Or take the only path that open lies
For modern worthies who would hope to rise—
Fix on some well-known name, and, bit by bit,
Pare off the merits of his worth and wit;
On each alike employ the critic's knife,
And where a comment fails, prefix a life;
Hint certain failings, faults before unknown,
Revive forgotten lies, and add your own;
Let no disease, let no misfortune 'scape,
And print, if luckily deformed, his shape.
Thus shall the world, quite undeceived at last,
Cleave to their present wits and quit the past,
Bards once revered no more with favour view,
But give these modern sonnetteurs their due:
Thus with the dead may living merit cope,
Thus Bowles may triumph o'er the shade of Pope!

He afterwards altered the whole of this passage except the first two lines, and in its place appeared the following:—

Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
Stick to thy sonnets, man! at least they sell

But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;
If chance some bard, though once by dunces feared,
Now prone in dust can only be revered;
If Pope, whose fame and genius from the first
Have foiled the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay,—each fault, each failing scan;
The first of poets was, alas! but man.
Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll;
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal,
Write as if St John's soul could still inspire,
And do from hate what Mallet did for hire.
Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme,
Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead,
A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.

I have very little doubt that the alteration of the whole of this passage was occasioned by the reference to Pope's personal deformity which Lord

Byron had made in it. It is well known that he himself had an evident defect in one of his legs, which was shorter than the other, and ended in a club foot. On this subject he generally appeared very susceptible, and sometimes when he was first introduced to any one, he betrayed an uncomfortable consciousness of his defect by an uneasy change of position; and yet at other times he seemed quite devoid of any feeling of the kind, and once I remember that, in conversation, he mentioned a similar lameness of another person of considerable talents, observing, that people born lame are generally clever. This temporary cessation of a very acute susceptibility, is a phenomenon of the human mind for which it is difficult to account; unless perhaps it be that the thoughts are sometimes carried into a train where, though they cross these tender cords, the mind is so occupied as not to leave room for the jealous feeling which they would otherwise excite. Thus, Lord Byron, in the ardour of composition, had not time to admit the ideas which, in a less excited moment, would rapidly have risen in connexion with the thought of Pope's deformity

of person ; and the greater vanity of talent superseded the lesser vanity of person, and produced the same effect of deadening his susceptibility in the conversation to which I allude.

In Lord Byron's original Satire, the first lines of his attack upon Jeffrey were these—

Who has not heard, in this enlighten'd age,
When all can criticise th' historic page ;
Who has not heard, in James's bigot reign,
Of Jefferies ! monarch of the scourge and chain ?

These he erased, and began,—

Health to immortal Jeffrey ! once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same !

With this exception, and an omission about Mr Lambe towards the end, the whole passage was published as it was first composed ; indeed, as this seems to have been the inspiring object of the Satire, so these lines were most fluently written, and required least correction afterwards.

Respecting the propriety of the note which is placed at the end of this passage, I had much discussion with Lord Byron. I was anxious that it should not be inserted, and I find the reason of my anxiety stated in a letter written to him after our conversation on the subject.—(See Letter VII. vol. i. p. 35.)

VIII.

LORD BYRON, in accordance with this letter, sent me a choice of couplets to supersede the one to the rhyme of which I had objected.—(See Letter VIII. vol. i. p. 38.)

IX.

BUT he protested against giving up his note of notes, as he called it, his solitary pun. I answered him in a letter dated February 7, 1809:—(See Letter IX. vol. i. p. 40.)

X.

HE inserted the following couplet, after Dryden:—

Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's melt,
For nature then an English audience felt.

The line objected to was printed thus—

Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear.

XI.

DURING the printing of the Satire, my intercourse with Lord Byron was not only carried on personally, but also by constant notes which he sent me, as different subjects arose in his mind, or different suggestions occurred. It was interesting to see how much his thoughts were bent upon his Poem, and how that one object gave a colour to all others that passed before him at the time, from which in turn he drew forth subjects for his Satire. After having been at the Opera one night, he wrote those couplets, beginning,

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art,
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart, etc.

and he sent them to me early on the following morning, with a request to have them inserted after the lines concerning *Naldi* and *Catalani*: so also other parts of the Satire arose out of other circumstances as they passed, and were written upon the spur of the moment.

XII.

RECAPITULATION OF THE CONTENTS OF THE LETTERS OF LORD BYRON TO HIS MOTHER.

THE Letters which Lord Byron had given to me, see vol. i. p. 77, were twenty in number. They consisted of two short ones written from Newstead, at the end of 1808; one written from London, in March, 1809; fifteen written during his travels, from Falmouth, Gibraltar, Malta, Previsa, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, and Patras, in 1810 and 1811; one written on board the *Volage* frigate, on his approach to England

when returning; and a short note from London. to announce his intention of going down to Newstead.

These letters were the only ones Lord Byron wrote during his travels, with the single exception of letters of business to his agent. Letter-writing was a matter of irksome duty to him, but one which he felt himself bound to perform to his mother. The letters are sometimes long and full of detail, and sometimes short, and mere intimations of his good health and progress, according as the humour of the moment overcame or not his habitual reluctance to the task. I cannot but lament that any circumstances should deprive the British public of such lively and faithful delineations of the mind and character of Lord Byron as are to be found in these letters. They do not, it is true, contain the information which is usually expected from a talented traveller through an interesting country; but they do contain the index and guide which enables the reader to travel into that more interesting region—the mind and heart of such a man as Lord Byron;

•

and though it might be desirable that he should have given a fuller description of his travels, it is highly satisfactory that he should unconsciously have left the means of penetrating into the natural character of so singular a being.

Lord Byron's letters to his mother are more likely to furnish these means than any thing else that he has left us; because they contain the only natural expression of his feelings, freely poured forth in the very circumstances that excited them, with no view at the time to obtain or keep up a particular character, and therefore with no restraint upon his own character. This was never afterwards the case.

From the moment that the publication of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* placed him, as it were, by the wand of an enchanter, upon an elevated pedestal in the Temple of Fame, he could not write any thing, even in familiar correspondence, which was not in some degree influenced by the idea of supporting a character; especially as, after the death of his mother, he had no correspondent to whom

he made it a duty, at certain intervals, to communicate his thoughts.

It is, therefore, in the natural turn of thought, not shown forth by any expression of decided opinions, but rather permitted to be seen in the light touches and unpremeditated indications of feeling, with which these letters abound, that the original character of Lord Byron is more surely to be traced. I say his *original* character, because so great an alteration took place, at least in the degree, if not in the nature of it, after the publication of his first great poem, that the traits which might give us an insight into his mind at the one period, will scarcely afford us ground to form any judgment of it at the other. I deeply regret that, being prevented from making any thing like quotations from these letters, it is impossible for me to convey in any adequate degree the spirit of the character which they display.

At Newstead, just before his coming of age, he planned his future travels; and his original intention included a much larger portion of the

world than that which he afterwards visited. He first thought of Persia, to which idea indeed he for a long time adhered. He afterwards meant to sail for India; and had so far contemplated this project as to write for information from the Arabic Professor at Cambridge, and to ask his mother to inquire of a friend who had lived in India, what things would be necessary for his voyage. He formed his plan of travelling upon very different grounds from those which he afterwards advanced. All men should travel at one time or another, he thought, and he had then no connexions to prevent him; when he returned he might enter into political life, for which travelling would not incapacitate him, and he wished to judge of men by experience. He had been compared by some one to Rousseau, but he disclaimed any desire to resemble so illustrious a lunatic; though he wished to live as much by himself and in his own way as possible.

While at Newstead at this time, and in contemplation of his intended departure, he made a will, which he meant to have formally executed as

soon as he came of age. In it he made a proper provision for his mother, bequeathing her the manor of Newstead *for her life*. How different a will from that which, with so different a mind and heart, he really executed seven years afterwards!

• A short time after this a proposal was made to him by his man of business to sell Newstead Abbey, which made his mother uneasy upon the subject. To set her mind at ease he declared, in the strongest terms, that his own fate and Newstead were inseparable; stating, at the same time, the fittest and noblest reasons why he should never part with Newstead, and affirming that the finest fortune in the country should not purchase it from him. The letter in which he had written his sentiments on this subject, was that which he gave to me to keep as a pledge that he never would dispose of Newstead. Nor was it, indeed, until he had abandoned himself to the evil influence which afterwards beset him, that he forgot his solemn promise to his mother, and the pledge of honour which he voluntarily put into my

hands, and then bartered the last vestige of the inheritance of his family.

He left London in June, 1809; and his acute sensibility being deeply wounded at his relation's conduct when taking his seat in the House of Lords, and by the disappointment he had experienced on parting with the friend whom he had believed to be so affectionately attached to him, he talked of a regretless departure from the shores of England, and said he had no wish to revisit any thing in it, except his mother and Newstead Abbey. The state of his affairs annoyed him also much. He had consented to the sale of his estate in Lancashire, and if it did not produce what he expected, or what would be sufficient for his emergencies, he thought of entering into some foreign service; the Austrian, the Russian, or even the Turkish, if he liked their manners. Amongst his suite was a German servant, who had been already in Persia with Mr Wilbraham, and a lad whom he took with him, because he thought him, like himself, a friendless creature; and to the few regrets that he had felt on leaving his

native country, his heart made him add that of parting with an old servant, whose age prevented his master from hoping to see him again.

The objects that he met with in his journey as far as Gibraltar, seemed to have occupied his mind, to the exclusion of his gloomy and misanthropic thoughts; for the letter which he wrote to his mother from thence contains no indication of them, but, on the contrary, much playful description of the scenes through which he had passed. The beautiful Stanzas, from the 16th to the 30th of the first Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, are the exact echoes of the thoughts which occurred to his mind at the time, as he went over the spot described. In going into the library of the convent of Mafra, the monks conversed with him in Latin, and asked him whether the *English* had *any books* in their country. From Mafra he went to Seville, and was not a little surprised at the excellence of the horses and roads in Spain, by which he was enabled to travel nearly four hundred miles in four days, without fatigue or annoyance.

At Seville Lord Byron lodged in the house of two unmarried ladies, one of whom, however, was going to be married soon; and though he remained there only three days, she did not scruple to pay him the most particular attentions, which, as they were women of character, and mixing in society, rather astonished him. His Sevillian hostess embraced him at parting with great tenderness, cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with a very long one of her own, which he forwarded to his mother in his next letter. With this specimen of Spanish female manners, he proceeded to Cadiz, where various incidents occurred to him, calculated to confirm the opinion he had formed at Seville of the Andalusian belles, and which made him leave Cadiz with regret, and determine to return to it.

Lord Byron kept no journal; while his companion, Mr Hobhouse, was occupied without ceasing in making notes. His aversion to letter-writing also occasions great chasms in the only account that can be obtained of his movements from himself. He wrote, however, to his mother

from Malta, merely to announce his safety; and forwarded the letter by Mrs Spencer Smith, whose eccentric character and extraordinary situation very much attracted his attention. He did not write again until November, 1809, from Previsa.

Upon arriving at Yanina, Lord Byron found that Ali Pacha was with his troops in Illyricum besieging Ibrahim Pacha in Berat; but the Vizier, having heard that an English nobleman was in his country, had given orders at Yanina to supply him with every kind of accommodation free of all expense. Thus he was not allowed to pay for any thing whatever, and was forced to content himself with making presents to the slaves. From Yanina he went to Tepaleen, a journey of nine days, owing to the autumnal torrents which retarded his progress. The scene which struck him upon entering Tepaleen, at the time of the sun's setting, recalled to his mind the description of Branksome Castle, in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The different objects which presented themselves to his view when arriving at the Pacha's palace,—the Albanians, in their superb

costume—the Tartars and the Turks, with their separate peculiarities of dress—the row of two hundred horses, ready caparisoned, waiting in a large open gallery—the couriers, which the stirring interest of the neighbouring siege made to pass in and out constantly—the military music—the boys repeating the hour from the Minaret of the Mosque,—are all faithfully and exactly described as he saw them, in the 55th and following stanzas, to the 60th of the second Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

He was lodged in the palace, and the next day introduced to Ali Pacha.—Ali said, that the English minister had told him that Lord Byron's family was a great one; and he desired him to give his respects to his mother, which his Lordship faithfully delivered immediately. The Pacha declared that he knew him to be a man of rank from the smallness of his ears, his curling hair, and his little white hands; and told him to consider himself under his protection as that of a father while he remained in Turkey, as he looked on him as his son; and, indeed, he showed how

much he considered him as a child, by sending him sweetmeats, and fruit, and nice things repeatedly during the day.

In going in a Turkish ship of war, provided for him by Ali Pacha, from Previsa, intending to sail for Patras, Lord Byron was very nearly lost in but a moderate gale of wind, from the ignorance of the Turkish officers and sailors—the wind, however, abated, and they were driven on the coast of Suli. The confusion appears to have been very great on board the galliot, and somewhat added to by the distress of Lord Byron's valet, Fletcher, whose natural alarms upon this, and other occasions, and his untravelled requirements of English comforts, such as tea, etc., not a little amused his master, and were frequently the subject of good-humoured jokes with him. An instance of disinterested hospitality, in the chief of a Suliote village, occurred to Lord Byron, in consequence of his disasters in the Turkish galliot. The honest Albanian, after assisting him in the distress in which he found himself, supplying his wants, and lodging him and his suite,

consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek priest, and his companion, Mr Hobhouse, refused to receive any remuneration ; and only asked him for a written acknowledgment that he had been well-treated. When Lord Byron pressed him to take money, he said, « I wish you to love me, not to pay me.»

At Yanina, on his return, he was introduced to Hussian Bey and Mahmout Pacha, two young grand-children of Ali Pacha, very unlike lads, having painted faces, large black eyes and regular features. They were nevertheless very pretty, and already instructed in all the court ceremonies. Mahmout, the younger, and he were friends without understanding each other, like a great many other people, though for a different reason.

Lord Byron wrote several times to his mother from Smyrna, from whence he went in the Salsette frigate to Constantinople. It was while this frigate was lying at anchor in the Dardanelles, that he swam from Sestos to Abydos,—an exploit which he seemed to have remembered ever after

with very great pleasure, repeating it and referring to it in no less than five of his letters to his mother, and in the only two letters he wrote to me while he was away.

It was not until after Lord Byron arrived at Constantinople that he decided not to go on to Persia, but to pass the following summer in the Morea. At Constantinople, Mr Hobhouse left him to return to England, and by him he wrote to me and to his mother. He meant also to have sent back his man, Fletcher, with Mr Hobhouse; as, however good a servant in England, he found him an incumbrance in his progress. Lord Byron had now tasted the delights of travelling; he had seen much, both of country and of mankind; he had neither been disappointed nor disgusted with what he had met with; and though he had passed many a fatiguing, he had never spent a tedious hour. This led him to *fear* that these feelings might excite in him a gipsy-like wandering disposition, which would make him uncomfortable at home, know-

ing such to be frequently the case with men in the habit of travelling. He had mixed with persons in all stations in life, had lived amongst the most splendid, and sojourned with the poorest, and found the people harmless and hospitable. He had passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia, and he classed them as inferior to the Turks, but superior to the Spaniards, whom he placed before the Portuguese. At Constantinople, his judgment of Lady Mary Wortley was, that she had not overstepped the truth near so much as would have been done by any other woman under similar circumstances; but he differed from her when she said «St Paul's would cut a strange figure by St Sophia's.» He felt the great interest which St Sophia's possesses from various considerations, but he thought it by no means equal to some of the Mosques, and not to be written on the same leaf with St Paul's. According to his idea, the Cathedral at Seville was superior to both, or to any religious edifice he knew. He was enchanted with the magnificence of the walls of the city, and the beauty of

the Turkish burying-grounds; and he looked with enthusiasm at the prospect on each side from the Seven Towers, to the end of the Golden Horn.

When Lord Byron had lost his companion at Constantinople, he felt great satisfaction at being once more alone; for his nature led him to solitude, and his disposition towards it increased daily. There were many men there and in the Morea who wished to join him; one to go to Asia, another to Egypt. But he preferred going alone over his old track, and to look upon his old objects, the seas and the mountains, the only acquaintances that improved upon him. He was a good deal annoyed at this juncture by the persevering silence of *his man of business*, from whom he had never once heard since his departure from England, in spite of the critical situation of his affairs; and yet, it is remarkable with how much patience he bore with circumstances, which certainly were calculated to excite the anger of one of less irritable disposition than his own.

Whether it were owing to his having been left

alone to his own reflections, or whether it be merely attributable to the uneven fluctuations of an unsettled mind, it appears that Lord Byron's thoughts at this time had some tendency towards a recovery from the morbid state of moral apathy which upon some important points he had evinced. He felt the advantage of looking at mankind in the original, and not in the picture—of reading themselves, instead of the account of them in books; he saw the disadvantageous results of remaining at home with the narrow prejudices of an islander, and wished that the youth of our country were forced by law to visit our allied neighbours. He had conversed with French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, etc. etc., and without losing sight of his own nation, could form an estimate of the countries and manners of others; but, at the same time, he felt *gratified* when he found that England was *superior* in any thing. This shows the latent spark of patriotism in his heart.

He wished, when he returned to England, to lead a quiet and retired life; in thinking of which,

his mind involuntarily acknowledged that God knew, but arranged the best for us all. This acknowledgment seemed to call forth the remembrance of his acquired infidelity; and, for the sake of consistency, he qualified it by giving it as the general belief, and he had nothing to oppose to such a doctrine, as upon the whole he could not complain of his own lot. He was *convinced* that mankind did more harm to themselves than Satan could do to them. These are singular assertions for Lord Byron, and show that, at that time at least, his mind was in a state which might have admitted of a different result than that which unhappily followed.

I have already said, that Lord Byron took no notes of his travels, and he did not intend to publish any thing concerning them; but it is curious that, while he was in Greece, he made a determination that he would publish no more on any subject—he would appear no more as an author—he was quite satisfied, if by his Satire he had shown to the critics and the world that he was something above what they supposed him to be,

nor would he hazard the reputation that work might have procured him by publishing again. He had, indeed, other things by him, as the event proved; but he resolved, that if they were worth giving to the public, it should be posthumously, that the remembrance of him might be continued when he could no longer remember.

Previous to his return to England, the proposal to sell Newstead was renewed. His mother again showed her feeling upon the subject. His own feelings and determinations were unchanged. If it was necessary that money should be procured by the sale of land, he was willing to part with Rochdale. He sent Fletcher to England with papers to that effect. He, besides, had no reliance on the funds; but the main point of his objection to the proposal was, that the only thing that bound him to England was Newstead—if by any extraordinary event he should be induced to part with it, he was resolved to pass his life abroad. The expenses of living in the East, with all the advantages of climate, and abundance of luxury, were trifling in compo-

rison with what was necessary for competence in England. He was resolved that Newstead should not be sold: he had fixed upon the alternative—if Newstead remained with him, he would come back—if not, he never would.

Lord Byron returned to England in the *Volage* frigate, on the 2d July, 1811, after having been absent two years exactly to a day. He experienced very similar feelings of indifference in approaching its shores, to those with which he had left them. His health had not suffered, though it had been interrupted by two sharp fevers; he had, however, put himself entirely upon a vegetable diet, never taking either fish or flesh, and drinking no wine.

XIII.



EARLY in July, 1811, I received a letter from Lord Byron, written on board the *Volage* frigate, at sea, on the 28th of June (see vol. ii, p. 40), in which, after informing me of his approaching return, he shortly recapitulates the principal

countries he has travelled through, and does not forget to mention his swimming from Sestos to Abydos. He expected little pleasure in coming home, though he brought a spirit still unbroken. He dreaded the trouble he should have to encounter in the arrangement of his affairs. His *Satire* was at that time in the fourth edition; and at that period, being able to think and act more coolly, he affected to feel sorry that he had written it. This was, however, an immense sacrifice to a vague sense of propriety, as is clear from his having even then in his possession an imitation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, ready for the press, which was nothing but a continuation of the *Satire*; and also from the subsequent preparation of a fifth edition of the very work which he professed to regret having written.¹

¹ In the long narrative and criticism which follows about *Blacket*, the poetical shoemaker, vol. ii, pp. 32, 39; the other poetical shoemaker, mentioned at p. 35, was *Woodhouse* not *Wordsworth*.—This *Woodhouse* was many years valet to Mrs Montagu, of Portman Square.—
EDITOR.

XIV.

UPON receiving Lord Byron's letter from on-board the Volage, I wrote him the Letter, dated 13th July, 1811.—(See vol. ii, p. 44).

XV.

AT every step which I take in my task of submitting to the public my Recollections of Lord Byron, I feel that the letters, which I received from him while he was at Newstead, give a complete picture of his mind, under circumstances peculiarly calculated to call forth its most interesting features. Our correspondence was kept up without interruption. Upon arriving at Newstead he found that his mother had breathed her last. He suffered much from this loss, and the disappointment of not seeing her before her death; and while his feelings were still very acute, within a few days of his arrival at the abbey, he received the intelligence that Mr M^{***}, a very intimate friend of his friend Mr Hobhouse, and one whom he highly estimated himself, had

been drowned in the Cam. He had not long before heard of the death of his school-fellow, Wingfield, at Coimbra, to whom he was much attached. He wrote me an account of these events in a short but affecting letter (See vol. ii, p. 70). They had all died within a month, he having just heard from all three, but seen none. The letter from Mr M*** had been written the day previous to his death. He could not restore them by regret, and therefore, with a sigh to the departed, he struggled to return to the heavy routine of life, in the sure expectation that all would one day have their repose. He felt that his grief was selfish. He wished to think upon any subject except death—he was satiated with that. Having always four skulls in his library, he could look on them without emotion: but he could not allow his imagination to take off the fleshy covering from those of his friends, without a horrible sensation; and he thought that the Romans were right in burning their deceased friends. I wrote to him an answer on 18th August—(See vol. ii, p. 73).

XVI.

LORD BYRON disclaimed the acuteness of feeling I attributed to him, because, though he certainly felt unhappy, he was nevertheless attacked by a kind of hysterical merriment, or rather a laughing without merriment, which he could neither understand nor overcome, and which gave him no relief, while a spectator would think him in good spirits. He frequently talked of M*** as of a person of gigantic intellect—he could by no language do justice to his abilities—all other men were pigmies to him. He loved Wingfield indeed more—he was an earlier and a dearer friend, and one whom he could never regret loving—but in talent he knew no equal to M***. In him he had to mourn the loss of a guide, philosopher, and friend, while in Wingfield he lost a friend only, though one before whom he could have wished to have gone his long journey. Lord Byron's language concerning Mr M*** was equally strong and remarkable. He affirmed that it was not in the mind of those who did not know him, to conceive such a man; that his superiority was too great to excite envy—that he was awed

by him—that there was the *mark of an immortal creature in whatever he did*, and yet he was gone—that such a man should have been given over to death, so early in life, bewildered him. In referring to the honours M*** acquired at the University, he declared that nevertheless he was a most confirmed atheist, *indeed offensively so*, for he did not scruple to avow his opinions in all companies.

Once only did Lord Byron ever express, in distinct terms to me, a direct attack upon the tenets of the Christian Religion; I postponed my answer, saying upon this I had much to write to him. He afterwards reminded me of my having said so, but, at the same time, begged me not to enter upon metaphysics, upon which he never could agree with me.—(See vol. ii. p. 124, for the answer).

XVII.

LORD BRON noticed what I had written, but in a very discouraging manner. He would have nothing to do with the subject—we should all go

down together, he said; "So," quoting St Paul, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;"—he felt satisfied in his creed, for it was better to sleep than to wake.

Such were the opinions which occasionally manifested themselves in this unhappy young man, and which gave me a degree of pain proportioned to the affection I could not but feel for him; while my hopes of his ultimately breaking from the trammels of infidelity, which were never relinquished, received from time to time, fresh excitement from some expressions that appeared to me to have an opposite tendency. He frequently resorted to his playful raillery upon the subject of my co-operation in the murder, as he called it, of poor Blackett. Upon one occasion, he mentioned him in opposition to Kirke White, whom, setting aside what he called his bigotry, he classed with Chatterton. He expressed wonder that White was so little known at Cambridge, where he said nobody knew any thing about him until his death. He added that, for himself, he should have taken pride in making his acquaintance,

and that his very prejudices were calculated to render him respectable. Such occasional expressions as these, in spite of the inconsistency which they displayed, furnished food for my hope that I should one day see him sincerely embracing Christianity, and escaping from the vortex of the atheistical society, in which, having entered at all, it was only wonderful to me that he was so moderate in his expressions as in general he had hitherto been. He told me that both his friend, Juvenal Hodgson, and myself, had beset him upon the subject of religion, and that my warmth was nothing, compared to his fire—his reward would surely be great in heaven, he said, if he were half as careful in the matter of his own salvation, as he was voluntarily anxious concerning his friends. Lord Byron added, that he gave honour to us both, but conviction to neither.

The mention of Kirke White brought to his mind an embryo epic poet who was at Cambridge, Mr Townsend, who had published the plan and specimen of a work, to be called "Armageddon." Lord Byron's opinion of this is

already given in his own note, to a line in his Hints from Horace; but in referring to him, he thought that perhaps his anticipating the day of judgment was too presumptuous—it seemed something like instructing the Lord what he should do, and might put a captious person in mind of the line,

« And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.»

This he said, without wishing to cavil himself, but other people would; he nevertheless hoped, that Mr Townsend would complete his work, in spite of Milton.

Lord Byron's moral feelings were sometimes evinced in a manner which the writings and opinions of his later life render remarkable. When he was abroad, he was informed that the son of one of his tenants had seduced a respectable young person in his own station in life. On this he expressed his opinion very strongly. Although he felt it impossible strictly to perform what he conceived our first duty, to abstain from doing

harm, yet he thought our second duty was to exert all our power to repair the harm we may have done. In the particular case in question, the parties ought forthwith to marry, as they were in equal circumstances—if the girl had been the inferior of the seducer, money would be even then an insufficient compensation. He would not sanction in his tenants what he would not do himself. He had, indeed, *as God knew*, committed many excesses but; as he had determined to amend; and latterly kept to his determination, this young man must follow his example. He insisted that the seducer should restore the unfortunate girl to society.

The manner in which Lord Byron expressed his particular feelings respecting his own life, was melancholy to a painful degree. At one time, he said, that he was about to visit Cambridge, but that M*** was gone, and Hobhouse was also absent; and, except the person who had invited him, there was scarcely any to welcome him. From this his thoughts fell into a gloomy channel—he was alone in the world, and only

three-and-twenty; he could be no more than alone, when he should have nearly finished his course; he had, it was true, youth to begin again with, but he had no one with whom to call back the laughing period of his existence. He was struck with the singular circumstance that few of his friends had had a quiet death; but a quiet life, he said, was more important. He afterwards acknowledged that he felt his life had been altogether opposed to propriety, and even decency; and that it was now become a dreary blank, with his friends gone, either by death or estrangement.

While he was still continuing at Newstead, he wrote me a letter, which affected me deeply, upon the occasion of another death with which he was shocked—he lost one whom he had dearly loved in the more smiling season of his earlier youth; but he quoted—“ I have almost forgot the taste of grief, and supped full of horrors.” He could not then weep for an event which a few years before would have overwhelmed him. He appeared to be afflicted in youth, he thought,

with the greatest unhappiness of old age, to see those he loved fall about him, and stand solitary before he was withered. He had not, like others, domestic resources; and his internal anticipations gave him no prospect in time or in eternity, except the selfish gratification of living longer than those who were better. At this period he expressed great wretchedness; but he turned from himself, and knowing that I was contemplating a retirement into the country, he proposed a plan for me, dictated by great kindness of heart, by which I was the more sensibly touched, as it occupied his mind at such a moment. He wished me to settle in the little town of Southwell, the particulars of which he explained to me. Upon these subjects I wrote to him on the 27th of October.—(See vol. ii, p. 149).

XVIII.

It was not without great difficulty that I could induce Lord Byron to allow his new poem to be published with his name. He dreaded that the old enmity of the critics in the north which had

been envenomed by his Satire, as well as the Southern scribblers, whom he had equally enraged, would overwhelm his "Pilgrimage." This was his first objection—his second was, that he was anxious the world should not fix upon himself the character of Childe Harold. Nevertheless he said, if Mr Murray positively required his name, and I agreed with him in opinion, he would venture; and therefore he wished it to be given as "By the Author of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." He promised to give me some smaller poems to put at the end; and though he originally intended his Remarks on the Romanc to be printed with the Hints from Horace, he felt they would more aptly accompany the Pilgrimage. He had kept no journals while abroad, but he meant to manufacture some notes from his letters to his mother. The advertisement which he originally intended to be prefixed to the poem was something different from the preface that appeared. The paragraph beginning "a Fictitious Character is introduced, for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece, which, however, makes no pretensions to regularity,"—

was continued thus at first, but was afterwards altered :—

“It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in the fictitious character of ‘Childe Harold,’ I may incur the suspicion of having drawn ‘from myself.’ This I beg leave once for all to disclaim. I wanted a character to give some connexion to the poem, and the one adopted suited my purpose as well as any other. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such an idea; but in the main points, I should hope none whatever. My reader will observe, that when the author speaks in his own person, he assumes a very different tone from that of

“The cheerless thing, the man without a friend.”

I crave pardon for this egotism, which proceeds from my wish to discard any probable imputation of it to the text.”

This it appears had been written before the death of his mother, and his mournful sojourn at Newstead afterwards. It was during that period that he sent me the advertisement, upon which he had interlined after his quotation of

“ The cheerless thing, the man without a friend, ”

“ at least till death had deprived him of his nearest connexions.”

While Childe Harold was preparing to be put into the printer's hands, Lord Byron was very anxious for the speedy appearance of the Imitation of Horace, with which Cawthorn was desirous of proceeding with all dispatch, but which I was nevertheless most desirous of retarding at least, if not of suppressing altogether. Lord Byron wrote to me from Newstead several times upon the subject. I forbore to reply until I could send him the first proof of the Pilgrimage, when I wrote the Letter dated Sept. 5. 1811. (See vol. ii. p. 91.)

XIX.

PREVIOUS to receiving this letter, Lord Byron had written to Mr Murray, forbidding him to show the manuscript of *Childe Harold* to Mr Gifford, though he had no objection to letting it be seen by any one else; and he was exceedingly angry when he found that his instructions had come too late. He was afraid that Mr Gifford would think it a trap to extort his applause, or a hint to get a favourable review of it in the *Quarterly*. He was very anxious to remove any impression of this kind that might have remained on his mind. His praise, he said, meant nothing, for he could do no other than be civil to a man who had extolled him in every possible manner. His expressions about Mr Murray's deserts for such an obsequious squeezing out of approbation, and deprecation of censure, were quaint, and though strong, were amusing enough. Still, however, the praise, all unmeaning as he seemed to consider it, had the effect of strengthening my arguments concerning the delay of the "Hints from Horace;" and when, in a letter soon after-

wards, I said, "Cawthorn's business detains him in the North, and I will manage to detain the 'Hints,' first from, and then in, the press—the 'Romaunt' *shall* come forth first," I found, so far from opposing my intention, he concurred with and forwarded it. He acknowledged that I was right, and begged me to manage, so that Cawthorn should not get the start of Murray in the publication of the two works.

I cannot express the great anxiety I felt to prevent Lord Byron from publicly committing himself, as holding decidedly sceptical opinions. There were several stanzas which showed the leaning of his mind; but, in one, he openly acknowledged his disbelief of a future state; and against this I made my stand. I urged him by every argument I could devise, not to allow it to appear in print; and I had the great gratification of finding him yield to my entreaties, if not to my arguments. It has, alas! become of no importance, that these lines should be published to the world—they are exceedingly moderate com-

pared to the blasphemy with which his suicidal pen has since blackened the fame that I was so desirous of keeping fair, till the time came when he should love to have it fair—a period to which I fondly looked forward, as not only possible, but near. The original stanza ran thus—

« Frown not upon me, churlish Priest ! that I
Look not for life, where life may never be ;
I am no sneerer at thy Phantasy :
Thou pitiest me,—alas ! I envy thee,
Thou bold discoverer in an unknown sea,
Of happy isles and happier tenants there ;
I ask thee not to prove a Sadducee.
Still dream of Paradise, thou know'st not where,
But lov'st too well to bid thine erring brother share.»

The stanza that he at length sent me to substitute for this, was that beautiful one—

« Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee,
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore,
How sweet it were in concert to adore,

With those who made our mortal labours light !
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian Sage, and all who taught the
right !

The stanza which follows this (the 9th of the 2d Canto), and which applies the subject of it to the death of a person for whom he felt affection, was written subsequently, when the event to which he alludes took place; and was sent to me only just in time to have it inserted. He made a slight alteration in it, and enclosed me another copy.

As a note to the stanzas upon this subject, beginning with the 3d, and continuing to the 9th, Lord Byron had originally written a sort of prose apology for his opinions; which he sent to me for consideration, whether it did not appear more like an attack than a defence of religion, and had therefore better be left out. I had no hesitation in advising its omission, though for the reasons above stated, I now insert it here.

« In this age of bigotry, when the puritan and priest have changed places, and the wretched catholic is visited with the 'sins of his fathers,' even unto generations far beyond the pale of the commandment, the cast of opinion in these stanzas will doubtless meet with many a contemptuous anathema. But let it be remembered, that the spirit they breathe is desponding, not sneering, scepticism; that he who has seen the Greek and Moslem superstitions contending for mastery over the former shrines of Polytheism,—who has left in his own country 'Pharisees, thanking God that they are not like publicans and sinners,' and Spaniards in theirs, abhorring the heretics, who have holpen them in their need,—will be not a little bewildered, and begin to think, that as only one of them can be right, they may most of them be wrong. With regard to morals, and the effect of religion on mankind, it appears, from all historical testimony, to have had less effect in making them love their neighbours, than inducing that cordial christian abhorrence between sectaries and schismatics. The

Turks and Quakers are the most tolerant; if an infidel pays his heratch to the former, he may pray how, when, and where he pleases; and the mild tenets, and devout demeanour of the latter, make their lives the truest commentary on the Sermon of the Mount."

This is a remarkable instance of false and weak reasoning, and affords a key to Lord Byron's mind, which I shall take occasion to notice more particularly in my concluding chapter.

XX.

In consequence of this letter, Lord Byron consented to omit the 25th, 27th, and 28th stanzas, but retained the 24th, 26th, and 29th, making, however, some alterations in them.—(See vol. ii. p. 137.)

XXI.

To these stanzas was attached a long note, which,

though nothing but a wild tirade against the Portuguese, and the measures of government, and the battle of Talavera, I had great difficulty in inducing him to relinquish. I wrote him the letter dated 1st December 1811, upon the subject.—(See vol. ii. p. 165.)

XXII.

The note I alluded to was as follows:—

NOTE ON SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. ?

IN the year 1809, it is a well-known fact, that the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen; but Englishmen were daily butchered; and so far from the survivors obtaining redress, they were requested "not to interfere" if they perceived their compatriot defending himself against his amiable allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre, at eight in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are, opposite to an *open shop*,

and in a carriage with a friend, by three of our *allies*; and had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt we should have "adorned a tale," instead of telling it. We have heard wonders of the Portuguese lately, and their gallantry,—pray heaven it continue; yet, "would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well!" They must fight a great many hours, by "Shrewsbury clock," before the number of their slain equals that of our countrymen butchered by these kind creatures, now metamorphosed into "Caçadores," and what not. I merely state a fact not confined to Portugal, for in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian and Maltese is ever punished! The neglect of protection is disgraceful to our government and governors, for the murders are as notorious as the moon that shines upon them, and the apathy that overlooks them. The Portuguese, it is to be hoped, are complimented with the "Forlorn Hope;"—if the cowards are become brave (like the rest of their kind, in a corner), pray let them display it. But there is a subscription for these "*θρασύ δειλόν*" (they need

not be ashamed of the epithet once applied to the Spartans), and all the charitable patronymics, from ostentatious A. to diffident Z., and *1l. 1s. od.* from "an admirer of valour," are in requisition for the lists at Lloyd's, and the honour of British benevolence. Well, we have fought and subscribed, and bestowed peerages, and buried the killed by our friends and foes; and lo! all this is to be done over again! Like "young The." (in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*), as we "grow older, we grow never the better." It would be pleasant to learn who will subscribe for us, in or about the year 1815, and what nation will send fifty thousand men, first to be decimated in the capital, and then decimated again (in the Irish fashion, *nine* out of *ten*), in the "bed of honour," which, as Serjeant Kite says, is considerably larger and more commodious than the "bed of Ware." Then they must have a poet to write the "Vision of Don Perceval," and generously bestow the profits of the well and widely-printed quarto to re-build the "Backwynd" and the "Canon-gate," or furnish new kilts for the half-roasted Highlanders. Lord Wel-

lington, however, has enacted marvels; and so did his oriental brother, whom I saw charioteering over the French flag, and heard clipping bad Spanish, after listening to the speech of a patriotic cobbler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons out of this "best of all possible worlds." Soberly were we puzzled how to dispose of that same victory of Talavera; and a victory it surely was somewhere, for every body claimed it. The Spanish dispatch and mob called it *Cuesta's*, and made no great mention of the Viscount; the French called it *theirs* (to my great discomfiture, for a French consul stopped my mouth in Greece with a pestilent Paris Gazette, just as I had killed Sebastiani "in buckram," and king Joseph in "Kendal green,")—and we have not yet determined *what* to call it, or *whose*, for certes it was none of our own. However, Massena's retreat is a great comfort, and as we have not been in the habit of pursuing for some years past, no wonder we are a little awkward at first. No doubt we shall improve, or if

not, we have only to take to our old way of retrograding, and there we are at home.

There were several stanzas in which allusions were made of a personal nature, and which I prevailed upon Lord Byron to omit. The reasons which induced their suppression, continue still to have equal force as at the time of the first publication of the poem.

As the poem went through the press, we had constant communication upon the subject.—(See vol. ii. p. 16.)

XXIII.

A short time afterwards, he made me a present of the original manuscript of his speech, *which he had previously written.*

XXIV.

The first letter of Sir Francis Darrel, mentioned vol. ii. pp. 49, 50, is here inserted.

“ ——— J——, 180—.

“ ——— DARRELL TO G. Y.

(The first part of this letter is lost.)

“ ***** So much for your present pursuits. I will now resume the subject of my last. How I wish you were upon the spot; your taste for the ridiculous would be fully gratified; and if you felt inclined for more serious amusement, there is no ‘lack of argument.’ Within this last week our guests have been doubled in number, some of them my old acquaintance. Our host you already know—absurd as ever, but rather duller, and I should conceive troublesome to such of his very good friends as find his house more agreeable than its owner. I confine myself to observation, and do not find him at all in the way, though Veramore and Asply are of a different opinion. The former, in particular, imparts to me many

pathetic complaints on the want of opportunities (nothing else being wanting to the success of the said Veramore), created by the fractious and but ill-concealed jealousy of poor Bramblebear, whose Penelope seems to have as many suitors as her namesake, and for aught I can see to the contrary, with as much prospect of carrying their point. In the mean time, I look on and laugh, or rather, I should laugh were you present to share in it: Sackcloth and sorrow are excellent wear for Soliloquy; but for a laugh there should be two, but not many more, except at the first night of a modern tragedy.

“ You are very much mistaken in the design you impute to myself; I have *none* here or elsewhere. I am sick of old intrigues, and too indolent to engage in new ones. Besides, I am, that is, I used to be, apt to find my heart gone at the very time when you fastidious gentlemen begin to recover yours. I agree with you that the world, as well as yourself, are of a different opinion. I shall never be at the trouble to undeceive either; my follies have seldom been of

my own seeking. 'Rebellion came in my way, and I found it.' This may appear as coxcombical a speech as Veramore could make, yet *you* partly know its truth. You talk to me too of 'my character,' and yet it is one which you and fifty others have been struggling these seven years to obtain for yourselves. I wish you had it, you would make so much *better*, that is *worse*, use of it; relieve me, and gratify an ambition which is unworthy of a man of sense. It has always appeared to me extraordinary that you should value women so highly, and yet love them so little. The height of your gratification ceases with its accomplishment; you bow—and you sigh—and you worship—and abandon. For my part I regard them as a very beautiful but inferior animal. I think them as much out of their place at our tables as they would be in our senates. The whole present system, with regard to that sex, is a remnant of the chivalrous barbarism of our ancestors; I look upon them as grown up children, but, like a foolish mamma, am always the slave of some *only* one. With a contempt for the race, I am ever attached to the individual, in spite of *myself*.

You know, that though not rude, I am inattentive; any thing but a 'beau garçon.' I would not hand a woman out of her carriage, but I would leap into a river after her. However, I grant you that, as they must walk oftener out of chariots than into the Thames, you gentlemen Servitors, Cortejos, and Cicisbei, have a better chance of being agreeable and useful; *you* might, very probably, do both; but, as you can't swim, and I can, I recommend you to invite me to your first water-party.

"Bramblebear's Lady Penelope puzzles me. She is very beautiful, but not one of my beauties. You know I admire a different complexion, but the figure is perfect. She is accomplished, if her mother and music-master may be believed; amiable, if a soft voice and a sweet smile could make her so; young, even by the register of her baptism; pious and chaste, and doting on her husband, according to Bramblebear's observation; equally loving, *not* of her husband, though rather less pious, and *other* thing, according to Vera-

more's; and if mine hath any discernment, she detests the one, despises the other, and loves—herself. That she dislikes Bramblebear is evident; poor soul, I can't blame her; she has found him out to be mighty weak, and *little*-tempered; she has also discovered that she married too early to know what she liked, and that there are many likeable people who would have been less discordant and more creditable partners. Still she conducts herself well, and in point of good-humour, to admiration.—A good deal of religion (*not* enthusiasm, for that leads the contrary way), a prying husband who never leaves her, and, as I think, a very temperate pulse, will keep her out of scrapes. I am glad of it, first, because, though Bramblebear is bad, I don't think Vera more much better; and next, because Bramblebear is ridiculous enough already, and it would only be *thrown* away upon him to make him more so; thirdly, it would be a pity, because nobody *would* pity him; and, fourthly (as Scrub says), he would then become a melancholy and sentimental harlequin, instead of a merry, fretful,

pantaloon, and I like the pantomime better as it is now cast.

“ More in my next.

“ Yours, truly,

“ ——— DARRELL.”

XXV.

M. BEYLE'S LETTER, AND SIR WALTER SCOTT'S EULOGY.

I cannot omit the opportunity which accident has afforded me of giving to the public Lord Byron's opinion of the author of the character I am about to subjoin, which, in the particular circumstances that gave rise to it, bears the stamp of sincerity, as well as of the ready jealousy of friendship. It is contained in a letter written to M. Beyle, the author of a work entitled *Rome, Naples, and Florence*, in 1817, which he published under the name of *De Stendhal*, and was occasioned by Lord Byron's reading that

work. M. Beyle has had the kindness to allow the letter to be published. It is as follows:—

To Monsieur,

MONSIEUR BEYLE,

Auditeur au Conseil d'État.

Genoa, May 29, 1823.

SIR,

At present that *I know* to whom I am indebted for a very flattering mention in the Rome, Naples, and Florence, in 1817, by M. de Stendhal, it is fit that I should return my thanks (however undesired or undesirable) to M. Beyle, with whom I had the honour of being acquainted at Milan, in 1816. You only did me too much honour in what you were pleased to say in that work—but it has hardly given me less pleasure than the praise itself, to become at length aware (which I have done by mere accident) that I am indebted for it to one, of whose good opinion I was really ambitious. So many changes have taken place since that period in the Milan circle, that I hard-

ly dare recur to it—some dead—some banished—and some in the Austrian dungeons. Poor Pelfico! I trust that in his iron solitude, his muse is consoling him in part—one day to delight us again, when both she and her poet are restored to freedom.

Of your works, I have only seen “Rome, etc.” the lives of Haydn and Mozart, and the *brochure* on Racine and Shakspeare:—the “*Histoire de la Peinture*,” I have not yet the good fortune to possess.

There is one part of your observations in the pamphlet, which I shall venture to remark upon:—It regards Walter Scott. You say, that his “character is little worthy of enthusiasm,” at the same time that you mention his productions in the manner they deserve. I have known Walter Scott long and well, and in occasional situations which call forth the *real* character, and I can assure you that his character is worthy of admiration; that of all men he is the most *open*,

the most *honourable*, the most *amiable*. With his politics I have nothing to do—they differ from mine, which renders it difficult for me to speak of them. But he is *perfectly sincere* in them—and sincerity may be humble, but she cannot be servile. I pray you, therefore, to correct or soften that passage. You may, perhaps, attribute this officiousness of mine to a false affectation of *candour*, as I happen to be a writer also :—attribute it to what motive you please, but *believe the truth*. I say that Walter Scott is as nearly a thorough good man as man can be, because I know it by experience to be the case.

If you do me the honour of an answer, may I request a speedy one, because it is *possible* (though not yet decided) that circumstances may conduct me once more to Greece. My present address is Genoa, where an answer will reach me in a short time, or be forwarded to me wherever I may be.

I beg you to believe me, with a lively recollection

tion of our brief acquaintance, and the hope of
one day renewing it,

Your ever obliged,

And obedient

Humble Servant,

(Signed) NOEL BYRON.

P. S.—I offer no excuse for writing to you in
English, as I understand you are well acquainted
with that language.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

Amidst the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death-notes which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. That mighty genius which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers are beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or evil, is laid as soundly to rest, as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question, what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes; but how

is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not we fear in one generation, which among many highly-gifted persons, has produced none that approached Byron in ORIGINALITY—the first attribute of genius. Only thirty six years old—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seemed to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition—who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path,—such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder? One word more on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever. The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart—for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, providing he was convinced that

the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature—its jealousies, we mean, and its envy. But his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him: but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error; so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this

irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and, so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, to 'show his arbitrary power.' It is needless to say, that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and that if the noble bard gained a sort of triumph by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was his, he gave in return an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued. It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while, in fact, Lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privileges as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high

birth and rank ; and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman : indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the aristocratic and democratic parties in the state, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged. His own feelings on these subjects he has explained in the very last canto of *Don Juan*, and they are in entire harmony with the opinions which we have seen expressed in his correspondence, at a moment when matters appeared to approach a serious struggle in his native country.

“ We are not, however, Byron’s apologists ; for now, alas ! he needs none. His excellencies will now be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what part he has sustained in British literature, since the first appearance of *Childe Harold*, a space of more

than twelve years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation, none of that *coddling* and petty precaution which little authors call 'taking care of their fame.' Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena,—his shield hung always in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimate of his genius, yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph.

« As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his *Don Juan*), he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing

Muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour : neither *Childe Harold*, nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered throughout the cantos of *Don Juan*, amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit, or blossom. It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest.

All that 's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest !

“With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found out Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathenish oppression. To have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as, in olden times, it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may, in the present, be allowed to expiate greater follies than ever exaggerating calumny has propagated against Byron.”

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